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CIRCASSIAN LADY

IN ARMENIAN COSTUME

CIRCASSIA;

OR,

A TOUR TO THE CAUCASUS.

BY GEORGE LEIGHTON DITSON, ESQ.

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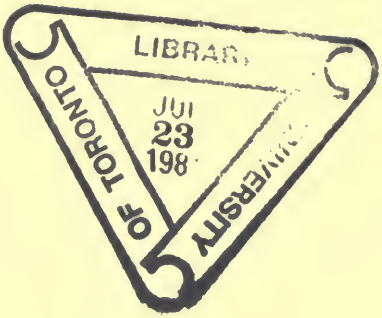

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TO

PRINCE WORONSOFF,

THE

BOLD AND DISTINGUISHED WARRIOR,

THE

ACCOMPLISHED DIPLOMATIST,

THE

ELEGANT COURTIER,

AND THE

INTELLIGENT AND HUMANE RULER,

WITH THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Concerning the intensely interesting portions of the world of which the following pages treat, no work has ever been issued from the American press.—This, then, may lay claim to novelty.

As the Crimea — her oddly picturesque Tartar towns and gorgeous tumuli; Circassia — the fastnesses of her invincible heroes, the homes of her world-wide famed beauties, have been visited by no other American traveller, it may be a sufficient apology for putting my Journal into print. Now, however, that the work is before me, I find in it innumerable errors, which should have been avoided; but my plea is, that the whole has been written from pencillings, by the midnight lamp, after the fatigue of the daily ungenial labors of a counting-room. For the style, sentiment, &c., I have nothing to offer in palliation; though I am well aware that he who impugns established laws however absurd, conventional forms, social rules which society holds dearer even than morality itself, — he who does not follow in the strait-laced sectarian notions of the times, exposes himself to the harshest criticism.

The dedication to a foreigner may appear strange without an explanation. After having been abroad for ten years, and visited all the places which most interested me, except such as were included in the design of this my last tour, I resolved to wander into the less known portions of the East, where the European race originated, and which, from my earliest recollections, had given to my heart its strangest emotions. My Journal included a voyage down the

Danube, my residence in Italy, &c.; but, I decided to publish, *si seulement pour faire une novellâté*, only that portion of it which related to the region under the government of Prince Woronsoff; and as all the favors, — and they were distinguished and innumerable, — which I enjoyed there, from first to last, were either directly from him, or through the influence of his benign and enlightened administration, I could not do my own feelings justice by any other method of expressing them.

The journal-style which I have adopted, is, in some respects, objectionable, making the writer, by the use of a certain personal pronoun, often appear egotistical; mentioning, too, *les affaires*, which, divested of their attendant circumstances, may appear *sans force:* yet, a record of the immediate impressions on the tourist's mind, as scenes arise before him, and events succeed each other, is, doubtless, better calculated to convey a correct notion of the condition of society, country and government, than could be communicated in any other way.

A *dénouement*, of a somewhat recent date, more romantic, even, than incredible — one that has thrown around a certain region of the Crimea an interest as touching as it is strange, I should have noticed at the time of my passing there had I believed in it. I have since read an account of the affair, by M. Homaire, and shall give his version of it, which is confirmed by documents now before the world.

The Countess Lamothe,— who represented herself as a descendant of the family of Valois, by an illegitimate child of Henry the Second,— in the year 1784, dazzled the Parisians by the splendor of her attire, as well as with her gaiety and beauty. Having induced the cardinal bishop of Strasburg, — then in disgrace, — to believe he could be rïenstated in the queen's favor if he would purchase and present to her a certain diamond necklace, he procured it, and handed it over to the countess, his mediator, who sold it, and

devoted the proceeds to her own pleasures. Finally detected, parliament sentenced her to be branded, publicly scourged, and perpetually imprisoned. She suffered the disgrace, but finally escaped to England, where it was said, that after a night's revel, she ended her life by throwing herself from a third story window. At this time, however, there arrived in St. Petersburg a lady, evidently of high rank. No one knew who she was, not even Alexander who received her with marked attention — her very *incognita* pleasing his romantic spirit, and heightening the charms of her person and the nobleness of her lofty airs. Two years later, she and the Princess Galitzin became associated intimately with the beautiful and pious Madame de Krudener, who by her vast influence, drew upon herself and her companions envy, and perpetual banishment to the Crimea. After much suffering, they reached the shores of the Euxine, and commenced their labors to proselytize the Tartars. Within twelve months, (in 1823) Madame Krudener sank to rest in the arms of her daughter, the Baroness Berckheim. The Princess Galitzin then reigned as queen in her little villa Koreis, adopting an Amazonian petticoat, with a cloth jacket, and a Polish cap, which were in keeping with her real character. The Countess Lamothe, too, "threw off the *beguine* robe, and assumed a kind of male attire, but lived secluded. The only occasions when she was visible was during her rides on horseback, on the beach, chosen in the most stormy weather." Colonel Ivanhof, it would seem, fell in love with her, and took a house near to hers, and soon became acquainted with her. One day, overtaken by a heavy shower, she drove to his door, entered, and sat down on his divan, and remained lost in thought. She had a pair of pistols in her girdle and a tortoise in her hand. Soon discovering that she was not in a Tartar house, she exclaimed: "Where am I?" and in reply to some words of the Colonel, she continued with a deep, but thrilling earnestness: "Why have you divorced yourself from the world? Ay, why? Why die this lingering death

when the world is open to you — the world with its delights, its balls and spectacles, its passionate adorations, with the fascinations of the court, the favor of the queen?" Imagine my astonishment, said the Colonel, to hear her thus, in a sort of hallucination, revealing her secret thoughts and recollections. In these few words her whole life was set forth, — the life of a beautiful woman, rich, flattered, habituated to the atmosphere of courts. She had a sword which she said was given her by a Vendean chief, in admiration of her courage, for she had often smelt powder among the bushes and heaths of Bretagne; but she would never allow the Colonel to speak of France. One morning he found his intimacy at an end; for a Frenchman, calling himself Baron X——, arrived, and established himself as the Countess's factotum. The lady soon became deranged, and died. The emperor on hearing it, despatched a courier for a casket, which was found under the bed of the deceased lady, but the Baron X—— had possessed himself of the contents and returned to England.

I intended, in the following pages, to have entered fully into the nature of all those institutions, which form the peculiar traits of character that distinguish both the Caucasian and Tartar — trace out the lines which separate them — draw a comparison between the former and the ancient clans of the Highlands of Scotland, and show all that there is curious in the resemblance between the laws which regulate the Circassian communities, our Indian tribes, and the castes of the Gentoos; but the limits of the work prevented it. In fact, circumstances have induced me to condense into a few paragraphs a large portion of my original journal; which, however, shall yet be given to the public, if this be favorably received.

A history, too, of the people I have been among would, I believe, have been most acceptable to all; but the nature of a journal almost excludes the dignity which envelopes history: besides, there were opposed to it the motives which caused me to curtail the narrative of events in this present Tour.

I had prepared a chapter on the coins found in the Crimea, but waiting too long a society's report, which I deemed would be more ample and worthy of attention than my own, I was at last obliged to omit it altogether. I will, however, here mention one or two given to me in the Tauride.

One of Sauromates I., having on one side the crown, curule chair, parazonium, and arms of this sovereign, surrounded by a Greek inscription. On the reverse: the letters H. M. (the signification of which is not known with certainty) in a crown of laurel. Sauromates I., supposed to have reigned about the year 15,—"*dit l'Aspurgien contemporain de Tibere, fils du Reskuporis et de Gepepyris*," — "mounted the throne of Bosphorus," says Guthrie, "after the death of Polemon, whose widow, Pythodoris, seems to have retired to his kingdom of Pontus, where she was suffered to reign; as we have two of her coins that were struck when queen of the country, after the death of the king, her husband." Mr. Pellerin has one of these, in brass, in his cabinet.

Another has on one side the head of Thothorses, encircled with a diadem; before it, three points, and surrounded by the Greek words, "King Thothoses." On the reverse, are the head of Dioclesian, crowned with laurel; and three points behind the bust, with the date — 598 of the Bosporic, or 1055 of the Roman æra. One of these in brass was in the King of France's cabinet.

One, bearing on one side the head of a woman, and on the reverse a griffin, I could not ascertain the date of, though it is doubtless of the ancient Panticapea. Another, bearing on one side the head of Pan and a cap, called, of Dioscuri; and on its reverse, a horn of plenty and the word Pan. This, I was informed by the director of the Museum at Kertch, was from the ancient Cherson, once the maritime town of Dioscurias — differing from some able writers, who place this town far south of the Crimea, on the coast of Colchis.

I had another, of the Sauromates. There were eight sovereigns of this name who ruled over the Crimea. The first one I have mentioned above; the last one, and the last sovereign there, reigned A. D. 344. In an interesting note of Guthrie's, he says:—"This name of a famous people (and which means *Northern Meads*, or a subdivision of that nation, dwelling or ranging between the Don, Volga and Caucasus), one might suspect was assumed by some of the Bosporic Kings to indicate their descent from the ancient lords of that country, long prior to the Dynasty then filling the Bosporic throne."

The view I have taken of Russia's advance southward, will not at first, either in England or America, be acceptable. By the natives of the former, never, except to their secret judgment; for they daily proclaim the infamy of the czar as he leads his armies towards India from the north, while the vocabulary of laudatory words is exhausted on Britain's conquering hosts advancing on the same country from the south. The Americans require only to understand the condition of the people subdued and being subdued — the policy of the victors, and the result of their conquest, to recognize a picture of our wars with the Indians, the wresting from them their lands, driving them from the more sacred graves of their fathers — to assent to what all my observations bear me out in asserting, that Russia is doing much to civilize and christianize the eastern world. This is not being effected by priests, who are said to be excessively dissolute, but in her immediate connection with those semi-civilized Orientals, where she is striving, by vast commercial relationships, to make up the deficiency caused by her limited maritime resources: — elegant forms of refined society, and its genial influences accompany her. For it is not too much to say, that the most learned, accomplished, scientific men are around her every step; that schools, those sure fountains, or divine rivulets of liberty, virtue, and happiness, spring up along

the way of her majestic march; and that wherever her banner floats, there is securely planted the Cross of the Redeemer.

Leaving aside invidious comparisons between Greek, Roman, Mahometan, and Protestant religions — each in their results manifesting some virtue superior to the other — let us think for a moment what is to be the ultimate effect of schools, steam, commercial intercourse, attention to agriculture, already felt since Russia's eagle hovered over the Tartar plains and the Caucasian hills. Let us then ask what was, and what has been for ages, the condition of the Tauridian inhabitants and those of that vast chain of mountains stretching from the Euxine to the Caspain. Living under the influences of all that is enervating and debasing in the worst forms of Mahometan, Hindoo and Persian creeds, what intellectual light gleamed over that deep, dead, heavy, murky sea of profound ignorance in which they were sunk? What commercial emprise, what new invention, what new discovery, what in art or science, has spread its wings in those regions, and, soaring, carried its blessings to mankind? The Tartar lives in his mud and felt hut, and, much like our Indians, roams over the vast prairies or steppes. The Caucasian lives in his mountain *chaumine*, as far from the influence of civilization as the benefits of education are from his dreams.

My love of our own more noble, blessed, liberal institutions, shall not deprive me of the virtuous right of doing justice to those who have inherited and are bound to maintain other, though despotic ones, necessary on the confines of barbarism. Some German formed a plan of destroying the sovereigns of Europe. If in those crowned heads (begging their pardon) there could be concentrated all the elements of despotism, tyranny and cruelty, I would most earnestly pray for such a consummation. But those elements are in the *people*, and the hydra-headed monster cannot thus be crushed. Education

alone is the Hercules who can vanquish this accursed beast, which ever rears itself from the Lernæan marsh of ignorance.

While I here acknowledge my indebtedness to the able works of Longworth, Hommaire de Hell, Guthrie, and others, I, perhaps, should apologize for differing in opinion, in any instance, from other travellers, though sometimes their own countrymen, and sometimes my own observations, allow me with impunity to do it. Mr. Spencer, who wrote two volumes about Circassia, I am credibly informed, never visited the country. A British reviewer says: — "If we had reason to suspect his residence in Germany to have been of very small duration, we have now a much stronger reason to suspect his residence in Circassia to be a mere negative quantity." The worthy Mr. Longworth, who spent a year in Circassia, in the preface to his book says: — "Klaporth's account of a country into which he never penetrated, is necessarily meagre and imperfect. Pallas labors under a similar disqualification. The Chevalier Taitbout de Marigny touched at three places on the coast, but did not travel into the interior." He then, after mentioning Mr. Urquhart, Stewart, Bell, and Knight, says: — "I speak advisedly when I say that no other Europeans have ever visited Circassia, always excepting the army of the invaders." The distinguished writer, M. Hommaire, on disclaiming the doctrine that the Cossacks and mountaineers could be of one nation, says: — "In the first place, considerations founded on religion and language, are not so lightly to be rejected as Clarke and Lesur assert." And, again: "Notwithstanding the assertions of Dr. Clarke, it is not easy to trace much resemblance between the Circassians and the Cossacks," &c. Judging, too, by what the mass of English travellers have written about our own country, I should naturally be very distrustful of every report they might make respecting any other.

With the most profound gratitude, I now recall to mind the various instances of hospitality shown to me during my tour; and I beg of each individual whose courtesy was not foreign to a foreigner, to accept the most sincere expressions of regard which my heart is capable of offering. The Tartar tent, the Circassian guest-house, the Turkish *khane*, the Russian palace, the Georgian mansion, were ever open to me, and food and aid always proffered. My costume, though differing from that of the people I was among, was not laughed at, nor my habits ridiculed, nor was I abused for my religion. Yet I was with those whom we call barbarians. On arriving in America, I heard one of the *respectable* merchants exclaim, as a foreigner with mustaches entered the coach: — "There is one of the baboon species." Soon after I saw a Greek followed by a crowd of boys. These circumstances reminded me of what Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks concerning the meeting of an European and a Cherokee Indian: — "Whoever of these two despises the other for his attention to the fashion of his country, whichever first feels himself provoked to laugh, is the barbarian." Again, I was deeply mortified to learn that the *Athenians* had been on board of a Turkish vessel in our harbor, mocked the Ottoman and spit upon his food. I thought of the benefit that might be derived from our missionaries in the East returning, and giving us lessons in that hospitality for which the Circassians and Mahometans generally, are so distinguished.

G. L. D.

Boston, 1st December, 1849.

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TOUR TO THE CAUCASUS.

PART I.

TOUR TO THE CAUCASUS.

SECTION I.

Section I. Introduction.

Genoa, September 23d, 1847. For the seventh time, I had crossed the Atlantic—had visited the castles, moors, glens and lochs, which the "Wizard of the North" had enchanted—had stood an humble pilgrim at the grave of the peerless "Bard of Avon," and by that of the eccentric Dean of St. Patrick's, in the gloomy aisle of his stately cathedral, and in the world-renowned "Poet's Corner." I had wandered over the island tomb of Napoleon; by the foreign sepulchre of Sir John Moore, and had rested in the proud Pantheon,—the meagre mausoleum of Rousseau and Voltaire. I had been at the home of Goëthe—had sat on the banks of the Meles, where Homer first felt, it is generally believed, the rapturous flow of life—had bathed with the Hindoo in the sacred waters of the Ganges—had floated on the Thames and the Clyde, and

SECTION I.

heard my voice ring along the rocks of the Rhine. I had lived, too, amid those Indian Cyclades, in the New World, which awakened that startling cry of "Land, O!" when, to the eager gaze of the long-toiling, disheartened crew of the Pinta, the dim outlines of the wlld and nameless woods arose on the western horizon. But a new existence was yet to dawn upon me,—a new emotion was yet to thrill my nerves. Approaching the birth-place* of the Columbus. "Great Discoverer" himself — gazing on and about to tread the classic shores of Italy, an endless panorama of objects of unspeakable interest unrolled itself before me—a gallery of immortal portraits, stretching away in the dim vista of long by-gone ages, was opened, and a novel and strange sensation pervaded my whole frame. When first floating into this princely harbor, how all the splendor and magnificence of the scenery which encircles it like a tiara of the costliest jewels, seemed to lift itself up into one vast temple, dedicated to Columbus, to Doria, and to the genius of her fame!

Companion du voyage. My last voyage, unlike other voyages of mine, was attended with no ungrateful burden, though it awakened the deepest anxiety — the life or death of a valued friend seeming to depend upon my medical skill and unremitted watchfulness. A lovely and accomplished lady, fading under illness, on her

* See Appendix, A

way, with her children to join her husband in Italy, had been placed under my care, and each day that lengthened the distance from her native land, seemed to add new force to her malady, till the conviction was mine, that every wave which dashed against the ship preceded only the one that was to receive her and bear her away forever; and that the gloom of so sad and melancholy a fate would rest irremediably upon me. At the most critical time, too, sea and tempest almost engulphed us; and the lady's servant becoming ill, doubled my cares — for fifteen days and nights, my watching by the narrow berth, without lying down to sleep, being requisite for the safety of my charge. But, Providence was more kind than our hearts dared to anticipate. On a sunny and lovely morning, as we entered the renowned straits of Gibraltar, still marked by the *ne plus ultra* of the ancients, the pillars of Hercules, a crisis was reached in the complaint of the gentle sufferer, and we had reason to repose in the belief, that she would finally recover. It was a memorable day! I placed a white mark on that page of my life, to sorrows buried and hopes revived.

Chateau d'If.

On arriving at Marseilles, and finding that we were to be detained a couple of days for a steamer, a few leisure hours were passed in visiting the prison of Monte Christo — the Château d'If. It is distant only a pleasant boat excursion from the port; and

Section I.

the interest which has been thrown around it recently by Dumas, as well as its own peculiar character, will render it hereafter one of the first objects to be noted by the traveller in the South of France. This isolated fortress, its heights, its position, its cells, in fine, all of its peculiarities, have been accurately described by this ingenious novelist. As you stand on its walls, looking down on the foam that curls about its foundations, or watch the numerous snowy sails which, one by one, are lost along the distant verge of the sea, his pictures gather about you like realities. Monte Christo is disappearing in yonder little speck, and —— where is the sequel? We must "wait and hope."

La Riviera.

No shore can surpass in variety and beauty that between Marseilles and Genoa; more particularly the *riviera*, as you approach the latter city, which, in natural, native attractions, has no rival, and is most justly called, *la Superba*. On landing here, my patient, still feeble, returned to her former apartments, splendidly furnished in a marble palace in *Strada Balbi*, while our generous Consul welcomed me with open arms, as the preserver of his estimable consort, whom he no longer expected to see alive, and established me as one of his family.

Italy.

In this land of charming realities, of living romance, and of vivid, breathing poetry, a year has passed like a sweet dream; but its traces on the

memory have left vivid and Raphael-like pictures, which no subsequent events can efface. Our drives, our promenades, our visits to the opera, possessed that peculiar fascination which Italy, and Italy alone, throws around every thing. During one season, we occupied *Il Picolo Paradiso*, on the same sunny hill-side, and the same terraced and vine-clad walks, where Byron lived with the lovely Countess Giuccioli, and wrote his "Vision of Judgment." Welcomed at the château of the Marquis de Negro, we ever found there, in addition to the urbanity and intellectual wealth of its patriotic proprietor, the most agreeable society, to which all parts of the world contributed. It was there that I first met with *La Stella de Laguria*, the most enchanting woman of this terrestrial *cielo*, and Lady Walpole, the most captivating of England's noble daughters. But, in no one of the throngs, assemblies, soirées, operas, was there a person who surpassed in beauty or accomplishments an American lady, Madame L., and who merited the high compliment of Lord W., who said:—"She is the personification of Italy's poetry." SECTION I.

A Wish.

Nothing would please me more than to devote a hundred pages to the life passed here; but, as such is not the object with which I have enticed you and myself to this task, no more of it need be said at present, except that, in bidding adieu to a year's

Section I.

happy home in Italy, as memory lingers around my last evening and morning in her sunshine and shadows, I give a passing tribute to the scene.

Last Night in Italy.

A bright, gorgeous sunset was throwing its golden light on the yet snow-clad peaks of the Maritime Alps, as I rode along the enchanting valley, to the westward of the city, where a murmuring stream, pouring itself down from the Apennines, refreshed the vine-clad, terraced grounds on either hand, and mingled with the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Lofty hills arose on my right, and were crowned with beetling, frowning fortresses, which looked down upon, and guarded with unceasing care and solicitude, every pass which led to the massive walls that united them. On my left, beyond the stream, were those deep, green, cultivated slopes, where, amid groves of orange trees, rose-bushes and the olive, were nestled those lovely Italian *vilettas*, which have a fascination peculiar to themselves, known only in that land of love and song, and comprehended and valued only by those who understand and have sympathy with the character and habits of its people, or, we may say, with their *morale*. A convent, too, stood amid the clustering vines; and, far away above and beyond this, was to be seen another, capping an almost inaccessible mountain, on whose sacred altar a lamp was day and night kept burning to the Virgin, supplied by

those devotees who endured the toil of the ascent as penance.

This paradise-vale,—equalled perhaps by a hundred others which surround *Genoa la Superba*—loved for their own loveliness, loved for the association and remembrances which they awaken in those who have lived here; — this rose-path, burdening the air with the perfume of its flowers, I was travelling for the last time; but I was not alone. Beside me sat one whose soul was full of the beautiful, and, like myself, drank deeply, but in silence, of that unsullied fount which Nature poured out in all her richness and voluptuousness, to the fond heart's overflowing. There was a transcendant voluptuousness in the light and verdure — a halo which choked utterance, and left the *spirit* only, to revel harmoniously in its unspeakable glories.

The Valley of the Polcevira.

This stillness, this breathing of the flowers, this awe which sublime scenery induces, this swelling of the bosom, this filling of the eyes, this burden of pleasure the heart feels in such a place. But the emotions which we enjoyed, have not always been evoked here, if an Italian peasant can be credited, who narrated to me in detail the subjoined incident. He himself believed it as fully as the scene of which he had been an eye-witness, when, on this very ground, the iron-hearted Messina battled with his enemies.

SECTION I.

One day, an Austrian army encamped in the broad and then dry bed of the stream, already mentioned, that flows through this valley. At night, a most fearful storm poured down upon the tops of the Apennines, which hem it in on every side. When the vast host was wrapped in sleep, preparatory to the fatigue of an attack on the city, contemplated for the following day, the torrents of rain swelled every stream and rivulet in every gorge which descended to, or opened along the bosom of the Polcevira,* as it stretched away for miles into the heart of this rugged country. These innumerable courses, filled to the brim, united in this wild glen, and then in their combined forces, came sweeping down in one vast body with the "noise of the rush of mighty waters," while the tempest swept along the hills and howled through the rock-bound passes like a thousand demons, the Alps resounding and reëchoing to the roaring Apennines. The sentinels trembled, walked hurriedly, then stood still, as gleams of lightning flashed along their bright armor, and made the white tents appear like fields of snow; but, thinking and trusting that the sound of the swollen river was only the reverberation of the ceaseless thunder on the mountain sides, they gave no alarm. It would have been unavailing if they had, for in an appaling instant the huge breast-

* The name of the stream of this valley.

work of that terrific flood was upon them. Camp and horse and baggage, and eighty thousand soldiers were in a moment engulphed and swept away with terrific haste toward the sea. The voice of the struggling, perishing army rose frightfully upon the storm. The crash of equipage, the wild neighing of horses, the scream of affrighted thousands, mingled with the din of the elements, and, with sullen murmurs about the battlements nature and manhood reared around, died away into the vaults of heaven. In a moment more, the sea had received into its troubled depths the whole encampment, now more silent in its sleep, than when it lay down that night on the dry bed of the stream. They were indeed silent; a terrible judgment pursued, as it ever should, the oppressors of Italy. But the tempest roared as before; the wind howled in its majesty; the red lightning lighted up for a second the thick darkness and played around the peaks of the Apennines, and there rang in every iron-bound gorge the crash of thunderbolts which hurled huge, trembling, tottering rocks into vast chasms below.

Day came again, and silence pervaded the valleys and hill-tops; and sweet quiet and the blush of a lovely morning descended there, as though no mortal had suffered a pang. But where, it was asked, was the Austrian army? The billows of the sea, as they broke upon the shore, answered,—where?

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Frezzolini.

From that drive I returned to the palace of my loved friends, and from thence proceeded to the opera. Frezzolini was the *prima donna.* She sang in "La Crochata." She gave the music with all the energy of her transcendent abilities, and the enthusiasm of the audience, whose silence was death-like or whose applause was deafening, sustained her till towards the close of the last act, when her voice failed her, — dying away like the soft strains of an Æolian. The blood forsook her cheeks, and she lifted up her clasped hands, as if to plead with the enraptured thousands for forgiveness, then sank back lifeless in the arms of her attendants, and was borne away. She did not appear again, — she will not. Her fame has reached St. Petersburg, and the Emperor has already made an arrangement with her to appear there — an engagement alike flattering and profitable to her, as it must be agreeable to the autocrat. A relay of horses even has been ordered by Nicholas all the way to the Russian capital, and she will leave here in the style of a princess of the blood.

Again, in the domestic circle, I passed the remainder of the evening listening to a waterfall, at the Marquis de Negro's opposite, and gazing on the beautiful garden, Aqua Sola, and its occupants.

A Poor Cantatrice.

At a late hour, there came and sat beneath the window, a poor woman, who sang for charity; but never did any human being sing with such deep

pathos and sweetness, who had not cruelly suffered. The burden of her song was, love betrayed and deserted; and, from the depths of a wounded heart, she breathed the most touching strains that ever won welcome. Was she a "fallen angel?" We did not ask. She sung often before us, and she never went away without generous reward, and many were the tears I shed while listening to her plaintive notes.

I may say this was one of my happiest and saddest nights in Italy, — happy, in all that I had seen and enjoyed, — happy, in the generous society of my loved companions, — sadder now, that my year had been so full of bliss, for I was to leave all but the recollection, behind me, and enter on a tour to a land where no American had ever visited. Yet when I bade farewell to my last evening in Italy, there gleamed, afar over the bleak mountain of my sorrow, a peculiar light which burned brightly as I fell asleep with the thought, — to-morrow, I start for Circassia.

Leaving Genoa.

24th. — I was leaving Genoa. The old man had risen from his afternoon's sleep, at the palace gate. Troops were returning from the *campo millitaire*, and the music of their royal bands was echoing through the marble streets. The shrill voices of the tawny fisherwoman, who cried *dyanchèti*, had not yet ceased in the city thoroughfares. Shadows

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were gathering beneath peristyle and portico of her princely mansions; but, passing through her drawbridges, and through her outer, seemingly impregnable, wall, — the city being surrounded by two walls and fosses, — the blazing peaks of the neighboring mountains promised long to hold the golden light of day, as if loth to part with it, as it went up from the charm-haunted vales, leaving a pure, deep purple glow to linger there for a while, softening, soothing and reconciling the whole to the veil-like obscurity in which beauty is ever reluctant to be concealed.

View of Genoa from the Suburbs.

A new scene had commenced, but the curtain had not yet fallen on the preceding. Its scenic effect had remained in all its sublimity, and I put my head out of the carriage to gaze on it, perhaps for the last time. Parian columns, friezes, statues, glittered around temples, villettas, and monasteries in amphitheatrical effect, as they climbed an hundred terraced hill-sides, now as richly verdant as the deep green of the luxuriant vine could make them. The valleys seemed leading to Elysian fields, and every height was assailing the clouds, as if to defy with massive batteries the very hosts of heaven. It was a vision of surprising splendor and quiet loveliness; and, had a dying man looked on it as he sank into his last sleep, he might have believed that he was passing away from paradise.

OCTOBER 17. — Twenty-three days have passed away since the dreamy shores of the Mediterranean were left behind. To-night, the voyager will sleep on the Danube, and, to-morrow, enter the Black Sea. Departing from Genoa, I crossed the Apennines, and descended into the plains of Lombardy; and, in a few days, was standing amid the thousand statues of the Cathedral of Milan. Thence I passed on through Verona and Padua, and was soon floating in the gondolas of Venice, and, like every one who has ever come within her magic influence, I was bewitched by her paintings and palaces, her scenes by moonlight, and her music. I then steamed it across the Adriatic, and, turning northward, after a long and fatiguing journey, entered the capital of Austria.

Venice.

Vienna disappointed me. It is a splendid city; but it did not equal my expectations. On approach, it has nothing grand or picturesque. The mind, apt to associate a semblance of physical with moral greatness, had led me to make her as imposing to the eye as she has been to our mind, in all the diplomatic intrigues of European potentates. Having remained there several days, I took a boat to descend the Danube. All the important places along the river were visited. The people generally were found less intelligent and enterprizing than I supposed; and the scenery, in some places, was

Vienna.

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more tame, and, in others, vastly more majestic than is usually imagined. I shall repose to-night in the cell of an old convent, and to-morrow resume my tour and an uninterrupted journal, and continue it thus to the end.

Is any apology necesssary for this brief — more properly neglect of all — notice of an extremely interesting portion of Europe, it is the fact that I would strike at once into what is more diverting, — the Crimea, Circassia, Georgia, Persia and Asia Minor, — into regions as yet little known. The garden of New Russia is before me. I am to pitch my tent among the Tartar hordes, and, with them, sweep over the ocean-like steppes of the East — climb to the homes of those Circassian beauties, whose brave brothers have so long defended the wild mountain passes of the Caucasus against the invader — descend into the sunny valleys of the South, and wend my way around, till I stand again on this continent.

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October 18.—On the Euxine!—Who could sail here, for the first time, and not feel that he was on a peculiarly strange sea? Hemmed in by the land of those ancient nations, whose history leads us directly to the origin of the human race, — whose steps seem hardly to have deviated from the garden of Eden hitherward, — whom we imagine standing here, for the first time, terror-stricken at the tempest, or timidly courting the gentle heaving of the waves, — one cannot divest himself of a solemnity of thought, akin to a devout and humble worship of all that is around him. Here, too, one is led to contemplate an incipient state of navigation — the first floating of a large barque upon the waters; — then, to recall to mind the bold and fearless progress of that northern and eastern horde, which came down upon the ocean with their thousands of rude, fragile boats, buffetted successfully her dark storms, reached her most distant coasts, and poured themselves over the western world, till the whole was overshadowed by the host. We recall the Grecian and Roman, the Venetian and Genoese

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expeditions, which, with various success, brought their wealth, their enterprize, and their industry to these favored borders. We float, too, on that same calm surface, which, on every hand, once mirrored beautiful cities, villages, fleets and temples of worship. The Amazonian queens held here their armed courts. Here, too, the greatest of the cynic philosophers caught his first breath of life, as well, perhaps, as the germs of those impressions, which his genius afterwards stamped with the durability of the hills. He, doubtless, threw many a rounded pebble back into the waves that dashed at his youthful feet, and they, perchance, taught him some truths, as the falling apple revealed a great principle to Newton. The waters still roll on, but Diogenes has passed away, with the beauties of his birth-place. The palaces of the queens, the sacred temples, the majestic fortresses, attest only, in the vastness of their ruins, their former grandeur. My feet are to stand on these hallowed spots, and I shall be happy.

Leaving the Danube.

Leaving the Danube, was like passing from the bed of a deep but gentle stream, into a vast, glistening lake, which, catching the golden tints of the west, threw back a rich and mellow light, such as only Claude Lorraine knew how to paint. Quite a fleet of vessels was to be seen, some near, and others appearing like little spots on the horizon;

some standing in, others bound out; and, as the sun was nearly set, it lighted up the clean, white canvas, each appearing like a snowy sea-bird, adding an indescribable charm to the wide expanse, which, ere the sun departed, seemed turned into a sheet of molten gold.

Russian Steamers.

On board the Austrian boats on the Danube, we generally breakfasted at ten o'clock, and dined at six, which rendered the serving of tea rather a pastime than a necessity; but, on board this Russian steamer, we breakfast when we like, dine at two at *table d'hôte*, and, at seven in the evening, sit down to a rich supper of fish, meats and pastry. After that, tea is handed round on deck. All this is charged extra, — and such is the understanding when you go on board, — independent of price of passage, and costs about two and a half dollars a day. But the viands are good, and are prepared with a degree of neatness which makes them surpassingly palatable to all not prostrated by dire sea-sickness.

Arrival at Odessa.

19th. — The weather being fair, the sea calm, and our vessel under good headway all night, we found ourselves at early dawn enveloped in a dense fog, and surrounded by a forest of masts, in the harbor of Odessa. The vessel soon was moored, along a broad stone quay, already crowded with loaded carts, awaiting orders from the officers of

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the customs. A government functionary came on board to examine our luggage, and proceeded in his duties without delay, — exercising his powers with so kind and agreeable an air, and imparting to strangers such information as they required, that no one regretted his presence. He was obliged, also, to ask each one the object of his visit, his profession, and the term of his intended residence, but even this he prefaced with an apology, stating that his orders obliged him to be thus inquisitive.

In a few moments I was on shore, and taking the first odd-looking little vehicle at hand, which was a *drosky*, I started for the Hôtel Richelieu. On leaving the quay, my eye fell on a long and beautiful colonnade of semi-circular form, built on the lofty brow of a hill or rather cliff, crowning it as an architectural wreath. The height it adorned, by a circuitous route was to be ascended, but the animal, which had started off briskly, with youthful step, seemed at the sight of the steep, to have suddenly recollected that he was aged and had toiled much, and came to the conclusion to lie down. A most unmerciful beating, however, soon called him to activity, and he moved reluctantly forward. The street was broad, and with great labor had been excavated in the hill, undermining to such an extent several valuable edifices, that they appeared ready to fall. By active use of

the whip we reached the summit of the hill, and at once descended into the busy and more populous part of the town, passing many public buildings of great beauty of design. In a short time, bargaining for a room was commenced with the French landlady of the Richelieu, while Madame's husband stood by in silence, permitting the bustling, substantial, and, it is to be assumed, accommodating female to be the manager of the establishment.

The Russian Drosky.

The drosky is peculiar to Russia, and may be termed a neat little carriage. It is as convenient as it is neat. Extremely light and low, the wheels small and delicate, it is used generally as are our hackney carriages. Sometimes the seat is made as in common vehicles, and holds two persons, but generally, it is an oval, cushioned affair, extending along the centre from the seat of the driver to the back. In this case one has to sit as on a side saddle, or in an Irish jaunting car; and where two ride in this kind, one is in advance of the other, and both occupants have their feet on opposite sides, resting on a floor, so ingeniously arranged as to serve for a step, and, in its graceful curve upwards over the wheels, as a protection from the mud which would otherwise be thrown upon the rider. It is quite a fancy little vehicle, when well built, extremely convenient for ascent and descent. It may come into vogue.

Section II. at some future period, among our bloods of the Fourth Avenue. The horse's gear, too, must be described, or half of the effect of the picture would be lost. The striking peculiarity of it is the lofty bow that arches the neck of the horse, serving to steady and keep apart the shafts, to support the reins, and to elevate the animal's head. The only objection to it is, that it first suggests to a stranger the idea that the horse, if he go fast, is trying to run through a hoop.

Ladies' Dresses. Immediately after breakfast, I took a walk out, to call on our Consul, Mr. Riley, who is a rich, gentlemanly Greek, and also on the President of the Archeological Society. The former was found in his counting-room, surrounded by samples of grain, by which he, with many others, this year is making a large fortune; but the latter was absent. A stroll about the town gave me an opportunity to examine it at leisure. The streets are very broad, and in them were many very fashionable ladies. The only peculiarity in the dress of these was the length, some of them trailing a quarter of a yard on the ground. It added much to the rich appearance of the costume, and to the grace of the wearer; but cannot be proper for a promenade. As the government employ *poor* people to sweep the streets and carry off the dirt, it precludes the necessity of

the ladies doing it gratuitously by this rather unpleasing process.

The persons met were usually elderly people, all seeming to have grey hair and beards, though the ruddy complexion and active step often belied the appearance of age. The numerous Jews in the street had their long beard conspicuously silvered. The impression was, that none here were born young; but, after traversing many of the principal walks, I returned home, when, presenting myself before the mirror, I found my own beard and hair as grey as the rest, and my hat and clothes literally white with the fine dust that had been floating in the atmosphere. This is one of the first nuisances to be met with in Odessa, and is caused by the street being macadamized with a white, soft stone, which produces an extremely fine powder, kept constantly in motion, during the dry season, by the strong currents of air which prevail around this elevated place. The *genus homo* were not the only objects that suffered in appearance from this. The trees and shrubs of the small but neatly-arranged garden of the Palais Royal, — a somewhat limited imitation of that of Paris, — were covered with the dust; and, however beautifully green they might have been immediately after a shower of rain, they now looked as though life and verdure had long since taken leave of them. If, however, they could

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be washed each day, as are those of the lovely "*Aqua Sola*" of Genoa, they would give to this promenade an agreeable effect. To avoid the appearance of this on the clothes, every one who goes out, wears a cloak, which, on entering a house, is thrown off and left with a servant in the hall. By this means alone, can one make a decent appearance in a drawing-room. In the wet season, it is said, the mud is quite as objectionable.

Money Changers: Jews.

Besides the droskies, and the long, rich robes of the ladies, and, now and then, an odd looking costume, peculiar to some of the Russian provinces, one is attracted by the money-changers, who stand in the principal streets. They are, of course, Jews, and they have before them a small table, on which is an ordinary show-case, divided into two or three compartments, wherein are kept the different monies. Under the glass is a wire net-work, which would prevent one from inserting his fingers, even though he had brokon the pane. Thus, as they stand in their sober garb and uncut beards, they recall the scene in the Temple; and as the stranger gazes upon them, and is called upon to change his money, he cannot but feel that they are a peculiar people, — the same to-day as in the days of the Saviour.

The Opera.

In the evening, the theatre was visited. It was something novel to be in a Russian play-house,

though there was nothing peculiarly worthy of note in it, except its limited dimensions, that the boxes were large, and decorated according to the tastes of the owners; while, between them, rising to the top of the second tier, were small Corinthian columns, with gilded capitals. The drop-scene was a view of Odessa from the harbor, and it was an interesting picture. The house was thinly occupied, and the few ladies among the auditors made but little show in dress. The dearth of spectators, though the beautiful opera of Norma was performed in a very creditable manner, was surprising to the stranger, who could scarcely expect here to be greeted with this master composition. This opera I prefer to all others, and, as some of its music was the last heard by me in Italy, its own sweetness and its associations filled both my heart and eyes; and, while I listened to the soul-melting *duo*, the author of such notes, it was easy to believe, would find welcome in the celestial choir.

Dr. Webb's Oral Language.

20th. — This morning was devoted to Professor Selenetsky, whose acquaintance was made in Vienna, and who had invited me to visit him. He kindly accompanied me to the library, where I found some books I wished to examine. We then proceeded to the museum, which, though occupying but few apartments, contained some rare and very interesting reliques of ancient art found

Section II. in the Crimea. In the library, on the table was a pamphlet, entitled "*Memoires des Antiquitaires du Nord*," published in Copenhagen, in which was the interesting article of Dr. Webb on the discovery of an Indian's remains in Massachusetts, United States. It is exceedingly gratifying to a person, when thus afar from his native land, to discover, amid the thousand records of a strange people, and of a strange language with which he is surrounded, a recognition of the genius of his own. Dr. Webb's article was in its original English garb, and consequently could give little satisfaction, as there are but one or two persons in the town who speak the English language. The Italian and French languages are more common, but the knowledge of five or six different tongues does not seem here to constitute so important a part of the education of all as it does in southern and central Europe. In fact, it was some time before a suitable interpreter could be found to present me to Professor Mozekevits, whom I desired to visit and who occupies the place of the late distinguished Von Blaremberg, as director of *Le Musée des Antiquités.*

General Soffonoff. In company with our Grecian consul, afterwards I visited General Soffonoff, who gave me much good council concerning my voyage to the Caucasus. Gen. S. is a young man, plain and unostentatious, quite tall and extremely polite, of active ex-

pression and manner, and is Secretary of State of the Viceroy of New Russia, whom he is now on his way to join in Georgia. He married a rich lady of this place, and appears to merit the high encomiums passed on him by the citizens.

Lovers' Stratagems.

At three o'clock, I rode to the handsome mansion of Cosaretto, an Italian merchant, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who had called the day before at my hotel, and had given me an invitation to dinner. I was presented to his amiable and sociable little Genoese wife, and to the two old officers of the army, who wore decorations of honor. The elder of these two was quaint in his dress, and looked the picture of the old soldier. The younger entertained us with a story of his youth, — that he had stolen a sweet and lovely girl from a convent, by fastening a rope to a high wall, and scaling it, — then, before he could get to his inamorata, and avoid detection, after being once within the walls, that he was obliged to tear all his clothes and make them perfectly ragged, and to bedaub them with mud so that he might appear like a poor peasant. Thus disguised he was enabled to traverse the various walks and avenues, and lounge about the hundred corners of the old edifice, till he could give the signal and warn his waiting angel of his presence, and of the hour of departure. At midnight, after having passed two days without

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food and drink, he found himself with his beloved, safely in the free road to the city. Here a new difficulty awaited him, and his lady-love had to become a principal actress in the scene. Being connected with the army, he knew the pass-word of the previous day, when he expected to have been able to secure his prize, but now he was ignorant of it; and, on arriving at the gate, would have been detained, if it had not occurred to her, that, as a Sister of Charity, she might conduct a decrepid and sick man, found by the way-side, to his home. This agreed upon, she supported him in his apparent weakness, and thus they passed on together, unmolested even by the stern sentinel, until the sound of the heavy tread was lost to the ear, when they hurried to that cheerful, elegantly prepared, and happy home, which she was for many years to make blissful to her lover. The old man told the whole story, even to the end, with an almost strange degree of cheerfulness; for one would have supposed that the recollection of his final separation from her, would have brought a cloud upon his brow. No one asked him if she had died, for each one seemed to fear destroying this bright vision of his youth. There evidently was in his mind a continuance of the idea of her existence, angelic and pure, which had with him no termination; and, when he had ceased to talk, in the expression of his counte-

nance could be traced an illumination, as Swedenborg would have called it, derived from that fair spirit in the far off land with which he still communed.

Russian Dining.

The peculiarity of a Russian dinner is in its commencement. Immediately before sitting down to the grand repast, you are invited to a side-table, where, standing, you will take a small glass of fiery *aqua vita*, some pickles, bread, and dried bolognas, for the purpose of creating a thoroughly good appetite. The desired effect is produced, and one thus enjoys prodigiously the viands of the country. We sat down to Turkish, Italian and Russian dishes, and, for the good wines supplied, our gentlemanly host was often complimented.

The walls of the drawing-room were adorned by some pretty pictures, — Italian costumes, — the work of the fair hands of Madame Casaretto. In this pleasant labor she employs much of her time, as it recalls the scenes of her native land. She does not fancy Odessa, and longs to return again, quickly, to her dear, beautiful Genoa. She had many rich fur robes, which, she said, the cold of the winter obliged her to wear; and it was not without deep feelings that she desired many expressions of love to her father in Italy, whom I was to see long before the fond daughter would.

One of the severest trials which a traveller ever

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meets with, is the continual breaking up of those pleasing friendships which one could desire to last forever. A stranger, in a strange land, he feels deeply every courtesy extended to him; and, while the bestower is aware of showing only the ordinary hospitalities, the recipient is sensible of a thousand grateful emotions, too pleasing in their associations to be yielded up without causing the most poignant regret. He is to leave those, who, though strangers, have been kind to him, and he is most probably, never to see them again. He believes that they will sometimes call to mind his visit, and wonder where he is; while he, as he journeys on, daily turns his thoughts back to the scenes he has passed through, and never fails to revisit every spot that has been pleasing to him, — sits again at the hospitable table, listens to the same conversation, finds in all the same deep interest, and again bids farewell. Thus will it be with him, so long as he retains the power of memory.

After dinner, by invitation, one of the club-houses, of which there are several in the place, was visited. It was agreeably neat, and altogether well fitted up with billiard tables for the entertainment of its members. The Exchange was next visited. It has exteriorly a beautiful effect, on account of its style of architecture. A square is within it, at the front of which the wings of the building are join-

ed by a lofty colonnade, — twenty-four Corinthian columns in two rows, supporting a handsome entablature, and leaving an open passage between them to the court and all the entrances in the rear. The exchange, the theatre, Woronsoff's palace, and all the public buildings, display a refined and classic taste, not only in their structure, but in their positions. The Exchange stands at one extremity, and Woronsoff's palace at the other, of a broad and handsome street, between which and the edge of the bank, along which it runs for a great distance, is a charming promenade, bordered with trees and commanding the entire harbor below, distant hills, the bay, and the sea. In this, half way between the two edifices, and in the front of a spacious street opening into the heart of the city, stands a bronze statue of Richelieu.

On returning homeward, I accidentally met with a Danube acquaintance, Mr. Heaford, who had offered me a seat in his carriage from Galatz, saying that it would be found the quickest route. He had, however, arrived thirty-six hours later than we did, for he encountered some of the beauties of the passport system, and was delayed thus long, while his family, from whom he had been long separated, were anxiously expecting him. On his way, he had accidentally passed through a pretty village without having his pass viséd, and, on his arriving at the

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next town, was made to return and undergo the formality which he had neglected.

21st. — Yesterday I was congratulating myself on the good luck I had always had with passports, — never having been delayed an hour by them; but to-day I have been sadly annoyed. Yesterday my landlord promised to have my passport ready for me this morning, as I was to start at ten o'clock for the Crimea in the steamer, (the next one leaving in two weeks,) and I went away unconcernedly to dine with my friend, satisfied that all would be right. On my arrival at my hotel, I found that my passport had been neglected entirely, and that it was then too late to make any reparation in the matter. Accordingly, this morning, having every thing ready to embark, I jumped into a drosky and taking Professor Selenetsky with me — as he understood the routine of the business requisite in the case, — and proceeded with all speed to the various departments supposed to be concerned with the document. After going to four places and feeing each person who had any thing to do with the passport, in order to obtain it, at an expense of nearly four dollars, in addition to the legal demand. I received, at the end of two and a half hours, my own passport and another, — a long Russian one, — which granted me liberty to leave as soon as I pleased. This was much like cutting off a cock's

head, and giving him permission to crow. The steamer had been gone more than an hour! I was certainly vexed, but, as may be imagined, to no purpose. It was plain I was to remain here half a month more. At any other time, it would have been agreeable; but now, the cold season was approaching, and my route lay through a country that ere long might be impassable from the drifted snow and avalanches. However, I learned a lesson, and I will take my revenge by advising all travellers to put no trust in the word of the landlord of the Richelieu.

The Fate of a Pole.

After my disappointment I went to Mr. Heaford, and spent an agreeable evening with my companion of the morning. Mr. H. is an English merchant, who has resided here upwards of twenty years, and acquiring a little fortune by his own exertions, built for himself a neat house and some large stone stores for grain, all on an elevated situation on the eastern edge of the town overlooking the harbor. He has an English wife and several little children who speak three languages, and appears to pass a happy life. Opposite and near to his dwelling is an attractive, odd-looking building, erected and once inhabited by a Pole. Suspicion that he was engaged in some conspiracy against the government, perhaps created by a personal enemy, fell upon him. One day, when sitting by his own

Section II. hearth-stone, surrounded by a lovely family — a Polish wife at his side, leaning her fair, intellectual brow upon his shoulder, while a little one in his arms was gathering together the long curls of the doting mother, who now and then changed the outline of this picture by turning to notice the other children playing about the rooms — one day, when thus enjoying his little world, he was conducted by an officer of the government across that threshold he was not to repass, and on that same night was on his way, an exile, to Siberia. This is but one side of the picture. The other, shows an autocrat bound by oath, by heritage, by custom, to secure the foundations of his throne. Perhaps alone he guards it, while millions are ready to undermine it, and, to await proofs before convicting, would involve him beyond ability to punish, in the ruin the disaffected would make. The property of this unfortunate and perhaps imprudent Pole, yet remains in the hands of the authorities, useless; and as he is now dead, it is not known what will be done with it, and more particularly since it has been doubted that he was guilty of the charge against him.

Incident with a Lover. This sad story was told by Mr. H., and I returned home and was dressing for an evening call, when, after a slight tap at my door, a young man entered. He had a dirty garb, half civil and half

military, and commenced talking in Russian. I was puzzled both with the man and the language, as I did not understand either. I then asked him in Italian, Spanish, English and French, what he wanted, and he finally turned his conversation into the latter, and drawled in doleful tones, the sum of his hard fate. He stated that his father had been very rich, and high in office, which I did not dispute,— and that he had been well educated, which I had no particular reason to disbelieve,— that his father had indulged him (and consequently had spoiled him) in every wish of his heart except one, which was to marry into a family under the ban of suspicion. He loved the poor, dowerless daughter of a man whose property had been confiscated, and who had been banished from the country, leaving many helpless relatives, who were so watched by the police, that it amounted to a seemingly just cause of suspicion to visit them. Night after night, however, by the garden wall, by the private gate, he had flown to the nest of his dove. They talked of love, but never of marriage, for she knew it was impossible; but while their hands were locked in each other's, she breathed into his willing ear the story of her wrongs, the injustice that was daily done to her innocent family, and the cruelty that was practised towards her loved father. He listened till his soul was rapt with the sublime idea of

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liberating his country, bringing back the exiled parent, and wedding her whom he could thus make happy. He flew at once to that club of young men, who, in Warsaw, were banded together for the same great object. His enthusiasm had a powerful but fatal effect, for they at once became forward and incautious, and the police were not long in finding out their haunts and abodes, and finally arrested them. He himself fled to France. But death was preferable to this separation from all that was dear to him on earth, and after wandering about for some time, poor, hungry and naked, he shipped as a sailor for this port, and now awaited my assistance to help him home. He said there was nothing in which he could engage, by which he could earn enough to carry him back, and the resource of entering the army was the same as stepping into the grave, for he should then have no hope of ever seeing his home or his friends again. When his story was finished, he walked the room in great agitation; but then, as well as during his story, I remarked that he took particular notice of every thing I had in my room,— that his dress was rather Russian than French, and that his look betokened more curiosity and cunning than sadness; and when I declined aiding him, he with much energy urged it upon me as my duty. In fact, as he was so determined, and would not

leave the room as I suggested, I rang up the servant to turn him out, having concluded that he was nothing more or less than a spy of the government, who had come to sound my political feelings. I may have done him great injustice, and it is to be regretted if I did, but I could not resist my conclusions, for though his story was well enough connected, there was much in it that was improbable, and at variance even with the habit of the government. SECTION II.

22d. — This morning at two o'clock, Mr. Heaford called in his drosky, to take me to visit the quarantine station. By one of the most dusty streets in the world, we descended to the great shipping pier, where there were probably two hundred carts constantly going and coming, loaded with grain. A vast number of boats were carrying it off to the ships. Passing this, we entered a pleasant avenue bordered with trees, and soon dismounted at a large gate, under a high cliff, that had been cut away with great labor, to form an agreeable ascent to the heights, and descending two or three steps, were in a small square thickly set with trees. On two sides, were rooms with double gratings of wood and wire, so far distant that nothing could be handed from one to the other, and at which the captains of vessels on the sea-side and the merchants on the other, are seen bargaining and Quarantine Station.

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consulting about cargoes, freights and business. From this we ascended the hill, taking a ticket of the soldier guard at the gate to allow of our repassing, and, after a few minutes' walk, came to those long rows of low buildings with numerous small rooms, in which, persons coming from Constantinople, or that region, to enter the city, must pass a quarantine of ten days. Below these, on the shore, stands another long building, in which certain kinds of merchandize are thoroughly fumigated before they are permitted to be carried into the town. In this department, as well as in all others, the officers are extremely strict and formal. It is a great drawback to commerce, yet, as Mr. Heaford said, if one could once behold the ravages of the plague, as he had, it would not be thought possible that too great precaution could be taken. Vessels coming here from Constantinople, if they should make the trip in six days, would be obliged to remain in harbor, deprived of all communication with the shore, till fifteen days had elapsed from the time of her leaving that port.

Story of the Plague.

During our walk, Mr. H. gave me an account of the death of a friend of one of his friends, when the plague, a few years ago, almost depopulated the cities of the East. The man had a wife and six lovely little children, his great fondness for whom made him extremely cautious during the

raging of this scourge, so much so, that he shut himself and family in the house and yard, and had no communication with any one. His gates were never unbarred, and nothing was received into the house except food, which he attended to himself, making sure that it was not handled till it had been thoroughly washed in vinegar and water, which sufficiently purified it. This he strictly adhered to, till report said that the plague had ceased, and the commissary, one day in going his rounds, assured him through the small hole cut in the gate for the purpose of conversation and receiving food, that he believed the epidemic had disappeared. The inmate, happy at the intelligence and that he and all his family had escaped, said to the commissary, "I will give you something to drink for the good news you bring." He accordingly brought a tumbler and some spirit and gave the man, then took the tumbler back, bade him good day and went in. The commissary moved only a little further on his rounds, when the plague seized him and he expired. The gentleman within the house took the plague, and in less than thirty-six hours neither he nor any person of his whole family was alive.

There is probably nothing in the world more appalling than the raging of the plague. To see human bodies and infected clothes dragged out from the dwellings by long hooks, carried by men

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entirely enveloped in tarred garments, and then to see those bodies jumbled heedlessly together into an open cart and borne away to some common receptacle, to be added to the still more loathsome mass already congregated there, must fill one's mind with indescribable loathing; but to see one dear to us, falling a victim to this disease — to see him die and taken away from us in the rudest manner possible and by strangers, and yet not be able even to approach the once loved form,— in fact, from a sense of the utter uselessness of our efforts and the idea of self preservation, *flying* the very presence of such an one, must overwhelm the heart with unutterable anguish and horror.

The commissary mentioned above, lived in a low part of the town known as the *ropewalks*, and though the plague apparently several times ceased in the city, yet in that place it always broke out afresh. The government observing this, finally ordered all the dwellings in that quarter, and every thing they contained, to be burned. It was done, and the plague has not since visited Odessa.

23d. In company with Mr. Heaford, I called again on General Soffonoff. In the hall, we were waited on by several servants, and were informed that the General was engaged. At the moment, a refined looking, but very old gentleman, wearing numerous decorations upon his breast,

passed out, and we were welcomed by the distinguished General himself. We were conducted through a large centre room, which had a wooden, waxed floor, and into a small reception room, carpeted and plainly furnished. He here entertained us till the announcement of other visitors warned us to withdraw. He will depart in a few days for his home on the Kur.

Sights in the Town.

In company with Professor Selenetsky I have revisited the Museum and passed much time there amid its ancient curiosities. On returning home I went to my window which commands a view of a portion of the harbor, when one of the most pleasing sights my eye ever rested on was before me. Six large Russian ships of war, with all sail set, were entering the port together. There was one seventy-four gun ship, three frigates and two brigs. When near to the town, the seventy-four fired a salute. The sails, which a moment before had been swelling before the breeze, were now furled as if by magic, and all the vessels came to anchor. No Russian could have looked on this scene, and not had some feelings of national pride; for as these mighty bulwarks of sea and land rounded to, they displayed to admiring thousands their massive broad-sides and their hundreds of iron mouths ready at any instant to breathe the most terrific fire in their defence. They came from the beauti-

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ful port in the Crimea, called Savastopol, where I intend soon to go. I remained but a short time in my room, for catching a glimpse of a new and pretty costume, I hastened into the street to get a better view of it. In following the wearer, I came in front of the cathedral, whose massive bell was sounding with awful tones, deep and rich, as though it would awaken the world. Two men were swinging the huge tongue that told the hour of worship, and while here listening and gazing, I forgot the object of my ramble; but turning down a long street, I entered a church, where I found a man selling little yellow wax candles at a desk appropriated for them, while most of the people were bowing their faces to the very earth. Numerous very ordinary pictures, apparently of saints, framed in gold, toys and silver candlesticks, adorned the interior; but nothing imposing or solemn arrested my attention, or induced devotion, and I passed out on my way. After walking some distance I entered a broad street full of people. The men occupied the centre in various groups, while the doorways and steps of the houses were adorned with females.

It was soon evident that it was the Jewish part of the town, and as this was the Jewish Sabbath, the people rested from labor. The men were enjoying the quiet, and were remarkable for long

beards and long grey wrappers reaching to the heels, while their daughters displayed their charms as best suited each one's taste. I am sorry to say I did not see any thing attractive in any of them except the pearl and gold bands which adorned their hair. It was made into a kind of wreath which passed over the top and centre of the head, elevated a little like a comb, against which was brought up a broad braid of the dark hair which heightened the effect of both, or, in lieu of this, the front roll of a kind of turban, or cap, which partly covered the back of the head. Thinking, however, that my presence here might create no pleasant feelings, and seeing that I was as much of a curiosity to them as they were to me, I remained but a short time, and on my passing into another street, had the pleasure of informing a tall and noble-looking Albanian the way to the hotel Richelieu. He was dressed in his native costume, which is, perhaps, the richest and most graceful of modern wear; the red cap and blue silk tassel — the elegantly wrought crimson jacket with open sleeves and breast showing the handsome linen of the shirt,— the full, snowy white linen frock, hanging in rich folds to the knee, to which the stockings extend, banded round like the Highlanders — the feet encased in neat slippers, while over all is thrown a rich mantle of cashmere, turned once, perhaps, about

Albanian Costume.

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the waist, and thus left to float gracefully about the form — all these make at least an attractive picture.

Ladies' Head-dress and Costume.

That which particularly drew my attention to the lady passing my window was her *paviska*, or cap, worn by young women of some of the provinces. The *cocauchnick*, worn in other places as an article of fashionable dress, is donned here only by the wet nurses, and is the sign by which they are known. The only difference between the caps is, that the former is open behind and shows all the braid of the hair; the latter is closed. They are worn on the back of the head, coming forward on the top to about the centre, in shape of a bell-crown hat, with its under side much shorter than the upper. When made of red velvet, having a gold band at the edge which encircles the hair, they are extremely ornamental, though in the street, appears to a foreigner to partake too much of the dress of the stage. Two other articles of ladies' dress worn here, are pretty — one is the *duchergrèca*, which is quite jaunty, and the *seraphan*, which is elegant and graceful. The former is a kind of Grecian jacket, fitting the form tightly, till below the waist, where it is so full of plaits as to stick out like a fan. The latter is a costly skirt with a piece of short waist with straps passing over the shoulders to support it, like those of an apron.

This upper part, however, is not of sufficient extent to cover the rich point lace gathered about the bosom.

The Princess O——

24th. Devoted most of the day to writing to my friends in Italy and America. In the evening took a walk along the boulevards, before described, where the people come in their Sunday garbs to promenade. A spot more beautifully situated than this could hardly be found. The harbor, the merchant vessels, the men of war, lay far down below us, undisturbed by the slightest breeze, and as the twilight faded into the grey of eve, the large, red, Russian moon rose round and full over the quiet scene, sending along the bright waters, a belt of silver light that seemed to enchant every beholder, and many were the young and sweet faces which sent back its smile and its brightness. And here it was, I was told, that the emperor Nicholas first saw the beautiful Princess O——. She attracted him by her elegant and winning mien, then by her peerless beauty, and then by her fascinating conversation modulated only to charm. We will not do so much discredit to the good taste and the gentler sensibilities of his nature as to suppose that he could be surrounded by the halo of such inimitable loveliness and not feel its effects, nor will we suppose that the handsomest man in the Russian empire and he the Emperor, could fail to

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win the heart of a subject on whom he had condescended to bestow his admiration and affection. I do not know that he did either; those who have been at the court can better judge.

Preparations for a Short Voyage.

25th. The admiral of the fleet which arrived a few days ago, hearing that I was to visit the Crimea, most courteously sent and offered me a passage with him to Savastopol, for which place he was to sail in a day or two. The worthy Greek, Mr. Rolli, was the means of my obtaining this pleasant mode of arriving at that isolated, yet interesting portion of this eastern world. During the morning I called on and bade adieu to the few kind friends met with here, and in the afternoon purchased some articles required for my journey, among which was a heavy fur cloak, most earnestly recommended by my friend who robbed the convent, and who knew the quality of the cold to be met with on the mountains.

The evening was passed at tea with the pleasant family of Mr. Heaford. Mr. H. informed me that the export of grain from the Black Sea this year, would amount to the enormous quantity of sixty millions of bushels,— that the exports of Odessa were principally grain, tallow and wool; — that good grapes and melons are raised in abundance near by — that some wine is made, though it is generally poor — that apples, pears, apricots grow

here, but not so good or plentiful as the grapes and melons — that there are no silk growers and no manufactories,— that the best root sugar is made in considerable quantities in Polish Russia,— that good wine is made in the Crimea, and the grape very much cultivated, induced by the good management of Prince Woronsoff, the genius of southern civilization, who has built an elegant palace there. Among the ten thousand improvements which the Prince introduced in this region, are the steamers on the Euxine, now plying from the Danube, along its whole Russian coast.

Choice of Route.

26th. In company with our consul, I had another interview with General Soffonoff. He again assured me of the protection I should every where find, but shook his head at my asking something concerning the route by the Kouban, inhabited by the Cossacks *de la mer noire*, and stated that the roads were bad, and that as I wanted to see the Azof, my better way would be through Taganroc. He then gave me a letter bearing the broad seal of his office, to the governor of Stavropol, and I took my leave. What he had said made me feel somewhat doubtful of the *perfect* security with which I should travel, for I had to pass along the very borders, if not through the midst of, provinces occupied by those almost wild hordes, who, like their ancient progenitors, drive their flocks

Section II. from plain to plain, live where they best can, and make the highway as well as the pasture, yield to them its transient produce. Without a companion, too, I was to traverse those vast steppes which stretch from the Azof to the Caspian, and southward to the Caucasus; and had I not long before resolved that nothing should deter me from passing those famed mountains and descending into the beautiful vallies of Georgia, I should now have strong inducements to turn back to Constantinople and Athens, and spend my time amid the ruins of Greece. But travellers must expect discomforts, hardships and even dangers, and if they start with other thoughts, and wander out of the great highway of voyagers, they will be sadly disappointed.

Cherson. Cherson, of which Odessa is the principal town though not the capital, contains about twenty-six thousand square miles of territory. Much of it is a dry heath, yet the peculiar saline qualities of that toward the south, is well adapted to raising sheep and the mulberry tree, and though the country has been enriched by the former, little attention as yet has been paid to the latter; however, it will not, nor will any other of its resources be long neglected. I intended to have visited the capital of this province, if only to have seen the grave of Howard, but I could obtain no suitable conveyance, till my going thither would have made me too late

to join the fleet. It is celebrated for the magnificent festivals held there on the meeting in 1787, of Catharine II., and Joseph, at which time they formed the alliance against the Porte. Here, also, was commenced the splendid monument to Potemkin, the favorite of Catharine, who appropriated one hundred thousand rubles for its erection. It was never completed, and when Catharine's son took the reins of government, he caused the body of his mother's talented but bloody paramour to be thrown into a filthy ditch, near the town, from which it was never recovered. Cherson is on the Dnieper, about sixty miles from its mouth, and owes its importance — and it has had much as a place of business, for Greeks and Turks, and for building ships for the Black Sea,— to Potemkin. I could have gone and returned in three days, and shall always regret that I had not the time.

Odessa, situated between the Dnieper and Dneister, was founded by the intrepid Catharine after the accession of Bessarabia by the peace of Jassy, which I have referred to in my work on the Danube. Alexander, seeing its importance in a commercial point of view, did much toward carrying out the plans of Catharine, and appointed Richelieu, then an emigrant from France, its governor. This young Duke, attracted by the peculiar character of the Empress of all the Russias, entered

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into her service, and so distinguished himself in the war against the Turks, that he was immediately made major-general. He returned to France, but remained only a short time and went again to Russia, where he seemed to find more congenial spirits, and in 1803 was appointed governor of Odessa. He greatly improved the city, which, to commemorate his worth and services, has since erected to him that bronze statue which now adorns the boulevards.

Odessa can boast of many valuable institutions. She has twelve public schools, supported by government, at which all children, rich and poor, can receive a fair education, — geography, grammar, arithmetic, and the like, being taught by able masters. An institution of a higher order, called the gymnasium, prepares scholars for the college Richelieu. This last was founded in 1817, and receives for its maintenance thirty thousand silver rubles annually. The term of study is three years. It has twenty professors who receive one thousand rubles each, and a president who receives two thousand annually. The number of scholars is now two hundred and forty. Here the rich pay the small sum of six silver rubles a year; the poor pay nothing. There is also a botanical garden, where students remain five years, acquiring all that is valuable in that science to which the institution is

devoted. The society of agriculture receives annually from government fifteen hundred rubles, which are paid in prizes and for exhibitions. The Society *de la storia i de l'antiquité*, receives also, annually, from the same source, fifteen hundred rubles, which are expended for medals and books, and in sending abroad scientific persons for the object of the society. The *Biblioteca Publica*, and the *Museo de la Cita*, founded by Prince Woronsoff, are also sustained by government. These last two are under the direction of Professor Mozekevits. The hospital of the city is also free to all, the poor paying nothing when they can bring a certificate from their parish, stating that they have not the means. This reminds me of a melancholy affair, the sequel of which is just related to me.

While we were walking the other day under the arches in front of the gratings at the quarantine barrier, we met a young woman of very slender form, pale, but classic face, lit up by large blue eyes full of earnestness and trust. She seemed fitted by nature to bear no burdens, yet she had evidently suffered. Her hair was very neatly dressed beneath her blue velvet *cocauchnick*, and showed that much pains had been taken with it, but from her shoulders hung a poor old cloak, while an ordinary gown and shoes that had long been in service, aided in concealing her scantily clad person.

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In the folds of her outer garment she carried an infant, and though it was very small, it seemed too much for her strength. She was walking backwards and forwards along the same platform with us, and watched the different gratings to see if any one appeared there whom she knew, and then she would turn to the passers-by, and when she saw one who looked kindly on her, she stopped him to inquire if a certain vessel had not yet arrived, and if the officers would not soon be at the barrier; but when she saw a man with a stern, calculating visage, she said nothing to him. She however addressed my companion, and on being assured that she might soon expect to see the officers of the vessel, as it had arrived that morning, the happy gushings around her heart flooded her bright eyes. At my suggestion, he asked if she was married; she replied with a smile that she was to be, as soon as the first officer, whom she was looking for, arrived; and as she said this she seemed to fold more closely to her breast her little child, doubtless the pledge of their affections. We left her looking through the gratings. To-day, at the hospital, almost beyond the dreams of this world, lay that same delicate form, and the face was more pallid and more emaciated than before. On that morning, when she was waiting to welcome all that was to her priceless in existence, she learned that he

had fallen a victim to the cholera raging at Stamboul. That deep fountain of affection which God has placed in our souls, pouring forth whither it will, watering ofttimes the germs of sinful plants, but, nevertheless, within its genial recipients, creating the most refined and exalted of earthly beatitude, was now welling up in her struggling bosom and running over into the vast, wide-spread sterility which surrounded it, and which was soon to absorb it and destroy it forever. I had read in the depth of those azure eyes that intensity of feeling she might never utter, and I can well imagine how such beings can die of desolateness of heart, for there are but few — such are life's duties and cares — who can understand, appreciate and have sympathy with them. Apropos to this — [SECTION II.

The Greek Girl of Odessa.

Mr. Heaford related to me the other evening the facts concerning the death of an acquaintance of his, which recently took place. A young girl, a Greek by birth, though educated in Odessa, had by her great beauty won the universal admiration of the citizens. Among the number was a wealthy and titled Russian, somewhat older than the lady, and of a temperament little suited to hers. He, however, urged his suit, which her own parents much favored, and finally won her consent to an union. I will not follow her through all her struggles against the wild pleadings of a generous heart,

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wedded in its every pulsation to a youth of her own country — that strife which for weary months she maintained between her filial obligations and her every other emotion and sentiment. She weded the Russian. Others have acted in the same way, with the idea or at least the sincere hope, that intimacy will ripen into attachment, and that eventually pleasure will result from the society thus submitted to and encouraged. A few days after the marriage they drove out in their splendid carriage and passed down on to the quay, where my narrator happened to be, and so extraordinary was the beauty of the bride, that all the workmen of that region, amounting to several hundred, as he informed me, delayed their toil to gaze upon her. The admiration of the world, the sincere homage of thousands failed, however, to supply that void in her breast which only one could have filled, and to whom she was now forever lost. The hope which she had cherished now only mocked, and the vista of the life before her, became more dreary than the valley of death. She returned home and, ascending to the terrace of her dwelling, gazed long toward her father-land and on the bright light which still lingered about the western horizon. She then descended to the garden and plunged herself into a deep cistern, from which she was taken lifeless.

Odessa has nine Greek churches, one Roman Catholic, one Protestant, one Armenian, and two Hebrew churches, which shows a spirit of tolerance creditable to any people, and to any government. The export of grain from hence during the last nine months, has been twelve millions of bushels. Odessa has about eighty thousand inhabitants, gathered from various nations. The Jews constitute a large and peculiar portion of them. The Greeks and Italians hold most of the business in their hands, while Moldavia, Wallachia, Russia, and France contribute their quota.

A Soldier's Funeral.

While I was leaving the town to go on board the vessel, the soldiers, with muffled drums and reversed arms were defiling through the streets in a solemn and imposing procession, bearing to his long sleep, from which alone the last trumpet of the Great Captain shall awaken him, the remains of a distinguished general of the Russian army. The body lay in a rich funeral car — a kind of temple, and trimmed with velvet and gold — and was drawn by four splendid black horses. An officer in full uniform, but with head uncovered, rode on each corner of the car. Preceding this, four men carried a kind of bier, covered with black velvet, trimmed with silver lace and fringe, on which lay the sword, chapeau, and decorations of the deceased. Behind it, came the horse without his rider,

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and he seemed conscious of the sad errand on which he was moving. Between the bier and the car, walked several priests of the Greek church, noble, venerable, dignified-looking men. They were extremely tall, and their lofty caps seemed to add much to their height. Their robes were very long and of purple velvet and gold. Their hair hung gracefully about their shoulders, and their white beards lay upon their breasts, reaching almost to the girdle. There was a becoming gravity in their manner, pleasingly different from that of the Spanish priests whom I once saw amid ceremonies for the dead, laughing at each other's jokes in the house of God, when the daughter of a worthy citizen was to be buried. Following all these came the military with their banners, and accompanied by three full bands of music. This melancholy ceremony tinges my recollections of Odessa with sadness, for it was the last impressive scene I looked upon there.

Costume of Soldiers.

The soldiers dress in a very coarse black cloth faced with red. The white cross on their breasts, formed by the belts which support their knapsack and sword, and the large brass eagle covering the whole front of their caps, all neat and bright as are their arms, give them a showy and handsome appearance; but whenever I looked at one of the officers, I was reminded of a table bell, for their

caps are of such a shape with a long brass knob rising out of the top, looking like a handle to be taken hold of, should one want to ring up the person beneath it. They wear no stuffing in the breasts of their coats, which makes them appear of rather indifferent forms, compared with those of almost every other country; for they are a class who generally know how to find in cotton that of which nature has been churlish. Here, too, they wear the cuffs of their sleeves so long that they cover the entire hand, and extend up almost to the elbow. This style is probably the fashion, and may look well to them, but it appears to me as though they had on coats for which they were never measured, and that they are extremely slovenly.

Higher and Lower Classes.

There is also to be noticed here a fixed wall of distinction between the higher and lower classes. The former are much more harsh and austere towards the latter than is common elsewhere, while the lower orders are more cringing to their superiors than seems becoming the character of men.

On passing the gate of the pier my luggage was slightly examined, and on arriving at the boat-landing I was presented to the Admiral Caltafskoi, who received me very politely, and introduced me to one of his lieutenants who spoke English. We immediately descended to the boat, and in a few

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moments we were on board the flag ship Traeraroff, or Trinity. Here the Admiral presented me to the captain, who spoke Italian, and who invited me to take tea with him in the evening. On my arrival, I was not at first favorably impressed, as there appeared too much confusion about the decks, but when the lieutenant told me they had just received on board nine hundred soldiers, I wondered that there was *any* order. These soldiers were only a small portion of the vast army of the South, which the Emperor Nicholas had called together at Elizabethgrad, for the purpose of reviewing them, and who were now returning to their stations. The fleet had come for the purpose of conveying them to the Crimea from which they started some few weeks since, The object of this review has created ten thousand conjectures — an attack on Constantinople, an invasion of Persia, a war with Austria, conquests in the East, and the like. An officer who was present, assures me of his belief in the intention of the Emperor soon to engage in a war somewhere, for, said he, the last address of the Czar to us was: "Soldiers, I am happy that you appear so well; I expect to require your services before six months are ended!"

Tea-drinking, &c., on Ship-board.

I must again remark that the Russians are great tea-drinkers. Soon after coming on board I was invited below to take tea in the mess-room with the

officers, whom I found in a social body enjoying their three or four cups, generally smoking furiously at intervals, though some finished with the one before they began the other. The scene, at least, was one of contentment, and lively, for numerous servants were hurrying about, as though orders had been given to clear away for action. One was running for fire, another with it, another for tobacco, and another to clean a pipe, for all smoked the long Turkish article, and no one the cigar. In about an hour I was in a room on deck, taking tea with the captain. The gun had been fired, and the flag long since hauled down, when I bade this agreeable officer good night, and retired to my own apartment. Fifteen hundred persons had gone to rest within hearing of my voice, yet not a sound was audible, save that of the regular step of the watch on the quarter deck. I could not help pondering on the seeming fiction in which I was involved,— that I was in a floating castle, where within the space of a few hundred feet were gathered together vast and fearful elements of destruction, yet all around me was calm as thoughtfulness — that at the tap of a drum a host of human beings could be summoned before me ready for deeds of blood, and that the hollow, wooden walls about me could be made to send forth havoc and dreadful desolation too terrible to be recorded. But the

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idea of a civilian going to sleep with a thirty-two pounder sticking out of his window, seemed so ridiculous, that, after looking a while at the ponderous mass of iron which was close to my berth, and getting my face into a broad grin, I went to sleep.

The Admiral's Cabin.

27th.—I was awakened early this morning by the beat of the drum and the heavy march of soldiery along the deck. I had slept well, though my bed was as hard as boards could well make it; and, thanks to my fur cloak, I had slept warmly. But the night had been cold, and, at dawn, both wind and weather betokened our no speedy departure. I went on the quarter about seven o'clock, and walked for a long time with the captain, who was having the top-gallant yards sent up, and the ship got ready for sea, in case the wind should be fair. At one moment not a man was to be seen aloft; at the next, the yards, shrouds, tops, every part of the rigging seemed alive with them, and all engaged in some sudden duty. It was pleasing, also, to notice the facility with which conversation was carried on by flags from one ship to another. Orders were transmitted from one vessel and responded to with an astonishing alacrity; and, finally, signal was given for the fleet to get under weigh at nine o'clock. Before that hour, however, the weather became uninviting, and the order was

countermanded. At twelve, the Admiral sent to me an invitation to dine with him; but, as he spoke nothing but Russian, I did not know how we should entertain each other. The captain, however, came to my relief, being invited to accompany me as my chaperon, and, at one o'clock, escorted me to the cabin of the admiral, to whose wife and daughter I was then presented. The two ladies spoke French, so I passed the time more socially than could have been expected; but, for the numerous questions asked by the Admiral, I was obliged constantly to appeal to the captain. The elder of the ladies had a very fair, round face, expressive of great amiability, while her form was short and inclined to *en bon point*. The daughter greatly resembled the mother, though she was more retiring in her manners. Mine host and his wife were extremely courteous, and seemed desirous of making my voyage with them agreeable. The admiral is a man of large frame, rather careless in his dress, but appears to have a good heart. During the dinner hour, a well-trained band "discoursed most eloquent music," which to me was more agreeable than would have been the finest dish ever cooked in all the Russias.

Russian Ladies.

In coming from Italy, Spain, or the south of France, an American is as much struck with the retiring manners of the Russian ladies, as he is

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with the difference in complexions; and in a hundred ways, is reminded that he is not in either of the former countries, where latitude of conversation, entire freedom from restraint, lack of refinement, make them at strange variance with his own fair countrywomen, as well as those of Germany and Russia. The blonde is the most common style of beauty, I believe, met with in all northern latitudes, and when these exceptions occur at the south, they become extremely distinguished. For example, the far-famed Marchioness Balbi, of Genoa, *the star of Liguria;* and the lovely Lady Walpole, who has adopted fair, genial Italy for her country. Both of these ladies were in society at Genoa, and human beings could not require more perfect adoration than they received. This subject recalls to mind a married lady whom I met two successive days in Odessa, going to a dressmaker's, — Madame Huberts. I knew she was married, and to the man older than herself, whose arm she had, — by the kind of matter-of-course sort of air each bore in face and gait. But what attracted my attention was the brilliancy of the lady's complexion and expression, which the peach, the rose, carnation and the lily, the diamond and the raven's wing could not in their combined beauty rival. And this was extremely expensive, for she required the richest and best arranged dress possible, to have it not ap-

pear inferior to, or detract from her natural charms. The husband was consequently daily victimised, doubtless, at the altar of Madame — the French dressmaker.

Colonel Carganoff

The acquaintance of a Georgian gentleman has been made on ship-board — Colonel Carganoff. With his three sons, he is now returning to his home and his wife, whom he has not seen for ten years. The cause of his long absence, shows the severe but seeming mild and political measures which the Czar often adopts to regulate the discordant elements of his vast empire. Colonel Carganoff, though a distinguished officer of the Russian service, wearing many decorations,—one splendid one, given him for his spirited defence of Ahalzic, lived with his family in his native valley. His countrymen, tired of Russian control, and aspiring to be again ruled by their own kings, commenced a revolution, which, it was generally believed, he knew too much about, while he felt strong sympathy in its success. The Emperor, hearing this, —and the Emperor knows through the watchfulness of his officers, strictly watched, almost the very thoughts of every prominent man in his empire,— invited him to come to St. Petersburgh. He there made him governor of a small neighboring town, and, his many requests to be permitted to return

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home, the Czar always found sufficient excuses for denying, till ten years had passed away.

Under Sail.

At four o'clock, signals were again made to get under weigh, and I could not but again admire the almost instantaneous reply they met with. A signal would hardly reach the mizen top before it would be responded to by the fleet. This conversation continued for some time; then, one after another weighed anchor and filed off for sea. As we were to windward, we were the last to brace our yards to the breeze: but, when we did do so, we were soon with the rest, breasting the heavy waves under a full press of canvas. When night came, it was very dark, and the management of the ship, as the captain confessed, was very awkward; but he explained it by telling the plain truth, — that the sailors were in actual service at sea only a few weeks during the whole year, and, consequently, could know but very little concerning their real studies — that the skill of managing sails, reefing in bad weather, knowing what to do, as if by instinct, when the howlings of a storm drown the sounds of all orders, could only be acquired by long practice; and the old sailor knows as well what to do in successive order, when one command is given, as though he had the boatswain whistling in his very ears. He knows when a sail is to be reefed,

that the tacks and sheets are to be let go, the reefing tackle hauled up, and the quickest and best man is he who first reaches the weather yard-arm. He knows in the darkest night exactly where to put his hand for the clew-lines, the halyards, the braces, — which are to be let go, and which secured; and all this knowledge is so necessary, that the finest fleet in the world would be almost useless without it.

Russian Navy.

The Russian navy, although already imposing, is daily augmenting its force. Its ships are handsome, of good models, and are managed entirely on the English system in tactics, etiquette and discipline. In fact, one of the admirals of this sea has served under the flag of England, and knows well the regulations and power of her navy; and is well aware that though his country's fleet might out-number all others, it will be long before it can be made as effective as England's or that of the United States, for want of that great commercial marine, their ever-ready resource. The fleet of the Euxine consists of — Ships of the Line, 14, two of 120 guns, the others of 84; Frigates, mounting 60 guns, 8; Corvettes, mounting 20 guns, 7; Brigs, mounting 11 to 20 guns, 14; Schooners, 6; Cutters, 10; Steamers, 8; Tenders, 30.

Tea-drinking, &c., on Shipboard.

At six o'clock, I went below and took tea, and, at nine, a supper of meats and soup. The officers' messroom is a very social place. At tea, a large

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plate of butter and another of bread, a few cups and saucers, tea and waterpot are placed on the table, but no plates, and only one knife. Each one spreads his piece of bread and returns the knife, helps himself to tea, takes the sugar with his fingers, passes his spoon to his neighbor, who is washing out another neighbor's cup to use for himself, and either sits at the table or goes to the divan and talks, tea in hand, and smokes as he talks and drinks. There is a quiet and easy manner with all, and each one shows that deference to the others, which is a mark of good breeding, and no one takes the liberty to cover his head while he is in this room. But, notwithstanding their gentlemanly manners, I could not think that they were at all an intellectual body; for no one ever presumed to take a book; in fact, I could not see one on board. At dinner, the highest officer sits at the head of the table, and is served first. The dish is then passed to each one in succession. Lively conversation soon commences, but no smoking, and when the head rises, all retire. It is then common and polite to bow to, or shake hands with, those you respect and love most, and those to whom you would show the most deference. The sons of Colonel Carganoff went to him and kissed his hand. The signification of this ceremony I do not understand, but I believe it is accompanied with a wish that your dinner may

do you much good. Very few of those officers spoke anything except Russian. They paid but little attention to dress, and passed all their time, when off duty, in smoking and talking.

Strangers at Dinner.

28th. Morning extremely unpleasant, but all the vessels of the fleet in sight. During the forenoon received an invitation from the admiral to dine with him. At the appointed hour, in company with the captain, I went to the admiral's room, where I found company I had not seen before—a priest of the Greek church, and his wife—to whom I was now introduced. The latter was about eighteen years of age, pretty, delicate, and diffident, evidently not accustomed to much society, and wanting in intellectual expression. In form, however, she was symmetrical, and dressed in good taste. The husband was also quite young, and wore all his beard and hair, the latter of chestnut color, and extremely fine, hanging down his back and over his breast half way to his waist. He was vested in a light blue figured satin gown, made high and tight about his neck, buttoned closely around his corpulent body and reaching to his feet. The sleeves were large bishop ones, and lined with plain blue cotton; under these, and fitting smoothly to the arm, were others of blue satin. He looked like a fat, blowsy woman, in a rich morning gown, waiting her *toilette*. He had none of that

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mock sanctity which often accompanies his profession, but joked with the officers about his costume and his head, which was enormously large, tried his hat on to others, and smoked his pipe continually when he was not talking.

At table I was seated beside the admiral's lady. She asked many questions concerning my voyage, my family, and desired to know if I had been provided with every comfort in my state-room. She manifested even a motherly solicitude for my happiness, and her kindness as well as that of her husband has attached me much to them. After dinner, — the Russians do not sit at table after the meal is finished, — the lady, with her daughter on her arm, apologized for speaking no better French and no English, and took her leave, retiring to her private apartments. On returning to the deck, the band which had been playing some of Verdi's beautiful pieces, was dismissed, and a vocal company of soldiers then ordered up. They arranged themselves in two parallel lines, having a man at one end who played an old clarionet, and one at the other, who was grand director — all looking as serious as though they were to be shot. They commenced one of the national airs of the Russian peasantry. The time was at first slow and drawling, but it improved in force and character, till about the middle of a stanza, when one joined

Native Music.

in with a tamborine, followed soon after by another, the most withy, supple person I ever saw. He carried in each hand a wooden cup to which was attached a straight stick about a foot long, ornamented with ribbons and bells. With these he beat as with castanets to the music, which, as it increased in vivacity and earnestness, seemed to have the effect of animating every fibre of his frame. He threw himself into all kinds of attitudes, and every joint and muscle partook apparently of his joy and kept time, in the strange hitches and twistings, with the song. At one moment he was snapping his sparkling eyes and showing his fine teeth, as if in perfect ecstacy; then he was sitting on the deck, from which he drew himself up with a kind of supernatural energy, which the music had imparted to him. Then he was turning a saumersault one way and then back again, and all in such perfect harmony and grace, that I could scarcely believe one could express so much in face and body, without feeling the full native force of tones by which Calliope's son drew rocks and trees after him. This dance appeared to be one of the kind common to nearly all people in a rude state, who give expression to their feelings by motions of the body. I have seen it in our Indians and negroes, in the Africans, and Asiatics, and I once saw a child fall insensible from exhaustion, by attempting in this way to ex-

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press her great mental joy. Various other pieces were sung, and left a pleasing impression on my mind, yet rather from their oddity than beauty.

Harbor of Savastopol.

29th. At twelve o'clock last night we had a gale from the northward, and the sails were close-reefed, but this morning the sun rose clear and fair, and all the day has been warm and pleasant. At about ten, the fleet drew together, as the mountains of the Crimea arose in the distance, and the landmarks of the coast began to be discernible. As we approached the entrance to the harbor of Savastopol, our place of destination, the vessels swung into line and followed each other in such perfect order, that a ball shot along their sides could have hardly scathed one without touching the whole. In this manner we entered the port, and within a few moments of each other, all came to anchor. The scene from the shore must have been beautifully grand. Six large ships of war with all sails set, sweeping into one of the safest and finest harbors in the world is a sight not often witnessed, and one I think that would be long remembered.

The approach to Savastopol is not imposing. The high mountain called the *tent*, is a prominent and important object of observation to the mariner, though it is very distant from the shore. The land in the immediate neighborhood of the port is not of great elevation, though irregular. On a

point stretching out several miles to the westward, is a light-house which can be seen at a considerable distance. At the mouth of the port, as well as on its two sides, and on the southern angle of the inner harbor, there are strong commanding fortresses, and each elevation has mounted on it a long range of cannon, looking as ready to be touched off, as one could desire. From the narrow, quiet bay, where we all came to anchor,— the seventy-fours clustering around the one hundred and twenty gun-ship like children around a cradle — another, still more secure, opens at right angles, and though it appears like a contracted channel, is long, deep, and perfectly sheltered, and holds at the present time many vessels of the largest class out of service, and many having everything on board ready for sea, except provisions and water.

Proposed Route.

The admiral extended to me to-day his usual courtesy, and at his table was my pleasant Georgian acquaintance, with his sons. The colonel has urged me strongly to accompany him to his home, taking the circle of the Black Sea, first crossing by land the Crimea, and then running along in the government steamer the entire coast of Circassia, touching at all the different fortresses on our way. He states, also, that I shall be liable to encounter bad subjects on my interior route, besides finding the steppes monotonous and devoid of interest, and

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has almost persuaded me to be his companion to the capital of Georgia and New Russia. After dinner, we all went on the upper deck, from which the admiral's lady pointed out to me, as we approached the harbor, the ruined walls and temples of the ancient city of *Chersonesa*, which lay on our right.

After we had anchored, the Captain Nukotich, usually a very plainly dressed man, in full uniform, and with no less than six different decorations of honor on his breast, came to me and offered a letter of introduction to a friend of his on shore, a Captain Matoosky,* who, he said, would be extremely gratified if I would take up my quarters at his house; —being a bachelor, and living alone, he would find pleasure in showing to me all that was interesting in the region of Savastopol.

Having no acquaintances here, I readily and gratefully accepted his letter. He then ordered a boat, and provided an officer to accompany and take me to the house of his friend. The admiral came and bade me adieu by a warm pressure of the hand, and I turned away from the ship with feelings of sadness and regret; for, although a stranger, not knowing a word of the language of the people I was among, and known to them only by casualty, I had received the most frank hos-

* These Russian names are written usually as they are pronounced, and scarcely approach the spelling in the Russian language.

pitality and kind attentions, which the truly generous only know how to bestow, and these were continued to the last.

I had heard much of Russian bears and Muscovite boors, and had almost expected to see a Cossack head mounted on every woman's shoulder; but what must be the impression left by my first intercourse with this people. The admiral's lady, with exquisite blandness of manners, had manifested those tender sympathies which become a noble-hearted woman. Every officer merited an acknowledgment for well-timed civility and urbanity; and as it is my desire to do justice to all independent of any local prejudices, I trust that I shall ever be as ready to portray the good I see, as follow in the beaten track of descrying all habits, laws, customs, religions, differing from our own.

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The Crimea.

At two o'clock, I stepped on the shores of the Crimea, my soul thrilling with new delights, for here, too, a *louvre* of historical and fabled pictures arose before me, stretching away eastward and southward, till lost in primeval gloom. I did not feel that it was a landing in a lovely garden of Russia, as it had been described to me, for here bright and delicate flowers bloom all the months of her very winter. The impression pervaded me that it was a land connected intimately with that chain of associations which leads, link by link, to the origin of nations, of people, of the human race. I was breathing the air of the *Tauride*, of the Chersonese, the ruins of whose homes were near me. I was in a land that, more than fifty times, had arisen from the desolation which as many different nations had spread over it. Her hill tops had been crowned with temples, and her sacred groves ornamented with speaking statues. Here kings had reigned and been dethroned; and, what once held a happy and flourishing people, was made barren by rude and savage hordes, whose descendants still dwell

here and keep it a waste. The ancient gulf of Cténis is not far from us, nor Cape Parthenium, the land we first made, where Iphigenia was on the point of immolating her brother.*

I landed at a new and handsome portico, supported by columns, passed into a large square, then into a broad street, having on both sides small but neat, plastered stone dwellings; and, after ascending it for about half a mile, came to the house of Captain Matoosky. The captain received me politely, and, as he spoke English and possessed a vast fund of varied information, my time passed away most rapidly with him. The tea-hour came, evening and bed-time, and he was yet entertaining me with his stories. Speaking of the various people by whom he was surrounded, he said, there were in Savastopol some Abyssinians, who had correspondence with their own people in their native country, — that still more of them resided in Backsaraï,† which is their burial place, — all of their nation who die any where in this region, being carried there to be interred, — that their religion partakes much of the Jewish system, though they do not use the *Talmud;* and that they are very neat, strictly truthful, and an honest people, permitting, however, polygamy. The real Jews are not allowed to reside here, and

* See Appendix, B.

† Spelled Bachtschi-saraï, (a palace in a garden.)

Section III. when the ukase was published to expel them, they went to all the villages except one. "That one," said the Captain, "is inhabited by *Greeks*, who, being known to be even too cunning and subtle for the very Jews themselves, were avoided, and not a single one of the Hebrew race, when driven from Savastopol, went there to reside, though it is a lovely place." The Captain promises to take me there before I leave him.

Backsaraï At Backsaraï, many interesting reliques have been discovered, under the direction of an antiquarian — an enthusiastic priest — who is allowed by government a certain sum annually to carry on his productive explorations. Backsaraï was considered once a very beautiful town; and possesses an interest as the residence of the Khans of Tartary, — and as having a special privilege granted to it by Catharine the Second, which gave to the Tartars only a right to dwell in it. It had, too, one of the most magnificent seraglios of the East, with its fountains and gardens, now deserted; a romantic valley, hemmed in by cliffs, crowned in one place by a convent, and, in another, by an almost inaccessible fortress, the origin of which is not known. A double charm invests the spot — reality and mystery.

The Tartars, as the Captain informed me, are a very stupid and indolent race. All they care for is

to have a little tobacco to smoke. The Greeks are satisfied, when they make enough sour wine to drink; and the Jews, in making a little money any way they can. The Circassians never fight openly and fairly. They would go without food and sleep for days, if they could entrap and rob and kill you without danger to themselves. In travelling through their country, he further stated, if one meet a man on the road without boots on, and in Circassian costume — (the Cossacks having this distinctive mark, though otherwise dressing like the Circassians), — it is necessary to show him that you are well armed and on your guard, otherwise he will be sure not to let you pass safely. Probably, he will first shoot your horse, and then your own dear self, if necessary, and help *himself* to all you possess. These Circassians are not, however, to be found so frequently on the plains as formerly, having retired to the mountains. About a year ago, they made some very bold and well directed attacks upon the Russian fortresses, and maintained themselves with so much energy, and pursued their success with so much skill, that it was immediately conjectured that that they had some bold and experienced leader, who had seen service in other fields. At last, the Russians repulsed a large body of the enemy, and pursued them in a long and bloody struggle to their fastnesses. On their way, they found the mutilat-

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ed body of a Polish officer, who proved to be one of the most distinguished of his nation. He had been sent into Circassia by a club in Constantinople, composed of French, Poles and Turks, who, in various ways, assisted these mountaineers against the Russians — sometimes by sending able leaders; and at other times, arms and ammunition. This officer, who had been thus found dead, had been shot in the *back* of the neck, which, with other signs, and evidences afterwards adduced, proved that he was killed by the very ones he was trying to serve, and who, because of his failure in this one instance, treacherously assassinated him.

An Englishman by the name of Bell, attempted, several years ago, to aid them, but both he and his vessel were captured. The latter was retained, but he was released. The kindness of the Russians towards him, however, did not prevent his again attempting the destruction of their hopes in the south, and he stole back among the Circassians, assuring them that within a year the English would send a fleet to assist them. This story he continued till the time specified was finished, when, his promises not being fulfilled, he was obliged to escape for his life, which he effected with the greatest difficulty.

There are among this people only two classes — the princes and the slaves — the one very rich,

the other miserably poor and abject. It is almost impossible, however, to go now where they reside, on account of the war. SECTION III.

Prince Woronsoff has recently taken one of their strongest fortresses, held by three thousand Circassians, They had shut themselves within it, and had but one egress, which was strongly guarded. The stream of water that supplied them was turned from its course, and the soldiers were left without any. The next night they attempted the pass, and left two thousand of their men dead in the valley. With such information, the Captain entertained me till a late hour.

30th. Early this morning, with Captain Matoosky, I visited the *Bibliotèca.* It has now about ten thousand volumes, all richly bound and preserved in handsome mahogany cases. It is supported by the officers of the navy of the Euxine, who contribute to it annually, two and a half per centum of their pay. An elegant building for it, is now being erected, on the highest and most commanding point in the city, and is one of the pleasing objects which arrest the attention on entering the harbor. At this Bibliotèca, I saw for the first time, Dubois' great and most valuable work on Circassia and the Crimea. Here, also, are to be seen, a model of an American vessel, and models of the navy of the Black Sea. After spending Bibliotèca

SECTION III. some time amid its curiosities, the Captain procured for me a *drosky*, to take me to Chersonesa,* and as I wished to remain there a good part of the day, he could not accompany me; he, however gave instructions to the driver about the route, &c., and away I started. In and out of the town, I ascended gentle declivities, and crossed pleasant valleys, and then stopped at a sunny spot dedicated to the repose of the dead. Here was a neat little church, with a spire at one end, and a dome at the other, both painted a delicate green. It was surrounded by graves and green trees, and at one end was a small garden. As I stopped a moment to look at it, the priest, who was my fellow voyager, unexpectedly came from the door to welcome me in, for he resided there. I told him, however, that I was going to the ruins of Cherson, so he bade me God speed. Passing here, we ascended another range of high land, and descended again on its opposite side, having on the right the buildings of the quarantine station,—then reached the pleasant elevation, commanding a view of the sea on one hand, and of far-stretching plains on the other, where stood ancient Cherson. On either side of it the sea makes a gentle winding, forming pleasant little nooks for boats, and a secure retreat for small vessels. The wall which surrounded the town in sev-

* Greek, signifying peninsula.

eral places, is standing firm, defying time and his invisible agents. Its whole course is distinctly marked by ruins. Near the centre was a well or cave, now nearly filled up. About an eighth of a mile from this is a mound, I should think about three hundred yards long, and thirty or forty feet high. Through this two large excavations have lately been made to discover its contents, and there was found thus deeply buried, a massive earthen jar, which, doubtless contained the ashes of the person for whom the great structure had been made, and probably ornaments belonging to him or her, (as have been found in other places,) but I could not learn what they were. Many coins are still found here, but I was unsuccessful in my search after them. The entire space within the walls is covered with loose stones, which formed the edifices that adorned the place, and doubtless for many a year had echoed to the voice of merriment and the ring of youthful gaiety; but from the immense quantity of earthenware found here, also, one would suppose their chief amusement had been in the manufacturing and smashing earthen pots. A Tartar huntsman, who had come in from the plain with his gun and dog, discovered me among the ruins, and supposing that I was in search of hidden treasures, or that I was crazy, sat down and watched me for an hour. The tall,

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lank form of my driver, too, I could see occasionally on some elevated part of the distant wall, as he looked anxiously after me, and when satisfied that I was still alive, went back to attend his horses.

On my return to the house, I found the captain had been long awaiting my coming to dinner, and that some fine wild-fowl, by my delay, had been overcooked, &c., and that my host was sorry for it all, though to me, having an excellent appetite, every thing was good. Among other luxuries, he had a bottle of wine of the Crimea, seven years old, which, though tasting much like the claret, was much richer, had more body to it, and was considerably stronger. It cost him forty copeks (about thirty-five cents) the bottle, and consequently could not be exported profitably.

After dinner, the captain ordered his man-of-war boat, and we crossed the inner harbor to examine the magnificent docks which have been many years in the course of erection by a Mr. Upton, a distinguished English engineer. From the long time he has been at work, and from the number of hands employed, one would have supposed he could have completed anything, but when the spot where he is now laying the finest masonry work in the world is seen, and it is to be remembered that an immense hill once stood, where now five or six

large vessels of war at one time can be laid up in dry dock, the might of man seems almost incredible. SECTION III.

From here we ascended, by one hundred steps, the opposite cliff, on which is another neat little village, chiefly composed of dwellings for the workmen and sailors. We passed through this, and descended into the valley, which is filled with trees, and is enjoyed during the summer season by the youthful of both sexes, who come down in their boats and visit its shady walks.

Bordering on the harbor at the entrance to this, an aqueduct supported on lofty arches, introduces a large body of pure water into the town, over a distance of twelve miles. To this point the captain had ordered his boat, which we now took, to make an excursion to the grottos, and ruins of Inkerman. With a dozen well-trained oarsmen, we swept up the deep and secure harbor — seemingly a broad canal — for five miles, passing in our way several country seats, hemmed in, generally, with high, chalk cliffs. When at the head of the bay, we entered a little stream lined with reeds and rank grass, and rowing up for about a quarter of an hour, landed under the shadow of a neighboring cliff. This we skirted for about a hundred yards, when turning a sharp angle around a jutting headland, we saw the open side of a large cavern, high up in the face of the rock, which

Aqueduct

Caverns of Inkerman.

SECTION III. showed, by the regularity of its arches, that it was the work of human hands. Under it, small square holes had been pierced at regular distances, which were probably for the support of a balcony. We continued along to its further side, projecting irregularly from the great natural wall of the valley, and entered a doorway cut in the solid stone. We then ascended about forty steps, having an occasional window on the right to admit light and air, and now and then small dark rooms on the left, which looked like dens for thieves. From this we passed into a long gallery and through it, till finally it opened into a church, — the cavern we had seen from below. It was about thirty feet by twenty, handsomely arched over head in the Gothic style, having niches in several places, and a little chapel adjoining, where there was formerly, the captain said, an inscription in Greek. Other rooms of different sizes were near, but for what purpose they were made is not known, probably for some of those gloomy ascetics and devout recluses who, for virtue, religion, or credit's sake, made their homes in caverns, and shut themselves up in cloisters and served neither God nor man.

From this rock extended a wall — the line of which is yet visible — across the beautiful glen, up which, from a window in the long gallery leading to the church, is one of the most picturesque views

imaginable. On the opposite side, the wall joined another rock still more lofty, bold and interesting, having to its very top — apparently three hundred feet high — been so cut away as to overhang its base, and thus render any ascent to it impossible; while its summit is crowned by a fortress. For the inhabitants above, however, and those who dwelt in the excavated rooms, of which the vast rock was full, there was a secret and very narrow stairway within. This is now somewhat dangerous of ascent on account of its exterior wall having in some places been broken away; yet this very defect can scarcely be regretted, as it gives the visitor an occasional opportunity, as he scrambles up the dark passage, to look out upon the lovely meadow below. When about half way up, we arrived at another little chapel, which has been so excavated as to leave several columns on each side with their respective aisles. From one of these we ascended another narrow and steep stairway which presently was open over head, and after tediously climbing up a hundred steps we came out on the top of the rock and within the old castle of Inkerman. The walls, which here enclose two acres of ground, perhaps, are not so much destroyed as those of Cherson, and one large, massive, round tower thirty or forty feet high is still very imposing, as well as inaccessible. To approach the edge of

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this little table-land and look from its giddy height is frightful indeed, and the captain begged of me to retreat from the position I had taken, and which commanded a view said to be one of the most romantic defiles in the Crimea. Outside of the wall, near the tower, which it protected, is a deep foss. In one side of this, many small but neat little rooms have been cut, and now shelter the shepherd and his flock. In such a spot as this, even though one sees about him the evidences of the fact, he is scarcely prepared to contemplate such a state of society as must have existed when people fled to these caverns and inhospitable rocks for safety, and made in them their homes.

Origin of the Caverns.

The origin of the caverns of Inkerman is not known, though they are supposed generally to have been made in the early ages of Christianity by a colony of Arians, who fled from persecution, fortified and maintained themselves for a long time in this lovely vale, secure in their strong position, and happy in their new religion. But it would naturally be asked why they did not construct dwellings which would have cost less labor. The captain gave me a reply. He said that on their arrival at Chersonesa they applied for permission to settle there. The government disliking them, and detesting their creed, and not wishing them to reside in their midst told them they might live in the rocks

of Inkerman, intending it as equivalent to saying there were no homes for them here or there. The Arians, however, took them at their word, and literally lived in the rocks of Inkerman, — excavating them into durable dwellings, chapels, monasteries, corridors, causing their once forbidding façades — when the various caverns, which were made sometimes one above the other, were illuminated at night — to appear like the front of some vast and gay palace.

When about to retrace our steps, we saw that there were down in the valley, a large flock of goats returning from the hills to their home, accompanied by a Tartar shepherd and two huge dogs. The captain desisted in his intention, as he was afraid to descend, assuring me that the dogs were so trained, that they would immediately attack a person not in the Tartar costume, so we waited till they had passed into the plain. Then we went down by a circuitous way, took another path across the meadow, and soon reached our boat. With the steady pull of the man-of-war's men, we went rapidly through the little river, and when we again entered the main channel, the sun was fast going down behind the lofty hills on our left, which now cast half across the bay their deep shadows, through which was seen the long silvery line that followed the fishermen's boat up stream. Over

Section III.

the other half of the placid water came a rich, purple light from the glowing clouds of the West; and as we glided along its motionless surface towards the distant city, one fine edifice after another arose above the outline of her hills, then there appeared at their base the jutting walls of their proud batteries, while between us and them, as still as sleep, lay a powerful fleet, of which any nation might be proud. The scene was one of quiet and surpassing loveliness. It was quite dark when we landed, and when I had arrived at home and taken tea I was weary enough to rest.

Russian Morals.

31st. The morning has been devoted to writing my journal and visiting my Georgian colonel. After dinner I walked down the harbor, where at the landing, a band of music was playing, and ladies and gentlemen were promenading. I met there the two sons of Colonel Carganoff, midshipmen in the navy, one of whom had long been on this station and knew the inhabitants well. He pointed out to me several of those the most *distingués*, and stated that all those pretty ones present were Greeks. Their dress and manners were quite coquettish, and they would generally be called sweet-looking, but there was more reserve towards them on the part of the gentlemen than I think they deserved. The young officer, however, disgusted me by his further remarks, which showed a strange want of delicacy,

and appreciation of female affection, by betraying the confidence that had been reposed in him by one Madame Elizabeth ——, a Russian lady, wife of a lieutenant in the army. He spoke of her as being extremely beautiful and devoted to him, yet showed such a lack of understanding in regard to the delicacy of a woman's feelings, that I was incredulous on the latter point. The example, however, of the former Russian empress and ladies high in place has doubtless had much effect in forming throughout the empire the present liberal ideas in relation to a proper standard of morals; and I will not undertake to censure them for it, since it is countenanced by the greater portion of the human race, and by many not inferior to my own people in the practice of all the other christian virtues. SECTION III.

Twilight was gathering along the water and in valleys about us, when the music ceased, and we turned toward home. On our way, we saw several Russian ladies exercising on horseback, and the admiral and his lady and daughter passed us in their English carriage.

NOVEMBER 1st. Early this morning, sent for a drosky to take me to Balaclava, one of the most interesting spots in the Crimea, and recommended to all who may visit this region. The captain was engaged, and could not accompany me, but gave Balaclava.

Section III. the driver directions where to take me; and, on arrival, to procure some one to show me the place and its ancient fortresses. The day was exceedingly lovely, the horses sound and fleet, and in a few moments we had left the town and were coursing over a vast, undulating field, without enclosures but covered with a sufficient number of stones to have made the luxury and curiosity of such a thing almost a burden on the plains of Hindostan. On our way here, we had passed a small band of gypsies, among whom, and for a rarity, were a very pretty boy and girl. The former, possessing features for a sculptor, was ragged and dirty; — but the latter, though she could not boast of cleanliness, having on a crimson jacket, fitting closely her very small but exquisite form, and wearing many ornaments on her neck and breast, would have attracted attention anywhere. Her features, too, were regular, and there was a vivacity in the expression of her dark eyes, that would make her eventually a ruling spirit in the arts of her craft. She was one of Nature's aristocrats — if we may believe with the great Lamartine that Nature has her aristocracy. Her feet and hands were small; she was graceful in every motion of her body, in the carriage of her head and gesture, and in the attitude she assumed as she leaned against a rude fence, as I stopped to give one of her troupe a few

Gypsies.

pennies. For several miles, there was little to attract attention. Occasionally, a one-story house was seen, but having apparently no resources for maintaining its inhabitants. Sometimes, a solitary cow lifted her head suddenly and returned it as quickly to the short grass she was grazing, as if loth to lose the time necessary to gain a subsistence from the limited crop about her. The wolfish looking shepherd dog several times crossed my path, and always stopped to look back when he reached the last elevation that commanded a view of the plain, and then was lost to sight. The whole, though in close proximity to a large town, showed a degree of neglect and barrenness quite surprising. Approaching the southern shore, however, we descended into a lovely valley, where the soil was black, clean and rich, and an occasional evidence of some effort being made to cultivate it. But to show the peculiar nature of the industrial habits of the people, (I was now drawing near to the Greek village,) I must state, that, in the first small vegetable garden I saw, there were eleven men, more or less busy; and, on another narrow strip of land, for which, I am sure, a New England farmer would have derived no assistance to have made it produce in abundance, there were actually twenty-one men, at least pretending to be occupied. Beyond these fertile fields, there was a range of pleasant hills, behind which

Agriculture.

Section III.

were mountains and vast rocks, sometimes covered with forests — now bearing the crimson tinge of autumn — but more generally lifting their white, chalky heads high up into the clouds. After passing across the valley, we turned short to the right, when the narrow gorge of Balaclava opened before us, and the picturesque ruins of her old fortresses crowning the bold jagged cliffs beyond, burst upon our sight. As we approached the village, the pass grew narrower and the rocks more abrupt, till, on one side at least, they almost overhung the dwellings, and reminded me much of Jamestown, in the island of St. Helena. One long, narrow street — its principal one — and another, parallel with it — containing, as I was told, three hundred houses, though I should judge much less — constituted the town. Between it and its northern barrier, was one of the snuggest and most quiet little harbors in the world. It appeared like a diminutive lake, made to shelter the fishermen's boats, and was, indeed, as secure a retreat from storm and tempest, and personal foes as could be wished; and has had great fame, from time immemorial, as the home of the pirates. I dismounted in the street, and leaving the horses in the care of the driver, who immediately procured me a Greek guide, who spoke a little Italian, I walked through the town, and passed out on to the green banks beyond; then began to scramble up

The Village.

the abrupt cliffs which here, approaching each other, formed a very narrow channel, after an abrupt turn, opening into the wide sea. At this angle, the rocks of each shore are precipitous, and of several hundred feet in height; and on the one I ascended, stands the ruins of which I had heard so much. On my way up, I came to large rooms under ground, neatly and strongly walled — higher up, other rooms, wall and towers; and on the top, within a very large tower, a large room sunk in the rock, reached by a small hole in the top, easily concealed. It was probably intended as a cistern for water, or for storage of provisions, and may have served as a hiding-place in case of danger. I climbed to the summit of the loftiest bastion, and looking down the precipitous side it overhung, saw and heard the long, heavy, swelling waves as they rolled in from the vast expanse of sea, and dashed themselves in their might against these adamantine walls, sending up a ceaseless and sullen murmur, to which the still aspiring cliffs and neighboring caverns gave a continuous and solemn echo. A little boat that came down before the wind like a sea bird, gathered in its sail as it neared the narrow channel, and as it glided in between the dark rocks, and in the next moment was lying motionless in the bay of Balaclava, it seemed more like a scene of the fancy than of reality, but did not fail to adduce that beautiful

The Cliffs.

SECTION III.

moral simile, so often drawn from such scenes, — the passage from life's storms into the haven of eternal rest. The strong fortress now forming this picturesque ruin, is supposed to have been erected by the Genoese.

The harbor and valley of Balaclava were given, by Catharine the Second, to a colony of Greeks, who had rendered much service in her battles against the Turks; and were the descendents of those natives of the Morea, an industrious and enterprising people, like the Saxon, this little port would be whitened with the sails of merchant men, these ancient-looking villages would put on a new garb, and resound with the hum of business, and the valleys would give luxurious harvests; but now it sleeps in the stillness of her mountain tombs, and wears the aspect of deserted old age. In fact, the inhabitants seem as though they really were, as my friend said, contented when they get a little sour wine. About three years ago, there was a vein of coal found in their neighborhood, and the government offered them ten per cent. of the profits and to pay the expenses, if they would work it. They declined the offer, but proposed to work it if they could have half the profits, all labor being paid for by the government. This was not assented to on the part of the latter, so the coal, so valuable here, remains in its native bed. In repassing the town, I noticed

a small, open meat shop, and two grocery stores, and the shopmen smoking on the broad window-seats. In looking over a dilapidated fence, which once enclosed a small yard, on the balcony of a wooden house, apparently near falling, was one of the pretty Greek female costumes, inside of which was a robust, blooming girl, engaged in washing some rags. She was the only thing in the town that looked modern, or could be gay. Near Balla-clava, the natives gather the *kaff-kill*, a kind of mineral dross, of which they make beautiful pipe-bowls.

On my way homeward the barrenness of the fields was relieved a little by the appearance of several Tartar shepherds and their flocks. One particularly domestic scene remained vividly on my mind: A decayed-looking old women sitting on the door-step of her cottage, knitting, while beside her, without even a mirror, sat a demure cat performing with her paw the important duties of the toilette. After my arrival, there came to the house to make a contract for some wood which Mr. Matoosky wanted for the building of a boat, a Tartar chief. He wore a blue jacket lined with fur, large blue trowsers and boots, a red sash about his waist, and a wool cap on his head. He was very tall, manly, and I think handsome; at any rate, he looked like a good man, and had the reputation of being hon-

Tartar Chief.

SECTION III.

est. Unlike most of the Eastern people, he lacked grace and polite bearing — stood erect and without removing his cap or making any gestures, spoke of, listened and agreed to the terms of the contract; and when he was gone, the captain told me he was sure the man would comply, as it was about the time all these Tartars wanted money to pay their taxes, and added, that it was the only season when wood &c. could be had from them at a reasonable rate, for at any other time, though treble the amount was offered, they would not work.

In the evening I took leave of my generous host and went to the opposite bay, to pass the night with my Georgian friend. When I bade him farewell, he shook me warmly by the hand, but could hardly utter a word, for his heart was full of the kindliest emotions, as I had changed the monotony of his lonely life, and he had appeared to enjoy the interruption. Having gone several steps from the door he came running after me, saying "God bless you, God bless you." May many years of happiness be his!

Colonel Carganoff received me politely. I found him with his three sons, occupying a very small, mean room, in the house of a Greek. Tea was soon served, cards played, and then the beds were made up on the floor, chairs, and a rude divan, and we attempted to sleep. What success my compan-

ions had I know not, but hosts of bed bugs charged upon me, as the cavalry were accustomed to charge under Murat, and did not retire till the dawn assured them of victory. SECTION III.

2d. I had made all the necessary arrangements to start to day with the colonel, on our journey eastward. The first thing to be obtained after the passport, is a *patarodgner*,* when one wishes to travel by land; for, though a person may be allowed to use his own carriage, he must employ government horses, and the patarodgner is an official document which specifies the distance and the route he is to take, and the number of horses he will require at each post-station. For this paper he pays on its receipt one *copek*† a *verst*‡ for the entire route; two rubles for its stamp, and, at each station, two and a half copeks more for each horse, every *verst* he has passed over.§ My *patarodgner* I sent to the post, and it soon brought to me two horses and a common posting waggon, *(a kibitka,)* which were to be used for the baggage and servant of the colonel; while I was to have as a compensation, a seat in his covered carriage. Crazy and creaking as it was, it had good springs, and when I came to look

Patarodgner.

Kibitka.

* I have almost invariably adopted the plan of writing foreign words as they are pronounced; but I will generally give in a note the true way of spelling them,—that is, so far as our language will admit of it.

† A *copek* is about one cent.

‡ A *verst* is about two thirds of an English mile.

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on the other vehicle, I felt thankful for this opportune exchange, and considered that the government had been extremely merciful to travellers in permitting them the privilege of not being jolted to death; for the *kibitka* is nothing but a rude frame of unhewn coarse sticks, fastened firmly upon two axles, — the fore part, however, having under it a solid block of hardwood on which it rests, elevating it so as to allow the wheels more play. Six large horses were attached to our carriage, four at the pole and two leaders. The wagon had three abreast. The latter was managed by a Russian driver on the seat, and the former by two Tartar postillions. "*En route!*" cheerfully exclaimed my Georgian friend, as he shook me by the hand, and then devoutly crossed himself, as we moved forward; but the first few steps after the crack of the whip, brought the crack of the whipple-tree, and up against the gate-post we were attempting to pass. The chilling rain poured fast, and every thing betokened discomfort. I began to imagine that the passage of the Tauride would be but a series of miserable mishaps. Damages repaired, we were, however, soon whirling away with a vast deal more speed than I anticipated, — the mud being very deep, and I began ere long to experience an inward commendation of a Tartar whip for a long journey. Up hill and down, with little

to interest us but the loss of a tire, we reached the first station. Here my companions had a quarrel with the keeper, who, on account of the badness of the roads, wished to compel us to take eight horses instead of six, which we declined doing, and continued on with only the number our patarodgners demanded. As we advanced, the country became hilly, and the gentle valleys and wide-spread plains which succeeded, seemed more inviting to the hand of the cultivator.

It is extremely fortunate that fatiguing and even disagreeable journies usually prepare the stomach to welcome the most indiffcrent food, making that which would be loathsome in the hours of luxury and ease, more palatable than the daintiest of viands. With such convictions, and sensations that fully, or more properly, emptily responded to them, we arrived at Bagtchi-saraï,* our next station, to dine.

Bagtchi-Saraï.

Bagtchi-saraï is one of the largest and most interesting towns of the Crimea, though, independent of its lovely situation, there is little that is beautiful, except the palace of the khans. This notable and very curious edifice, displaying taste, luxury and a peculiar degree of refinement, has won the

* Pronounced Back-saraï, and means a *palace in a garden. Saraï*, or *seraglio*, Heber says, is applied in Tartar and Turkish language, indifferently to the yard of an inn, or the enclosure of a palace. "Bagtchi-Saraï, seems to have bean the Palatium of Strabo, and the Badatium of Ptolemy."—GUTHRIE, p. 72.

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unbounded admiration of some, and the contempt of others. A Swedish painter showed to me a model of it, which had cost him nearly a year's labor to make. Charmed with its proportions, elaborate work, gardens, etc., he accurately measured, drew and painted every portion of it, and then built it in exquisite miniature. It was evident, however, from his enthusiastic description of this truly enticing abode, that his imagination had always peopled its solitary chambers and deserted walks. Through every lattice he sketched, he saw the dark eyes of the fairest of the Tartar princesses; at every window, the curtain was put aside by some delicate hand; and on every divan a soft and gentle form was reclining, the *sylphide* of the harem, an embodiment of divinity. The fountains were surrounded by nymphs; in every bath, their most smooth and supple, pearl-adorned limbs were being bathed, and every marble pavement seemed waiting for their fairy tread. The voice of the *moullah* he heard sounding sonorously from the top of the minaret, calling to prayers; and in each bird that hovered among the thousand trees of the gardens or drank of the crystal waters, which every where were pouring into their Parian basins, he felt the charm of transmigration, and sought to convince himself, rather than to destroy the illusion, that they were the similitude, and, in truth, the spirit of those fair,

frail creatures of the seraglio, whose presence was an intoxicating delight, and whose beauty was a rich perfume to the soul, now revisiting their former haunts. SECTION III.

How much better it is, when one can invest an old, deserted palace with such pleasing and renovating subjects, than to look upon it as a mere motley collection of wooden buildings, huddled together without harmony or grandeur, and find fault with it because it is not according to preconceived notions of what it should be, regardless of the habits of the people for whom it was erected. Who would not rather, like Lamartine, travel with the warm glow on the mind which credulousness and a desire of the beautiful often impart, than, like M. Hommaire, be designated to make an accurate measurement of the arid steppes between the Euxine and the Caspian, and find nothing in modern improvements but vandalism! Reflection

The *Saraï* is in no degree imposing, but is perfectly adapted to a quiet and sumptuous life. The greatest of Russian poets* has sung its fascinations, and Catharine the Second lodged here on her visit to the Crimea, with Potemkin. But nothing has given it more interest than the residence of the beautiful Countess Potocki, who, for ten years, was a willing, yet weeping, captive of a Mahometan The Palace.

* Puskin.

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khan, whose ardent love, however, could not efface the remorse of so strange a union, or save her from an early grave. The Oriental character of this palace, even in all its details, has been scrupulously preserved by imperial orders, though I am not informed of a single English or French traveller who has visited the country, who has not unequivocally asserted, that the Russians do all that lies in their power to efface every vestige of a monument around which clings any halo of antiquity, or that stands a *memorial* of the religion, power or customs of any former people. I will not deny that many an old, rude wall has been made in part subservient to the building of new towns, or that the picturesque temples dedicated to Mahomet have been considered too profane to rear their *graceful* minarets hard by where Jesus of Nazareth was worshipped; but I do deny, that they have been removed for the sole purpose of destroying, and not from motives of utility or commendable religious veneration or enthusiasm.* As I have said before, the palace of Bagtchi-saraï, the Alhambra of the Crimea, by the especial care of the imperial families, has preserved its fantastic appear-

* "The savage and wanton barbarity of the Russians found in the magnificence of this capital wherewith to exercise, in its full scope, their favorite passions for destruction." — *Clark's Travels*, Am. Ed., vol. I., p. 376.

"Whole streets were demolished merely through an insane passion for destruction."—SPENCER, vol I., p. 368.

ance, even to the gildings and paintings. When Catharine the Second came here, a portion of it was fitted up in French style, which is said to have displeased her exceedingly, and she caused an immediate order to be issued for its restoration; and as the same feelings have possessed her successors, it still represents a chapter in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. It was commenced during the reign of Menghély-Gheraï the First,* the most illustrious of all the khans who have governed this lovely country.

Bagtchi-Saraï is situated in a romantic glen, through which runs a small stream, the Djourouk-sou, and is overshadowed by neighboring cliffs, which supplies her fountains with water and gives an agreeable temperature to her summer heats. It has all the characteristics of a Turkish town, — mosques, chiosks; low, tiled houses; narrow, dirty streets, much obstructed by dogs and citizens; and not so much to please as I anticipated when I wrote concerning it in a former chapter.

Catharine the Second granted to the Tartars the exclusive privilege of residing here, and it has consequently retained its Oriental features. In this vicinity lived Richelieu, and the learned and elegant Pallas; the one the child of fortune, the other the victim of a too *sensitive* nature and a too loyal disposition. Richelieu, whose memory the inhabitants

Richelieu.

* In the latter part of the fifteenth century.

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of Odessa so fondly cherish, was no less beloved, during his sojourn in the Tauride as governor.* Pallas came and wrote his famous Book of Travels, and so pleased the Empress Catharine by the glowing description he gave of the country, that she thought she could not reward him better than by giving to him a portion of it, with an income of two thousand rubles.† Pallas considered it but a species of exile, and was overwhelmed. He saw that he was the dupe of a simple desire to make the newly-acquired territory grateful to his sovereign, and he sat himself down without the power or courage to complain, suffering in body and mind till the shades of an unending night veiled him from the world.

Manufactures.

Bagtchi-Saraï has been noted for its manufactures of morocco and felt carpets. Its cutlery, too, is peculiar from its superior temper, and surpasses any thing in Southern Russia. My friend, Captain Matoosky of Savastopol, told me, that he had sent a man here who made knives for the navy, for the express purpose of learning the art which this people only seemed to possess in a high degree. The workman succeeded admirably while he remained, but on his return found that his knives were no

* Count Maurawieff says, "Je ne connais personne qui ait laissé une mémoire plus vénérée hors de sa patrie. Ces Tatares prononcent toujours son nom avec émotion et tendresse."

† These were *rubles assignation.* The silver ruble.

better than those he made previous to his expedition. The captain then came to the conclusion that the good quality was owing to the river water into which they were dipped, as it was impregnated with a portion of the substances of the innumerable skins soaking there, preparatory to being converted into leather. The oddity of the thing, however, is, that the best manufacturers of the articles of cutlery are Gypsies.

Menghély-Gheraï, the First, appears to have been the first who fully appreciated the beauties of the valley of the Djourouk-Sou, and made its neighboring mountains echo to the voice of a busy population. In 1736 Kaplan-Ghéraï opened a campaign against the Russians but was unsuccessful. Elizabeth marched her armies into the heart of the country, took and partially destroyed Bagtchi-Saraï, made peace and retired. Sélamet-Gheraï Second, a mild and amiable prince, devoted his short reign to adorning with temples and fountains the spot which had already for two centuries and a half been the favorite of his worthy and exalted predecessors. In 1775 a spirited revolution broke out here which put to flight the Khan Saheb. In it were manifest those elements of discord which grew out of the jealousy of the two great rival powers, each of which sought to place their willing tool at the head of the government. His immediate prede-

A. D. 1475

Elizabeth.

A. D. 1740

Saheb.

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cessor was only a few months upon the throne, and Saheb himself had had but about three years of partial domination, when he became a fugitive. He sought the protection of the Grand Seigneur, who hospitably received him and sent him to Romelia with a pension of three thousand piastres. Immediately after this, Chahyn, the last of the khans marched on Bagtchi-Saraï with an army of thirty thousand Circassians, Nogaïs and Tartars. Dewlet, the nominated sovereign, struggled for a while, then yielded his tottering throne and fled to Constantinople. These are the principal events which have marked its history, and though much may in truth be said of devastations in the Crimea consequent on wars, they are not peculiar to the contests carried on in this country; and though ancient landmarks and ruins, and Mohammedan mosques, and streets of mud-hovels may sometimes have been destroyed, or removed from the way of modern improvements, this ancient city of the khans, stands, at least, as one bold and incontrovertible evidence of the lenity and tolerance extended by the Muscovites to their subjugated enemies.

Chahyn, A. D. 1777

Near Bagtchi-Saraï are two interesting places, I regret I did not visit: Mount Tchatyr-dagh,* the Trapéze of Strabo, and the residences of a strange,

Trapéze.

* It means *mountain of the tent*, from its resembling that object when seen on approaching the coast from the westward.

patriarchal set of people called Caraïte Jews. The former is about eight versts distant, and the latter on the summit of an almost inaccessible rock, just above the town, at the head of the valley. These Caraïtes differ from their brethren in many respects, but more particularly in their rejection of the Talmud. They are said to be found also in Syria, Egypt and the Caucasus. Their aërial town is called Tchoufout-kalé.*

Caraïtes.

Tchoufout-Kalé.

5th. After a drive of about thirty versts in most tempestuous weather, we arrived last night at eleven o'clock at Ak-Metched (the white mosque) now called by the Russians, Sympherapol, its ancient Grecian name.† Only a day's journey from Savastopol, and yet I felt as though I had been a week on the road, so wearied was I by our slow progress, owing to the clayey soil which clung to the wheels, and the want of ordinary sleep on a bed. The large and handsome post-house was looked on with the utmost satisfaction, and we hurried into it, anticipating a good supper and a good night's repose. We were soon convinced of the uselessness of such hasty conclusions, for we had to resort to our

Ak-Metched.

* *Tchoufout* is an expression of vulgar contempt. It is not known why this name was applied to them, as they are strictly honest people. *Kalé* signifies a fortress, and is appended to several names of towns, which I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

† From the Greek word, signifying I am useful. Pallas speaks of this "restoration of the ancient Greek name," but M. Guthrie says he found no evidence of its being ever used so.

Section III.

own wallet for every thing we wanted to eat and drink, and to the floor for our couch. The inmates however did have the kindness to supply us with a *semivar* of hot water, with which we made our tea.

Semivar.

The semivar is found in all these stations, and seems, with the exception of tumblers, to be the only thing for which one is expected to ask. It is in the form of our coffee urns, but has a hollow tube passing down through its centre, which, when filled with live coals, kept burning by the draught from below, causes the contents to boil very speedily. For the use of it, one pays twelve copeks.

Sympherapol.

Sympherapol, from its central situation and agreeable *locale* on the banks of a brook called the Salgir, which runs north east, and empties into the Putrid Sea, was planned by the Russians for a large town and the capital of the Crimea. Many fine public buildings, churches and private residences have been erected, giving the modern portion of it a pleasing, though foreign aspect, particularly when contrasted with that occupied by the Tartar habitations. The Tartars, however, and their rulers, are not the only people, for here, as in Bagtchi-Saraï, are seen the subtle Greek, the calculating Armenian and the parsimonious Jew—eight thousand in all, including a thousand Gypsies—engaged in the various businesses suited to their tastes. The site of Sympherapol is considered by many as an un-

healthy one; yet it is much frequented in winter by the wealthy proprietors of the fertile, flowery southern coast, and by distinguished officers, who form for a few months, reunions of the most agreeable nature. When the Kalga Sultan* held his court here, it is said to have been much more beautiful than at present, being adorned with palaces, gardens, fountains and mosques, which have now disappeared. Pallas spent his last days here, and in his sixtieth year, on the 24th of April, 1801, dedicated to the Emperor his second volume of Travels, and wrote that sad preface to his work which commences with a confession of the "disquietude and hardships that oppressed him." I have heard it mentioned that a Miss Neilson, a Scotch lady,* who, I was told, was married here to a Tartar ex-Sultan—he having embraced Christianity during a residence in the country of his fair bride—lived happily with him, under the especial protection of the Russian government, from which he received a pension as an adherent to the Muscovite power. My companions, interested in the novel affair, made several enquiries concerning the parties, but much to my regret did not learn anything.

Pallas.

A century and a half ago Motraye visited this

Montraye.

* His functions were nearly the same as those of a vice-khan, acting as regent when the khan died, till another was appointed by the Sultan.

Section III. place and thus speaks of the acting sultan, whom he visited in his palace, "a rather convenient than handsome" edifice:—"He seemed about twenty-eight years of age, of a middling stature, but strong, and inured to all manner of fatigues, as fasting, and lying upon the ground, like the meanest *Tartar;* his complexion was a little swarthy, rather the effect of his hardships, than the heat of the climate." There was, then, also, on the banks of the larger stream, formed by the Salgir, and of other rivers, a delicious wine grown, which sparkled in the glass like Burgundy and Champagne, and was equally palatable and cost less than two pence the bottle.

Women. We found also a good wine produced in the neighborhood. Here, too, was impressed on our minds the glaring difference of customs growing out of modern civilization and those unvarying ones of the Orient. The Tartar woman closely veiled, smothered in her *ferredgé* — avoiding the intrusive gaze, and shuffling along in her yellow boots or slippers, stops astonished at the bold, laughing, open face of the Russian belle, as she sweeps by in her gay drosky. If you follow the former, you will find her descending into some filthy, narrow lane, and after picking her way along ingeniously through the mud, on the tops of irregular stones which render it impassable for any sort of vehicle,

will slip quietly in at a gate in a high wall, which conceals her home and her habits equally from the passer. The point of a tile roof, the top of a tree, and the climbing vine may indicate, perhaps, a dwelling and a garden; but for these signs, one might consider himself walking in an uncovered cellar. The Muscovite lady ascends to the elevated plain, where broad streets, massive buildings and armed soldiers, bespeak wealth and power. She alights, and soon, through the open windows of an airy mansion, is seen whirling in the waltz with an *amant*, sipping tea in a family circle, or reading the last French novel. Which of these lives most tends to elevate our social condition, and which contributes most to the happiness of the sex, I will leave my readers to judge, as well as which he would prefer. One or the other will soon pass away.

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5th. On my way to Theodosia, *the ancient!* A chilling wind was whistling from the north, across the vast steppes, but I gave little heed to it, as my mind was filled with pleasing and lively historical reminiscences of the place, amid the solitude of whose fallen temples I was soon to stand.

Mountains.

We left Ak-Metched at an early hour. Our route lay along the plains; but, on our right, to our journey's end, extended that noble chain of mountains whose valleys and warm exposures form the true gardens of the Tauride. This range lifts up like a huge wall, as if made to protect the fields and flocks from the blighting storms of the Euxine. In many places its sharp cliffs reached the clouds; in others, long lines of jutting white rock were exceedingly conspicuous, as contrasted with the now deep purple forests which cover its sides. It looked as though there had been spread over it a vast royal mantle trimmed with ermine.

We passed several Tartar villages, some of which, had we been on foot, we should not have seen at all, as the mud and stone walls, seven or eight feet

high, which encompassed them, would have excluded our sight; as it was we overlooked them, and saw an assemblage of dirty little houses, very low, with small windows, closed by sheets of paper instead of glass. These dwellings generally surround some dirty little yard, which has, perhaps, occupying its foreground, numerous dirty little children, with a wool-capped Tartar standing in bold relief in the back-ground. All this was occasionally agreeably relieved by some graceful minaret, which spoke, like history, of the religion of the people we were among. In some of the orchards were to be seen large piles of beautiful apples, and magnificent cabbages. Of the latter, we passed at one time, twenty waggon loads on the way to market. Several women presented themselves to our notice. One was picking up manure for fuel, another, with short, square frame was repairing a fence; a third was very active in scratching her head. Those encountered outside the walls were muffled up as usual, walked erect and appeared dignified. None of them, however, were attractive — the goddess of beauty, or even the Taurian Diana could have had but little to do with their composition — if I except a single individual, who, from her costume and air, must have been an Armenian. She was superbly made; her red jacket fitted closely her waist, and her skirts hung gracefully to her

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ankles. She had a red cap jauntily set upon her head; while her braided hair, black as night, fell in full length down her back, as gracefully as her gait was queenly. She walked into her humble abode without deigning to notice us.

Flocks.

A vineyard here and there, and occasionally a neat vegetable garden attracted our attention; but that which awakened the greatest interest as being characteristic of the country, were the vast flocks of sheep and goats which, as far as the eye could reach, extended over the plains. They were always tended by the Tartar shepherds, who, with the same style of long, crooked staff as that used by their most remote ancestors, and with the ever attentive dog, followed near, or stood on some neighboring acclivity, which enabled them to command a better view of their charge, amounting, in some instances, I was credibly informed, to twenty and even thirty thousand animals. It did, however, appear to me, at first, quite strange that any man could be induced to pass day after day for years in such a monotonous, listless and seemingly useless occupation; but when I began to consider the incredible vastness of these flocks and the advantage they have in wandering unrestrained over the almost interminable and beautiful fields, intersected by neither wall nor fence of any kind, which causes the peculiarity of the aspect nature here presents,

I ceased to be surprised that there were so many thousands who could well afford to give their poor time in contemplating and guarding their treasures. Of cows and horses, however, I saw none of those countless herds, which browsed on the banks of the Danube; but their absence was fully compensated by numbers of the Bactrian camel roaming over the steppes, which gave a fine effect to the scene, adding much to the picturesqueness of that which was already novel and exciting. But when, as was often the case, I saw these same noble and patient creatures yoked to the rude waggons of the Tartars, it seemed quite sacrilegious. They themselves looked ashamed of the mean occupation in which they were engaged. Formed by nature to traverse the sandy deserts and to bear across them the richest of merchandise, and venturesome travellers, their dragging loads of cabbages seemed at strange variance with the design of their creation. I must confess the sight was so humiliating that I felt strong pity for them; but when they lifted their stately forms, free and unyoked, in the vast plains, they awakened a kind of respect and sympathy in their dignified freedom.

The oxen which were used in the carts were generally small and poor, and the horses also, with some few exceptions. The drivers did not ride on their loads, and their cattle were yoked as ours are

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and not by the horns, as is practised by the Spaniards. Judging from their vehicles, one would conclude that mechanical ingenuity could not be a prominent element in the composition of this people, for the first maker of wheels could not have contrived them with joints farther apart, than those of the Tartar waggons, or have succeeded in getting them further from a circle, unless he had premeditated an octagonal.

Karassu-Bazar.

At 2 o'clock, we reached another Tartar village — Karassu-Bazar — where we were to dine. Its situation was pleasant, in the neighborhood of a little stream which turned several mill-wheels. On the highlands around, were some wind-mills, and by the road-side was a burying-ground; and though its turbaned tomb-stones made it an interesting sight, its want of seclusion and the usual shade of the dark, mournful cypress, deprived it of that peculiar charm which lingers always round the resting place of the believer in Mahomet.

We had ordered dinner, but were obliged to send out and buy the meat and vegetables. When this was done, the good woman of the house cooked them for us, making a kind of stew. It did not particularly court our appetites, yet as there was no better to compare it with, we ate it with wooden spoons, slightly thankful, having, in Russian fashion, prepared our stomachs by a glass of raw *eau de vie.*

Karassu-Bazar, in the time of Pallas, contained twenty-three Tartar *metchets*, an Armenian Catholic church and a synagogue, twenty-three khans, and nine hundred dwelling-houses. The population was, as at present, composed of Greeks, Armenians, Jews and Tartars — fifteen hundred males, and upwards of two thousand females, none of whom elicited any expressions of admiration from my Georgian companions, who were ever awake to the beautiful of the gentler sex, however dull to the loveliness of nature. This reminds me of the care the elder of the young men took to make himself look charming, on entering any of these towns, though in his habits he was excessively slovenly and of a character that would have rendered him, had he been well known, repulsive to every woman of refinement. His good looks were his all, and all that seemed to fix his thoughts. Just before arriving at a place, he would deliberately do up his hair in papers, and take it down before he descended from the carriage, never for an instant appearing to think that he was acting a most effeminate part, particularly as an officer in the navy. SECTION IV.

Karassu-Bazar has always been a place of a good deal of traffic. Several of the meat and bread shops which I closely noticed, were neat and cleanly, but those which were truly the gossipping places of the village, were the dirty, dis- Village.

SECTION IV. ordered blacksmiths' shops. These were the lounging places of the family of the master, and there congregated the more intimate friends, probably for the purpose, as in most all small towns, of rejoicing over the misfortunes of others, and listening to, or creating some new scandal. Tailors were rather scarce, for it required but little sewing to put a few sheepskins together to make a long coat, and none at all for one of the skin caps usually worn by the Tartars. Bootmakers, however, must have found continuous employment, as almost every one of the inhabitants had long boots, outside of his pantaloons, when any were worn. Their coats were very long, and were so tied about the waist that they quite enveloped the whole body, so that little was to be seen except sheepskin and boots.

There is said to exist here still, one of those antique baths which have, by many, been called temples, and are very curious.

Theodosia. A dark and sombre night had gathered about us, when, at a slow and cautious pace, we descended a steep hill towards the south, and entered Theodosia. Our route for some distance lay by the shore, and while a bright light now and then glistened along the water from vessels in the bay, the dashings of the waves against the old ruins, which time and the elements had long sported with, made sad music as it mingled with the scream of some start-

led bird, the barking of the watch-dog of the quiet suburbs, and the louder and varied sounds of the more busy village. We entered within some antique walls, and alighted at the door of a modern post house. Here the first thing that greeted our ears, was a lively tune played on a violin and clarionet, evidently to some merry party. I stepped across the court to a neighboring house, where at once I saw the players themselves, and what was better, a gay Greek girl, on the floor alone, enjoying one of her native dances. She belonged apparently to the lowest class of females, yet she was richly dressed, and as her dark eyes blazed with the excitement of the moment, and her cheeks flushed with her exertions, the attention of all the company was fixed upon her; but when her movements revelled in the voluptuous, tempered with grace, their applause and acclamations burst forth unrestrained. Some Russian soldiers then mingled in a dance, and I returned to my quarters, thinking how little these people probably knew or cared about the monuments around them, and how much less was their indifference with respect to my opinion of their ignorance.

Dancing Girl.

We found the house excedingly small, having only two rooms. One of these with a leather sofa, a table and ourselves was nearly full; the other, still smaller, was occupied principally by the good man's

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wife, a huge woman, who was asleep with her clothes on (a common custom I believe among the poor of this country) on a poor, badly appointed bed, and undisturbed by the noise our postillions made in bringing in baggage, and in the preparations for supper. The latter operation had nothing in it peculiar, except the production of some most execrable new wine, in a large earthen jar, in appearance a very antique from the depths of Pompeii. On the floor, with my head on my saddle-bags, amid that peculiar silence and the stillness of desolation which broods over these old places I went to sleep.

Ruins of Caffa.

7th. At early dawn I was up and away amid the Ruins of Caffa, of whose monuments, though many rare and curious ones have disappeared, and been irrevocably lost, there are still some which attest, at least, the former wealth and power of those merchant princes of Italy who have been for so many ages famed for their spirited commercial enterprise, as well as for being the progenitors of a Columbus and a Doria. Massive walls and towers look down from the range of hills which gird the town, and others stand firmly at their base and brave the storm in its coming, while the remains of baths and temples speak of a refined age passed away. On a superior elevation is a fortified spot, resembling the citadel at Balaclava, before de-

scribed, while the general disposition of the works of defence showed the character of the inhabitants, as well as what they feared. The Tartars of the north were shut out and held at bay, while the harbor, with its three ports, opened its wide mouth to the commerce of the seas.*

Six hundred years B. C., the Milesians, with that peculiar spirit of advancement which characterizes the *Saxon* race, having reared their beautiful cities in Ionian Attica and gathered wealth from the East, West and South, sent their colonies † northward, along the shores of the Euxine. Among other settlements, they founded the city of Theodosia, whose excellent position for all the purposes they had in view, in extending their influence, at once courted their attention and so pleased them that they named it Theodosia, *the gift of God.* It soon became one of the most flourishing towns of this inland sea, and was called the lesser Constantinople, or Stamboul,‡ and had, says Clark, 36,000 houses within its walls; and, including the surburbs, not less than 44,000. In the reign of Spartacus First, it was the seat of government; what splen-

* Guthrie says: "The principal entrance to this fortified city was from the harbor, secured by three strong ports, one within another, as its Tartar name Utsch Kappii expresses."

† Pliny makes the number of colonies established by the Milesians amount to eighty.

‡ Kutshuk-Stumbul (Little Constantinople), was the Tartar name for it.

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dor the place had attained at that time is not known, but its power was probably not very great. This sovereign and his immediate successor are spoken of by ancient writers as the allies of Greece. Thirty years afterwards, however, Satyrus is mentioned as granting *permission* to the Athenians, to trade at Theodosia for the grain of the country which it produced in remarkable quantities. Satyrus perished at the siege of this place, 392 B. C. after reigning over the Bospore nineteen years. It is even said by some that the most exquisite bath of the Orient, which adorned this city, was erected on the very spot where he fell. Others affirm that Theodosia occupied entirely another site.*

Manufactures.

The commerce of Theodosia † must have been large as early as the reign of the illustrious Leucon, who exported to Athens at one time three hundred and thirty millions pounds weight of grain, which, owing to the distressed state of the Greeks, was deemed such a blessing that three pillars were said to have been erected at different places to commemorate the generous act of that sovereign. One of these columns, was placed at Athens, another at Kertsch and the third in the island of Taman. The latter is supposed to have been the one dis-

* Vossius says: "Theodosia Caffa vocari creditur, sed male; distinguunt enim *Tén Kaphan* Græci posteriores a Theodosia."

† Demosthenes, in one of his orations, refers to Theodosia as one of the most prosperous of cities.

covered on the eastern shore of the Bospore and carried to St. Petersburg. SECTION IV.

From the time of Leucon to the birth of Christ, twenty kings reigned over the Cimmerian Bosporus, and Theodosia though long an independent colony, had become incorporated with that kingdom. In the second century of our era the Greek historian Arrian in an epistle to Adrian speaks of Theodosia as a deserted town. It had according to some writers been devasted by neighboring nations, (and finally sacked by the fierce and warlike Alaric,) who, migrating from Asia westward, poured themselves down upon the flourishing towns in their way, and like a pestilence, left a mournful trail of their passage. Others state that the Alani came from the region of Mount Caucasus, at the time of the decline of the Roman Empire, and therefore could not have been the cause of the sad tales of Arrian. The Huns were more successful than their predecessors in the work of devastation, and nothing remained of the fair Milesian colony after they had coiled their dark folds around it. Its commerce was finished, but the broad, glistening harbor was still there. Her magazines and temples were level with the dust, but there was a charm in their very silence, and the green hills still rose in stateliness and beauty about them. They were all yet to have an effect—the repeopling of her sunny shores and Historical Events.

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filling the bay with the welcome white-winged carrier-doves of trade. But from her destruction by the barbarians of the East, till the Genoese established here a colony, little is recorded of her. Yet she rose to be the centre of the spirit of Oriental traffic, in strength to rival the most powerful, and in many luxuries to vie with *great* Stamboul itself. The origin of this new power was the vast quantity of grain which the Tauride produced, and which was exchanged for the fine manufactures of Greece and Italy. This commenced in the eleventh century, and in the thirteenth a Genoese colony, under one of the distinguished Dorias, landed at Theodosia. A slight foothold in this new country, was all they at first sought, trusting to their own shrewdness to make such further progress as they might require. Loaded with rich and costly presents, they presented themselves to the Khan, prince Oran Timour, and desired the privilege of erecting some magazines, in which to deposit their merchandise. In the simplicity of his heart, or perhaps with a desire to promote the prosperity of his country, the sovereign gave the permission. The Genoese then represented to him, that their valuable wares, were exposed at all times to any attack that might be made upon them by the hands of robbers who infested the country, and solicited and obtained the privilege of making a fosse around

their habitations and warehouses. Along this, they then threw vast quantities of stone, which ere long assumed the regular shape of a strongly built and well fortified wall, and at last, to the great mortification of the Khan, stretched out a redoubtable line of ramparts, in the centre of which the wily Italians built Caffa. Too late, the Tartar chief discovered his error; and while he raged at his own lack of policy, and threatened the destruction and utter annihilation of these foreigners, they from their lofty bastions, laughed at his imbecility. Their commercial greatness and power were commensurate with their native energy and their prosperity was unrivalled, and within the space of a quarter of a century, they were enabled to send their gallies to the aid of the Tripolitans of Syria who were warring with the Mohamedans.

Venetians and Genoese.

The Venetians, envious of the growing strength of the Genoese, and covetous of the wealth they saw floating past them, sent twenty-five gallies to attack the new city of Theodosia, and put an end to the Tauric schemes of its founders. Unaware of the Venetian plot, they were but illy prepared to endure so serious an assault. They however sustained themselves through a most bloody struggle, but the flag of Venice at last waved over the ruins its bearers had made.

The Venetians were excessively elated by this

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new conquest, and active measures were taken to secure to themselves all the lucrative channels which had awakened their cupidity and given to them a new home in the peninsula; but there arose a power against which it was vain to contend —a hand was stretched out, against which it was useless to battle. A most rigorous winter came, in which hundreds of flocks and herds perished. The Venetians, believing that this country, of which they had received such glowing accounts, was the mild and flowery paradise of the East, found themselves wholly unprepared to cope with its chilling blasts which swept over the desolate steppes. This was succeeded by a frightful famine, which extended over the whole country, and the foreigners, after losing one third of their soldiers, were obliged to gather the wreck of that army together, which was so recently rejoicing with victory, and fly back to their own more hospitable shores.

On the departure of the Venetians, the Genoese returned, and, with renewed zeal, commenced the restoration of their ill-starred village, and soon made it more prosperous than ever.* In fact, as early as 1318, Pope John the Twenty-second, (not he who was a pirate in his youth, but James of Ossa,) chose it for the residence of a metropolitan

Chardin, in his journey to Persia, in 1662, says he saw in the bay of Caffa four hundred vessels.

bishop, whose jurisdiction extended from the Black Sea to the Russian territories.

Cause of Quarrel.

The hauteur and superior bearing with which the Ligurians ever regarded their barbaric neighbors, created in the breasts of the latter the most perfect repugnance towards these strangers, and it only wanted some glaring occasion to manifest its bitterness. The time finally arrived. A poor Tartar herdsman * had been into the town, to dispose of some cattle, leaving at a friend's house, at the gates of Caffa, his wife and a youthful daughter. A soldier on guard there, seeing the girl, who was extremely beautiful, conceived the most violent passion for her, and was resolved at all risks to possess her. Knowing that when the father came back, he, with his family, would return to the plains, where he should never see the lovely child again, it at once determined him to rid himself of the father, and oblige the females by some accusation to throw themselves upon his generosity and protection. Fortune favored his plans. The herdsman returned late, and when about to pass the sentinel, the latter began to accuse him as though there had been some provocation, and soon fell upon him and despatched him with his spear. He then reported to

* "A Tartar having a dispute," says Guthrie, "with a Genoese shopkeeper, in the market place of Caffa, it ended in a fray, wherein the Tartar was killed."

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his superior that the man had attempted his life, and he had only killed him in self-defence; and, as the people were barbarians, it was like sacrificing a dog, and, of course, there were none to blame him. The soldier then flew to the dwelling where, in the deepest anxiety, rested the unhappy wife, and she who by the power of her beauty had made him mad. He confessed his guilt, but pleaded his love, and then told them of the accusation he would bring against them, if they refused to comply with his wishes. The natural shrewdness of the mother came to her aid, and she promised to grant most cheerfully all he desired if he would but wait till the following day. He was contented, and departed with the assurance that he would be welcome on the next morning. During the night, however, mounted on fleet horses which their worthy host provided, they hastened to the khan, Djanibek, sovereign of Kaptchak,* and related to him all that had occurred. "I have borne enough," said the indignant sovereign, "and it is now time for me to take signal vengeance." He at once sent word to the Genoese that they must leave the country in which they had no right, and abandon the spot they had acquired solely by artifice. The ambassador being treated with contempt, the khan at once put himself at the head of a large army and laid siege to the city. His forces, however, availed him no-

thing; and, after some time, he was glad to capitulate, recognizing the right of the Ligurians to possess the places occupied by their citizens, while the latter were to permit the Tartar prefect to reside at Caffa, whose business it should be to regulate all the commercial and political affairs of his own people. This taught them a lesson; and they immediately commenced the building of those gigantic walls, whose ruins still astonish the traveller, and in thirty-three years saw them completed, with their massive towers, occupying every commanding position, and seeming to defy the armies of the world.

A few centuries passed away, and the great Mahomet II. entered Constantinople; soon after the Ottoman fleet, consisting of 481 vessels, sailed for the harbor of Caffa. The origin of this hostile demonstration, was the refusal of the Genoese to recognize as prefect a Lieutenant Emerrick nominated by the Tartars, according to custom. The personal insults, too, to which he felt himself subjected, in the pride of the Italians, and in the infidelity shown him by his master, who wished to avoid the shedding of blood, induced him to proceed to Constantinople, where he felt quite sure of succor. Mahomet the Second seeing the fair path open to him, in which he could most justifiably bear the banner of the prophet, acceded at once to the proposition of Emerrick, who returning home, gathered a large

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army of Turks and Tartars; and while the vast Ottoman fleet furled their white sails before those walls on which they were soon to open a most tremendous fire, Emerrick's dark hosts, like a cloud of locusts, rose over the hills of Caffa. The Genoese now in their turn began to feel that they had treated too contemptuously their neighbors; and as they were aware of the hatred Mahomet bore towards the Christians, they knew that overtures would be unavailing. On the 1st of June 1475, after a severe bombardment, Caffa fell, and Admiral Achmet Pacha entered the town to joy in the desolation he had made, and in that he could create among his fallen foes — the most noble of the Genoese, having finally carried to him in the most suppliant manner the keys of the place. He immediately seized all the slaves, male and female, as well as fifteen thousand of the Catholic citizens, whom he sent on board his vessels. These he conveyed to Constantinople, to be incorporated with the Janissaries, and the remainder were sent to form a colony at Pera, opposite his new and beautiful European capital.

Menghély-Gheraï, the most illustrious of all the khans of the Crimea, who had fled to Caffa for protection, being driven from his throne by his younger brother, and remaining a long time in

exile, was now reïnstated by the Sultan, and reigned over this country for thirty six years.

For three centuries, the crescent gleamed over the walls of Theodosia, and for that length of time, shut up in the Ottoman grasp, from all that foreign commerce she formerly enjoyed, she dwindled away and became a place only noted for her ruins.

When the Empress Catharine the Second reigned in Russia, she carried out some of the plans of Peter the Great, by extending the empire till the waves of the Euxine washed its shores. Theodosia was at first looked upon as the most favorable spot on which to erect a commercial town. Barracks and other public edifices were built, and a museum was established in order to preserve the numerous mementos of her former greatness, which were daily being brought to light. Her commerce began to revive, and it was believed that it would soon become one of the most thriving settlements in the new Russian possessions. But after a few years, Kertsch was decided on as being more favorable to trade, and Theodosia was consequently partly depopulated, though I was told it had five thousand inhabitants. There is much here to remind one of Italian towns, and few would tire of wandering about the majestic ruins, sometimes in hopes of discovering some new treasure of ancient art, sometimes to

Section IV. look out on the smooth bay before him, — climbing the hills to get a fairer view of a fair scene, or descending into the valleys to watch the motley inhabitants who now people them.

Along the pleasant *riviera*, there were more edifices of respectable appearance than I had expected to find, for Clarke, in his Travels says there were but fifty families here. Along the slopes, too, were clustered many little dwellings which might be the abodes of very happy hearts. Numerous soldiers were passing here and there, and a busy population early awake. Twelve large vessels floated in the harbor, and two, with sails wide spread to a fair wind, were sweeping gracefully into port just as their loftiest sails caught the morning sun.

Kertsch. 8th. At the first blush of dawn we journeyed towards the equally interesting town of Kertsch.

For several miles our course lay by the beach. The sun was just struggling up through one of Claude Lorraine's mists; a few Tartar peasants were wending their way to the village; and now and then a pantalooned and muffled woman, was seemingly thrown in to make a variety. Some camels which at night had been relieved of their loads and the degrading yoke, were browsing on the hill side. White sails glistened in the bay. The waves which ages ago brought here the wealth and genius of

Greece and Italy, were now idly and partially unburdened, dashing on our carriage wheels and bathing our horses' feet, while the village and its decaying towers opened more picturesquely on our view, as we wound along the shore.

The same beautiful and wide spread steppes, with their flocks, shepherds, camels, and gypsey tents, were traversed till midday, when we stopped and dined. Our repast consisted of crude cabbage soup and boiled flour dough balls, served in melted butter. They were as hard as Pharaoh's liver, (as the Turks would say) and of about the shape and size of a gizzard. After a half hour's repose, we proceeded as before, and though I had supposed that the monotony of the savannas would make the journey tiresome, I found it entirely to the contrary. Gentle undulations, with their soft, green slopes, occasionally occurred, and were to the eye of the traveller as welcome and pleasing in comparison with the plain, as the glaziers of Mount Blanc are to the snow-capped hills around it. Here, too, was observed the same agreeable peculiarity before noted—the absence of all walls and fences which seem in other countries to bind up and put in limits the great, bright, fair fields, Nature has so luxuriantly spread out and carpeted for all mankind. We followed the track of other carriages, but we

SECTION IV. might have struck off in any direction, so smooth and free from impediments was the surface. The air, too, had become soft and mild in place of the damp and chilly atmosphere we had suffered on some previous days, and toward evening a rich, golden hue settled on the vast expanse around us, bathing it in such splendor that the spirits of Repose and Beauty seemed to have made it their dwelling place, or had wrapt their child in this fair mantle of light before laying it down to sleep.

Soon after leaving the last post, a solitary Turk, mounted on a spirited horse, swept across our path at right angles, and, without following any road, continued his way southward.

Tartar Camp. "An *aoul*, an *aoul*," cried our *whip;* and, with a crack, started off on the plain. In a short time we reached the Tartar encampment, and dismounted before a long row of tents, flanked by as many carts. The chief, an aged man, evidently much respected, came at once and invited us to his domicil. Seating ourselves on the mats, we had pipes brought to us, and several kinds of meats and drinks. None were very palatable, though in courtesy we could not refuse them; one, however, composed, I should think, of honey and milk, was rather agreeable. Many children, — the small ones without clothing, — gathered about the aperture or door, where also many a manly but rude face gazed

hospitably upon us. Time, however, pressed, and we could not long enjoy their well-meaning intentions; though for one I longed, for novelty's sake, to wander with them and live in their smoky and dirty tents, till I had learned all of their habits and customs. As it was, we took our leave when the vast herds that accompanied them were drawing more closely about the encampment for repose. The women we saw here could hardly be distinguished from the men, so brown were their faces, so masculine was their gait, form and costume. The young ones wore high, fancy-colored caps, ornamented with pieces of tin and shells; the elderly dames, low caps, with a sheep's wool border. Their dresses were made high in the neck, of very narrow skirts, and without any *flounces;* sleeves tight, an evident absence of every species of stays, pantaloons of bright colors, and rudely made slippers. Their *beauty* did not detain us a moment.

A few versts further on, as we approached a gentle elevation, we passed many stones near the road, which, from their position, showed that they had once formed the walls of some village that probably long ago had passed from the recollection of men as its inhabitants had from its firesides.

As evening came down slowly upon the hills, we went slowly up them; and, when twilight had faded into the obscurity of night, we descended into the

SECTION IV. the vale of Panticapea. Her ancient tombs arose around us like the ghosts of the departed, and stood there as they had, perhaps, for two thousand years, eloquent monuments of a curious race of people.

Historical Between Caffa and this place, we passed the walls or vallum which had been built at different times to separate the peninsular of the Bosporians from the country of the Tauri. The line which extended from Arabat on the Azof to Theodosia, a distance of forty-five miles, can still be traced, and corresponds with the description given of it by Strabo. In an account given of these great structures, Constantine Porphyrogenetes states, that the Sarmatians occupying the Bospore made war with those of the opposite coast respecting the boundary of their kingdoms. It happening near Theodosia, where a battle was fought in which the Chersonese were victorious, they dictated a treaty which was assented to by the Bosporians, that the territory of the latter should not extend west of the line drawn from Caffa to the Azof, and which the wall referred to was made to defend. Another war breaking out on the same grounds as the former, a similar defeat was experienced by the Sarmatians, which induced Pharmacus, the king of the Chersonese, to place a boundary further eastward, and reduced the Bosporian empire to only forty miles of territory. These walls, like those erected by the Romans, and

for a similar purpose, are among the most interesting objects of the country in which they are traced.

To return to our valley into which we had descended: after driving through a long cheerful looking street, we landed at what seemed to be a regular and good modern built hotel. It overlooked the famed Bosporian waters, which besides connecting the Azof with the Euxine, formed the beautiful harbor of Kertsch, on whose shores we are now resting. Being shown up stairs (for we were now in a two story house,) we were ushered into a room which had a chair, an old table, and an unfurnished bedstead. Here we were all expected to lodge, sleep, eat, &c., and find our own bedding. Intending to remain in this interesting town for some days, I could not endure for a moment, the thought of being thus incessantly surrounded by the vulgar (gentlemen when dressed,) young Georgians, and I insisted on what was at first denied to me,—the having a room to myself,—and succeeded in obtaining one, though it was no better furnished than the other. The board-bottom of the bedstead, had however, a piece of coarse cloth nailed over it; under which was stuffed a little straw, and covered by a single dirty blanket. Contented even with this, and the idea that I was to be alone where I could write and think, undisturbed, I ordered my tea (with some rum and lemon in it, which is a very common

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way of preparing this beverage, and then wrapped myself in my cloak, and laid down to rest. My companions in the room had arranged their baggage into beds on the floor, and appeared entirely satisfied.

9th. The light had no sooner broke over this ancient city, than I was dressing for an expedition among her thousand tumuli. The pleasure, however, of being in this interesting place, was not all that started me from my bed so early—I wish it had been. The principal exciting cause in this instance, were the fleas, who in seeming myriads, forsook their haunts, attacking and retreating like Spanish bull-fighters in the arena, and might be, like a Tartar *whip*, commended for expedition in their business. Five years' seasoning in a fleay country in the tropics, I thought had rendered me almost indifferent or insensible to their bite, and that I should not have, like most travellers, to complain of this *bête*, but I was egregiously mistaken, for, though I was much fatigued, and had slept for several nights on the floor, I found it almost impossible, from the quantity of these little pests, to take the slightest comfort; and I believe, if they could have had a little more time, they would have thrown me into a fever. All Greece and Italy cannot surpass the Crimea in the numerical and physical force of its fleas. The hotel where we are, is called Bostoffnadanoo, with a skee on to the end of

Fleas.

it. Its name is enough to cause people to avoid it. I hear, and I hope it is true that there is another and better one in the town. SECTION IV.

My vexations did not end with the night. I found there was neither wash-bowl, pitcher, stand, mirror, nor bell to ring up either. I now made an extra fuss, and got the two first articles, but the bowl was so excessively filthy that it could not be used, except in the way practised by the natives,—simply allow it to catch the water, poured upon the hands by a domestic. The consequence was, one could not go through the simple process of washing without the presence of a servant. I had one of the bowls immediately, thoroughly cleansed, and a pitcher of water brought to me with some other necessaries the room required, and ordered them left there; but I had to watch them sharply or I should have lost them on the entrance of the first garçon. Domestic Annoyances.

Domestic difficulties settled, I hurried out to get some slight knowledge of a place which for ages, has been a kind of romance in the Orient,—a fountain of mystery to the unlettered, who have heard detached tales of its ancient splendor and power,—and a source of infinite desires, hopes and pleasures, to the antiquarian, who could here never be at a loss for new objects worthy of his study.

Reaching the street, to the southward, there arose Museum.

Section IV. a high, abrupt cliff, which appeared like the terminus of a lofty range of land stretching away into the interior. It was surmounted by a temple, which attracted my attention, and I turned my steps in that direction. A walk of a few moments through a well built street, brought me to a massive stone stairway, whose rich and costly design deserved a better material than an inferior sandstone. I say better material, for now after only a few years of exposure, its balustrades and ornamental urns are more decayed than some works of art, to be seen on the heights above it, which have been in existence for twenty centuries. Ascending this, I reached an elevation of about two hundred feet, where, on an excavated platform, in the side of the cliff, which still ascends above it, stands the museum of Kertsch. The building though small, shows the classic taste of its founders, it being in the form of the Parthenon at Athens: its situation too, is one of great beauty, looking down over the harbor and the town, and is indeed the genii of the place; for from its striking position, it catches the attention of the merchant, the mariner, and the peasant, as he climbs the opposing hills, or roams the valleys — using only its silence in calling them to bring all discovered monuments of antiquity to its sacred abode.

Scenery. Farther than this, there was no direct regular

path, so I climbed up the rugged sides till I reached the summit, on which stood the temple, that first drew my attention. It was from this eminence that Mithradata, threw into the waves his Xiphanes, and from here one of the most enchanting coups-d'æil unfolded itself before me, that could stir the pulses, but not be described. Tumuli, as far as the eye could reach, stood along the highlands, and the green grass which grew on their sides, was the first object to brighten in the morning sun, and the last at evening to wave without a shadow. The crimson clouds of the east, which had curtained in rich luxuriance the morning couch of Eôs, were now folding themselves away, but not without leaving a tinge of their hues in the smooth water which spread like a mirror before me, uniting the two famed seas, one on my right, the other on my left. Many vessels of many nations, were floating quietly in the harbor, and the Greek *caique* and the Turkish *sandals* were not wanting in this portion of the picture. No noise yet came up from the town beneath me, but along the road, descending into the valley from the interior, were seen numerous Tartar wagons, footmen and horsemen, pushing forward, to be at an early market when the inhabitants should awake. SECTION IV.

The temple, was vastly larger than it had appeared from below. In fact, it was one dedicated Temple.

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to the worship of God, and served as a place of prayer for the dead, who were often brought here to be interred on this beautiful spot. In such a morning hour as this, what a strange halo of mingled sadness and patient hope, must have filled the soul even of an idle spectator, who could see the mourners winding along up the hill, bearing the youthful dead, to rest here, amid the tombs of thousands of years. I wept, a silent spectator, by the grave of an infant, whose fair mother seemed desolate hearted, as she descended again to the valley. Time can never efface from my memory that morning on the hills of Panticapea.

Return.

Recollecting that my companions at the hotel, would await me at breakfast, I hurried back. After the meal was over, one of them accompanied me, in search of an Italian and a Greek to whom I had letters of introduction. The former, Mr. Quiquisola, was the Sardinian consul. He received me with great kindness, and with much joy, as I carried him news of the welfare of friends in his native land. The latter a wealthy merchant, Mr. Mazane, I found in his counting-room, and somewhat awkward was our meeting, as he spoke only his native language. A clerk who understood a little both of Italian and English, was enabled to offer to me the hospitalities of his master's mansion, and appointed an evening when I should take tea with the family.

About midday the wind began to blow strongly from the northward, and by three o'clock it had increased to a gale. We were watching from our windows the heaving of the sea, and the labors of the sailors to secure their vessels, when suddenly from a Greek brig we saw floating a signal of distress. One cable after another had parted, and now it was wholly adrift and sweeping towards the shore. But it came in contact with a government steamer, and we thought would be secured from further danger; but, — we learned afterwards that the steamer was under sailing orders,— that it was the one we were to go in, and that it only awaited the will of a general, bound on an expedition along the coast,— much to our surprise, she was cut entirely free, and the bowsprit and foretopmast went by the board. There was now no hope of saving her, and hundreds of men, women, and children, rushed along the quay towards the southern beach, where she was sure to strike. We all joined the crowd watching with intense anxiety the movements of the poor sailors on board. In less than an hour she struck heavily on the bottom, when the sea made a clean breach over her. The men then clung to the rigging. Soon one was seen to leap overboard with a rope attached to him. A noble spirit animated him and he floated on the crest of the waves like a sea-bird. Several of his

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countrymen who stood on shore, seeing his approach, hurried into the breakers, as far as they dared, to catch him, and prevent his being carried back by the retreating water. The instant they seized upon him the breathless anxiety of the spectators was relieved, and a shout to his heroism, louder than the storm, rang along the shore. One by one, all the crew arrived safely, and we returned home. The brig was loaded with grain, and I was told would be with her cargo a total loss. It reminded me of a scene on the American coast. When making a voyage a few years ago, with Captain Mayhew, we fell in with a brig in distress, which we supplied with provisions. That same night, she was lost off the Jersey shore, and the next morning we saw the sea breaking over her, a wreck in the sand.

10th. This morning I was gratified at meeting again here, the distinguished General Soffonoff, who with his usual urbanity of manners, spoke of our future greeting in the valley of Georgia. The Sardinian consul called on me and we visited together the club-house of Kertsch. It has a dancing hall, a billiard-room, with drawing-rooms and a reading-room. In the latter I found some good newspapers and several valuable French periodicals: but the greatest pleasure I had this day, was in the visit to the royal tomb, which stands in the centre of the

great plain, to the northward of the harbor, and to another called the golden tomb. For my ride to these I was indebted to a beautiful Syriac youth, who wore his tasseled cap as jauntily as a soldier. He came for me in his Russian drosky, and in fifteen or twenty minutes, we found ourselves on a lonely road, skirting the sea shore. We continued this for several miles, and then struck off on the plain, and soon dismounted by a conical mound of earth, about forty feet in height and eighty in diameter. We climbed at once to the summit. Here we found that the earth had been excavated and an opening effected into the interior. When this was done, and the discovery made that a gigantic chamber was beneath, a light was probably lowered down, which revealed to them the direction of the gallery which led to it. On the side, at the base, where this passage-way terminated, another excavation was made, which soon reached it, and must by its unique structure and size, have astonished the laborers. This gallery, forty paces in length, and twenty-eight feet high, has a corbelled ceiling, and opened into the grand central circular chamber, also with a corbelled ceiling, and rising to the height of thirty-five feet. The form and oddity of the tomb grew out of all disregard to rules of art. The stones were of equal size, and well-hewn, but they were laid so as to project one over the

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other, till they should meet at the top, and their very weight would have tumbled them together if in their erection props had not been used, till a sufficiency of earth had been thrown on their exterior surfaces to retain them in their position. I was much gratified to see that it had not been defaced or injured, except a little, at its entrance, which was probably caused by removing the earth, and not by design, as an able writer on this subject supposes; for he says, "the government should have been" (as though they had not, and the tomb had fallen to ruins,) "solicitous to transmit it unimpaired to future generations."

Tombs.

From my Greek youth, I received the impression that most splendid and valuable articles had been found here, but that they had instantly been concealed and hurried away to St. Petersburg, in order not to excite the peasants to destroy these thrillingly interesting monuments in search of treasures. From better authority I afterwards learned that the tomb, unlike every other that had been opened, was entirely empty; it having been rifled, it was conjectured, at a very early period.

A short distance from here is another sepulchral chamber, which was discovered by accident. At the quarantine station, the government had ordered a flag staff to be erected. The laborers, in digging the hole for it, suddenly sunk through into a large

room, which, on examination, was found to contain a magnificent white marble sarcophagus. This, too, had been rifled, and the lid broken, but it was with the greatest care immediately removed to the museum where it now remains, and is one of its most beautiful curiosities. Its sides and ends are sculptured into many delicate figures, among which were alto-relievo wreaths of flowers supported by little cherubs. The massive lid, polished to the greatest perfection, has across it several broad, elevated strips of marble, so carved as to represent bands to hold it down. On this, too, are a male and female figure, each reclining on the elbow. The male is considerably larger than the female, and he has his right hand resting on her shoulder as an expression of affection. For whom this splendid work of art was wrought is not known, for it bears neither name nor date. It was however like all the other statuary marble found here, doubtless brought from Greece, for there is none in the formation of the Crimea. SECTION IV.

The Tomb of Gold.

We returned to the town, passed to its opposite side, and drove up the untraveled sides of the more western portion of the high range of land mentioned yesterday, and there hunted up the *tomb of gold* opened in 1841. This is the most interesting of any, perhaps, discovered here. In it was found a large, wooden sarcophagus, containing a male skel-

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eton, which wore on the skull a crown of dead gold. A wooden target, now in the Cabinet of Antiquities of the Bibliothèque National at Paris, was taken from the same sarcophagus. It represents the contest of a stag and griffin. In an outer room of this tomb there was another sarcophagus, containing the perfect skeleton of a delicately made female. The robe in which she had been enveloped retained even its color, though its strength was gone, and about the fleshless brows and shoulders there still lay in rich profusion her light brown hair. This, with some of the garments and the coffin of the male, I saw at the Museum, with hundreds of other articles which, through the slow roll of ages, have lain buried in the tumuli which now surround me. The wooden sarcophagus is an oblong, square box, made of innumerable small pieces framed together and carved, having its panels and some other parts gilded and painted with vermillion or ornamented with bronze plates, some of which it still retains. In the room where the female was found there was also the remains of a child, a bronze lamp and some lachrymatories. The crown of gold and a golden shield were sent to St. Petersburg, but I obtained a drawing of the former, as also a magnificent pendant to a necklace and a golden bridle-bit set with jewels, found in another of the tumuli, supposed to be the burial place of

some Scythian queen. With the latter too, in confirmation of this opinion, were found other articles of a luxurious toilette — twenty-eight gold finger rings, a metallic mirror, a sponge, and gold earrings. In another were gold earrings, eighteen gold flowers, six earthern pots, cooking utensils, black paint, and a little terra cotta statue of a female naked to the waist, which the emperor Nicolas took away with him when he visited this place, and of which I have a drawing. Its form is voluptuous, but its great peculiarity is the style of bonnet it has on; while another figure, accompanying it, represents a female without the bonnet, the hair being carried up to the top of the head, and then bound with a string, then rolled smoothly over and done up so as to form a large round tuft. I should like, because of their great antiquity, to give the drawings of these, as also of a third, with most gracefully falling drapery, if I did not know that the American ladies generally would consider them immodest.

The most beautiful of all the articles found in these tombs, have been carried to Petersburg to adorn the rooms of the emperor's hermitage, except such as I have mentioned before; yet the museum, which I again visited after my expedition to the golden tomb, contains hundreds of priceless objects of interest, which really have the effect to hallow

SECTION IV. it, and make it like the tomb of the Prophet, worthy of a long pilgrimage.

11th. Early this morning I was again among the tombs, accompanied by the young enthusiastic director *pro tem.* of the museum. No companion could have been more agreeable, combining a thorough knowledge of the early history of the country, and a deep love of his duties as steward of the government, in prosecuting these explorations. He felt deeply the interest any stranger took in his labors, and spared no pains to make me acquainted with the result of his researches, showing and explaining every curiosity met with, as well as his own private collection of valuable coins, books, &c.

We climbed the hills, then, like children, ran down their steep, grassy sides into the valleys. We dived into the tombs of those who, perhaps, knew the fishermen of Galilee or felt the trembling of the earth when Christ was crucified; or perhaps of those who, at a more remote period listened to the cynic Diogenes, or fought under the banner of Mithridates the Great, against Pompey. We sat on the seat of Mithridates himself and talked of the old hero, as though he had been but our own grandfather, whose voice yet lingered in our ears.

In one of the sepulchres we found that its strong and well built walls, smoothly covered over with plaster about an eighth of inch thick, had been or-

namented by figures of some kind for which blue and red paint had been used. The whole, however, had been so much defaced, that it was impossible to discern their character. Some specimens of the plaster were scaled off by me, as I desired to keep the bright colors which ornamented them, but I can hardly hope to do so, when I consider the journey before me. As showing the custom of ornamenting the dwellings of the dead, they are to be prized. SECTION IV.

Returning along the heights, we descended to the museum. I found the two objects which the most frequently drew my attention, were the marble and wooden sarcophagi, before described. The former, the director told me, was believed by some, though for what particular reason could not be ascertained, to have been made for the remains of King Rhametalces, who died about the one hundred and sixtieth year of the Christian era. Others conjectured that it had contained the body of Pharnaces, a son of Mithridates Eupator, who reigned here from the year 61 B. C. to 8 B. C.

Statues.

Another object pointed out as being one of much value, was a colossal draped torso, supposed to be of Esculapius, from its resemblance to one of that god of medicine, found at Pompeii. The one here, was dug from a great depth underground, and not far from it was a much disfigured one of Diana.

SECTION IV. Here, too, was a wreath of gold leaves — a head ornament, found in a tomb, said to be of a Queen of one of the six Rheskuporis. One of her many other ornaments (now at Petersburg,) of which I obtained drawings, was an exquisitely wrought, oval bracelet, the ends terminating in extremely beautiful female busts. With this was a necklace and a pair of castanets. The museum abounds, also, in more useful articles, but recently brought to the light,—huge bronze kettles, and earthen jars, some containing large quantities of human bones.

No one can look on these objects without the most intense desire to know the motives and feelings actuating the surviving, in placing with the deceased those useful and ornamental articles which probably belonged to them in life. Our Indians bury with the dead their bows and arrows, that they may have them in the far off hunting-ground to which they go. Was it for such a motive that these people laid in the tombs of their departed friends the rich ornaments which once decked the fair, breathing forms — the bracelet that once circled the delicate arm — the jewels which graced the ears, and the curious necklaces which girded the round, white throat, and hung down richly upon the bosom, telling often by its heavings, how welcome to the heart was the story listened to? Or was it in the hope that these loved ones

The Toilette.

might sleep more soundly while having around them the pleasing *bijouterie* with which, day after day, and evening after evening, they had adorned themselves, courting the genii of the toilette, till the endless spells in its store had each been made to contribute to the sum of those undefinable charms which fascinate all who gaze upon them, unconscious of the innumerable disappointments the enchantress may have endured — the wearying experiments, and long mirror consultations — the coalescing, separating and re-arranging which resulted in that consummate embodiment of taste so effective when combined with grace and beauty? Or was it from a natural repugnance in the breasts of the surviving to wearing the departed ones' ornaments — reminding the possessors of their mortality, and seeming to link them too closely with the grave? Or was it that there was something too hallowed in the reliques which once decked the now sainted forms, to be allowed to come again in contact with life's glare, carelessness, and gaiety?

Monuments.

On some of the monuments there would seem to be a desire evinced to continue into the unknown land, in some form or other, the charm of correspondence. On one, the deceased is represented in *basso relievo*, sitting in a chair in her common costume, while the husband, as if from a journey,

Section IV. rides up and salutes her, saying: "I wish you good health." Another favorite subject appeared to be a woman raised on one elbow, lying in bed, a small table at the side on which are several bottles, the husband sitting near in a chair.

In the museum are some headless marble lions, massive richly wrought tops to sarcophagi, pieces of shafts, capitals, &c. When one remembers that all these must have been brought from a foreign country, he wonders about the wealth, the time, the ships that transported them, and the luxury of that age.

On the large jars found, the favorite scenes represented are bacchanalian. Very chubby Bacchi, grotesque fauns, nude females, some in immodest attitudes, seem to have occupied much of the attention, if not to have tasked the skill, of the workmen of those ancient times.

Curiosities To dwell on the curiosities of a museum I am aware is quite unpardonable, but when one can fix his eyes on these rich and strange objects, and can place his foot in the very tomb which but yesterday yielded them up after having, for long, dark ages concealed them in its gloomy precincts, a new emotion swells his heart, which no vision of his fancy could have produced at his fireside. To-day, (the director has just informed me in his visit to my room this evening), a new tumulus has been opened,

and in it the body of a man found standing upright and with him many copper coins of rare value — several of which were kindly given to me, and which, with others I have collected, will be deposited with one of the societies of New York. What treasures the earth around here will yet yield, no one can imagine; but hardly a week passes in which something or other is not discovered to add to the knowledge and happiness of all mankind. SECTION IV.

13th. Kertsch is the present Russian name of this new town, built on the site of the ancient Panticapæum. It contains, I am told, twelve thousand inhabitants. The streets are good, the shops well supplied with merchandize and the houses generally are neat. Society, though limited, is agreeable. The prince, who governs here, is a very affable man; and his wife is one of the most beauful and fascinating women of the day. She is decidedly the belle of the town, though there are some extremely pretty Greek and Russian ladies, whose kindness I should not forget. Kertsch.

The letter I brought to Mr. Mazane, introduced me to his very lovely family, with whom I passed a portion of two or three evenings. It was only through an interpreter, however, that I was enabled to converse with them, for they spoke only their native language and Russian; but the thousand questions they had to ask about America,—I being

CTION IV. the only one of that country they had ever seen — the interest madame took in my welfare, manifested in her solicitude to know if I was well prepared with clothing and other necessaries for my journey, and if I had a good room at the hotel and was comfortably situated there — the inquiries about my friends and my home, soon attached me to them and made the time pass pleasantly away. The daughter added not a little to the entertainments, for the family being wealthy, she had been well educated, — had a piano and played on it with skill. She was timid as a fawn, and went to the instrument with reluctance, and her sweet voice trembled as she sang. But little did I expect in this distant land to listen again to that exquisite prayer in Norma which had mingled, as before stated, with my last recollections of Italy and my first of Russia. The young Greek Girl had voluntarily chosen it, and it could have gratified no one more than it did myself.

During the early part of the evening tea was brought and served without milk, but with slices of lemon. The mother showed to me some of her fine dresses, and on a sofa in the room she kept, apparently for display, her rich furs, which served ostensibly, to make the seat more comfortable. She is considerably above the middling height, finely

formed, and has lineaments of great beauty. The daughter, though graceful and affable, is not pretty.

Early History.

The early history of this ancient capital of the Bosporic kingdom is so remote, that it is involved, as yet, in such obscurity, that nothing certain appears to be known of it, the country or its rulers, till the formation of the second dynasty, commenced by Spartacus the First. It is, however, supposed by some, that this monarchy was founded in the fifth century B. C., by a people from Mytilene.

We will pass eight sovereigns, and come to Spartacus the Third, whose ambitious, cruel, yet sensitive nature, particularly signalized him in the history of the nation. Desirous of extending his power, and ennobling his name, Spartacus sought to ally his family with that of Hecateus, a neighboring king. The throne of Hecateus was rocking to and fro, and Spartacus deemed it a favorable opportunity to offer his support, basing it upon the condition that the obliged king should marry his daughter. This was not all. Hecateus was first to put to death the wife he already had, before the ceremony could take place. The bloody deed accomplished, and the lovely child wedded to a murderer, Spartacus doubtless felt for a moment that his schemes had succeeded so well, that he should be envied and happy. A war, however, succeeded,

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in which he lost his favorite son, and which, with an awakened consciousness of his crimes, soon put an end to his own career and his life.

Mithridates.

Passing by ten more kings we come to the great Mithridates, whose history is full of thrilling incidents, and whose power was for many years a barrier even to Roman arms, and whose death in this place, where I now write, is one of the most important and interesting events chronicled by historians.

Mithridates, king of Pontus, on the southern shores of the Black sea, during the tranquility which reigned around him, extended his conquests over the Tauride, and the coast of Circassia. During his absence, the Romans, his most dire enemies, invaded his country. He returned and defended it, but was finally defeated by Pompey, and fled. In this hour of his misfortunes, a few did not desert him. Among the number were three hundred of his old officers and soldiers, and his beautiful and faithful mistress, Hypsicratea, who disguising herself in male costume, and bearing arms, was thus more free from molestation and more able to defend him whom she loved.

Arriving at Panticapæum, he found his son whom he had left on the throne, in rebellion. Pardoning him, he set about raising an army to invade Italy. Circumstances seemed now all turned against him,

and another of his sons proved treacherous, influencing the soldiers to follow his example. Overwhelmed by these double misfortunes, he shut himself up with his two favorite daughters Mithradata, and Missa, brides to the kings of Egypt and of Cyprus, who chose to die with their father rather than live slaves to the Romans. The loss of his throne, the death of his friends, the destruction of one army and the desertion of another, preyed upon his noble and lofty spirit; but the ingratitude of his sons crushed his heart. I can imagine him, like Lear, defying the storm which beat upon his defenceless head, insensible to all, save the pangs that filial ingratitude had excited within his breast. He ascended the lofty battlements, overlooking the very spot, on which I now write, and as he stood, the dignity of age, the majesty of over half a century of sovereignty seemed more than ever to endow his manly form with divine superiority; and as the shouts of the rebelling soldiers, echoed along the walls, and reverberated in the hills, he lifted up his war-worn hands and prayed to the gods: "May my son one day know the sufferings of a father over an ungrateful child." He then took B. C. 61. poison, and soon after expired. His son sent his body to the Roman general, who had it most honorably interred at Sinope, in Pontus, amid the tombs of his ancestors. Thus ended the career of one of

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the greatest warriors of antiquity. In learning few have surpassed him. He spoke twenty-two different languages, conversing with that number of ambassadors in their native tongue. His wealth, too, rivalled that of Crœsus. It took the commissioners the space of a month to take an inventory of his valuables, among which were two thousand cups of onyx, set in gold.

The people of Kertsch, generally believe that Mithridates was buried on a lofty hill about a league from here, bordering the road we posted on our way from Theodosia. The Tartars call the place *Altyn Obo;* and as the fame of the great sovereign's wealth has been handed down to them, they have a tradition that it was buried with him and is guarded by a beautiful virgin, who sits here amid the ruins of the tomb and spends the long night in lamentations. They call her the star of the hill, and when benighted travellers have seen the light of her thin white robes, and her fair transparent form floating over *Altyn Obo*, it is said they lose their reason but are always happy.

Tartar Hut.

Many of the inhabitants of Kertsch of Greek descent, having intermarried with the Tartars, now speak a patois. The Russians regard both with contempt. On returning from an excursion to the hills, I stopped at a Tartar hut. It was occupied by a middle aged woman, who sat on

the floor picking wool. She allowed her face to remain uncovered, and on being asked the reason said: "that persons twenty-five or thirty years of age—supposing by that time they had lost the power to attract or fascinate any of the male sex, and consequently could not arouse any jealousy in their husbands—were allowed to remove those white bands and veils with which young girls were obliged to conceal themselves on the approach of all strangers; for the face, being the mirror of the soul, should not be consulted by every body,—in fact by no one except the liege lord, who alone, is entitled to understand it." She had on a common gown, a sheepskin jacket, leather boots and pantaletts. On her head was a white handkerchief, beneath which her black, braided hair fell down over her bosom. There were two rooms, each furnished with a kind of bed,—one was quite long, made up on boards supported by some boxes. As the pillows were placed at each end, we suppose that the husband and wife slept with only their feet together. This may have been owing to the narrowness of the bed or the warmth of the weather, while it answered the purpose of contenting the suspicious Mahometan; for as long as he could feel the feet of his gentle spouse, he would be sure she could not be wandering away with another's. The bed was covered with a dark

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thick woolen cloth, ornamented with a red worsted braid, sewn on by the very fingers now occupied in picking the wool. Overhead were two long poles, running parallel to each other, across the room. Over those was a white cloth and on it the wardrobe of the female occupant. Two holes in the wall about a foot square, admitted light and air, and were not, as usual, covered over with sheets of paper.

As we were leaving, the daughter arrived. She scuffed along by us with her little dirty feet in slippers, and her face so enveloped that we saw nothing of it, except two very merry eyes and well arched eyebrows. Her gait was graceful, as is that of most all of these unlaced children.

13th. This morning I was informed by an officer of the *estaffette* of General Bourbehr, that the government steamer would leave in the afternoon for the coast of Circassia, and that I would be received on board, and conveyed to Redout Kalé, their last southern port, without any expense to myself—a courtesy the General is allowed to extend to travellers, though these boats do not carry passengers, being strictly steamers of war. This renewed kindness of the government, convinced me that all I had heard about the opposition of Russians to the introduction of foreigners, was wholly false.

I immediately called on, and bade farewell to my few but kind friends, and prepared for a new portion of my journey, which seems daily to increase in interest. M. Mazane gave me a letter of introduction to a relative of his in Redout-Kalé, and had a large package of crackers and cheese prepared, which he said I should require on the boat, as the dinner and supper were the only meals served publicly, — the officers and passengers carrying their own tea, sugar, crackers, etc., which the servants prepared for them individually, morning and evening, as required.

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Eastern Coast.

About midday, in company with the Georgians, I took a small boat, and went on board. The steamer is called Bayet *the strong*, and was built in England. At about half past five o'clock, we were under weigh for the eastern coast of the Black Sea; and I took my leave, with lingering looks, of one of the most interesting portions of the globe, wondering why it had never been visited by our American travellers. Night was gathering her misty mantle around the thousand tumuli, rising above the distant hills, and dotting the plain on our left, before we were willing to leave the deck and detach our gaze from those ancient spots over which barbarism had spread ages of night, but which are yet to yield lights which shall illumine volumes.

A Circassian.

On board I found new objects of interest, — numerous officers and soldiers of the Russian "army of the Caucasus," so called, going to the different forts along the coast; and, huddled together on deck, numerous Turks, Tartars, Circassians, whom the government seemed desirous to conciliate, by

generously granting them a free passage. Among them was an occasional poor woman or girl, who, with her companions, would be obliged to remain on the uncovered deck, however inclement the weather might be. A young man in the crowd attracted my attention, not only by his rather peculiar form, but by his dress, and a kind of lofty defiance with which he gazed about him. "That is our enemy," said a Russian officer who came up to me, "but you see he is friendly now; let us go and talk to him." We approached him, and the Russian commanded, or rather requested him to show us more of his costume, for his body was enveloped in a short cloak *(bourka)*, made of a very shaggy, thick cloth, and fastened with a leather thong at the throat, while his head was covered with a pointed drab-colored hood, with long ends, sufficiently long to pass under the chin and tie behind the neck. He instantly threw open his cloak and allowed us to examine his dress. He had on a long, drab, sack coat, which, having no buttons, was fastened around the waist by a handsome narrow belt, which also supported a brace of pistols and a long Circassian silver-mounted, ivory-handled knife. His shirt, waistcoat and coat being without collars, his long, sinewy neck was much exposed. On each breast were sewed a row of ivory-headed cartridges, which carried the powder and ball, and were ornamental

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as well as useful. On his head, beneath his hood, he had a round-topped cap, with a wide border of long, black, wavy wool, which, mixing with his hair, hung about his high forehead, and nearly reached his shoulders. His pantaloons were of a yellow color, full, and drawn with a string about the waist. On his feet were shoes, fastened by thongs. He was tall and slim, but muscular, and his shoulders had that fall which is peculiar to a woman's form, but, nevertheless, is said to be common among the male portion of the Circassians. He responded with dignity to the rather authoritative tone of the Russian, while his large, full eyes seemed lighted with the lofty aspirations of his soul, and the nervous working of his hands betrayed an inquietude which would have manifested itself in a different shape, had he met in his native mountains this now safe foe.

Passengers.

When the hour of retirement came, these deck passengers huddled together on the top of their baggage; and, as they lay down, men, women and children together, — most of them having on these sheep-skin jackets, — they did not appear unlike a flock of sheep gathered in a fold. There was no room under deck for them, no awning, no covering. The air was chilly, and, had it rained, their discomforts must have been serious.

Tea.

At an early hour we retired to the cabin. Here

I was amused at the little teapots paraded about the various tables, where each of the officers, on his own private account, was taking tea, as I had been informed was the custom. My Georgian colonel had not neglected the necessary articles, so his teapot and my crackers and cheese were soon in requisition. We did not, however, do much justice to them, for we had all dined together at an excellent caffé, before coming on board. This reminds me of an incident which shows the principles of the young man with whom I am travelling. When dinner was over, I asked what was to pay. The elder of the sons said, fifty copeks. Not having exactly that sum, I handed him a hundred, the half of which he paid for my dinner, and the other half very coolly put in his pocket. He will not refer to it again, for I had the same experience with his brother; yet, they are kind, and their father is very attentive to all my wants. The young men have in their manners a mixture of politeness (when it is convenient) and coarseness. They do not hesitate to take my journal from me to read at any time they like; and they use my hair brushes whenever they find them.

Supper was served at nine. When the general entered from his private cabin, all arose and stood till he had seated himself at the head of the table. The same respect was shown to him when he retir-

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ed. General Bourbehr is a handsome man, of fair, ruddy complexion, and appears only about forty years of age. If you find a man in a high office here, you may well pay respect to him, for you may be sure he merits it. General Bourbehr is affable, but penetrating, extremely active, intelligent, brave and gallant, and these qualities alone have won him his elevated position. The rich epaulettes, and the large double chain of gold thread which he hangs from his shoulder, across his breast, are the badges of his rank which he seems never to lay aside.

At midnight, the few berths being occupied, we stretched ourselves on the floor with but little unrobing, and one of us was soon asleep.

The Engineer.

14th. This morning the chief engineer came to me, and apologized for having neglected to offer to me a berth in his state room, which he had prepared on hearing that I was coming on board, for, besides being a kind, good-hearted Scotchman, he was pleased with the idea of having some one with whom to talk English; but just before the steamer left, a lady going to join her husband at one of the forts on the coast, came on board, and considering that she had a better claim to his attentions than myself, he resigned his room to her. She had with her a Circassian slave, a sweet, delicate little girl of some ten or twelve years of age, who, with many others, had been taken by the Russians in the con-

quest of one of the villages of her people, and had been given to this lady, under security that she should be well treated, and be allowed to marry when she could do so respectably. Her very pale complexion and slender form, her black hair and calm, melancholy look, invested her with peculiar interest, though she was not beautiful.

Scotch Liberality.

Landing once in Glasgow, I was robbed on the Bromilaw. Relating the circumstance at the dinner table of the George Hotel, a gentleman who sat opposite me said: "Sir, I have not the honor of your acquaintance, but if you are in want of money I will supply you, and I wish you to take as much as you require, with all the frankness with which I offer it." Being an entire stranger to me, his kindness almost deprived me of the power to thank him, for in nine cases in ten, a man under such circumstances, would require the aid of some friend, who perhaps might not be at hand; but I had already written to Liverpool for funds. On landing a few years since in Santa Cruz, ill with a fever, a Scotchman, a Mr. Orr, came and took me to his house and took care of me till I was well. Now, a third time in a strange country, a Scotchman came forward and volunteered his services to make me comfortable. I could not but be struck with his kindness, and more so as it recalled these other events, He said the lady would be on

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board but one day more, and then I should have the best of accommodations. His name is Edmonds, and he seems to be highly esteemed by all on board as a gentlemanly and scientific man.

Lieutenant Anrep

Colonel Carganoff found us on deck, and I was introduced to Lieutenant Anrep, one of the neatest and most gentlemanly officers I have yet seen. He passed most of his childhood in the palace of the emperor, and, with the czar's children, was often in his presence. He speaks of him with great affection.

Lieutenant Anrep, understanding English tolerably well and desirous of learning more, and possessing evidently noble, generous and manly feelings, expresses his most ardent desire to make my journey pleasant. I introduced the subject of the little Circassian girl, and he immediately took me to her and entered into conversation with her, and interpreted to me her rrplies to his questions. She spoke without much timidity, but an extra pallor whitened her cheeks, and her dark eyes dilated as an occasional vision of the scenes she had passed through in becoming a captive, flashed across her youthful memory. She seemed so delicate, that I thought she rather needed the service of the young mistress, than fit to bestow attentions, though the lady was amiable and pleasing, and was never otherwise than gentle towards her little slave.

Among many other questions the Lieutenant asked her, was one which would induce her to express a desire, if she had any, to return to her former home; but she said that she was contented, and did not wish ever to return. She will die young, for there is a pensiveness and a depth of feeling in her expression, which will not find sufficiency of sympathetic food in our rude world to sustain her.

Our boat was anchored last night in the gulf of Taman, which we reached by a south easterly course from the Kertsch, crossing the Cimmerian Bosporus. The fame of the naval battles it had witnessed could not keep us awake. I had long desired to visit this island of Taman, and had hoped that we should be delayed here a sufficient time to see something of its antiquities, but at early light we were again under weigh. The little town of Taman situated on the southern side of the gulf is supposed by Clark and others to occupy the site of Phanagoria, though Pallas thinks this old Greek name is improperly applied to it. Be this as it may, many interesting inscriptions on marble and rich fragments of sculpture have been found here buried in the sand, and sufficient outlines of buildings, fortress, &c., to show that it was once a place of wealth and importance. A little silver coin which Clark obtained went far to establish his opinion of its being Phanagoria. He

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says it was found in or near Taman, and is a medal of that place, of great antiquity, bearing on one side the letters *ΦANA*, and is the only one known. Since his time, in the great number of coins which have been exhumed, doubtless some others of the kind have been obtained. The fortress here, and the Stanitza are occupied by the Cossacks of the Black Sea.

Fort Anapa.

Returning westward through the gulf, we doubled a point of land opposite the battery of Alexandrovski on the Tauride coast, then steered to the south, and then south-east, along the Asiatic coast, and in a few hours were anchored off Anapa.

This was one of the strongest and most imposing towns held by the Turks on the Black Sea, and was of vital importance to the Circassians; for the latter found here a ready market for their females, in exchange for ammunition and the means of carrying on their wars with the Russians. The women destined to fill the harems of Constantinople were brought here by their fathers and brothers, or came voluntarily, elated by the prospect of benefiting their condition. The prices obtained for them depended very naturally on their youth and beauty, — the latter qualification embracing particularly a form voluptuously developed, and for which they are usually remarkable.

While the Turks held this place, the Russians

were convinced it would be impossible to subdue the Circassians, and, in 1828, they resolved on taking it. A fleet of thirty-two vessels, under Admiral Greig, an Englishman; and a land force, under Prince Meustchikow, were put in motion; and, after a fearful struggle and a siege of about three months, they succeeded in the object of their expedition. The loss on the part of the invaders was immense; "For," said one of the officers to me, "the Turks in fortified places fight with incredible energy, though in the field they display but little."

The situation of Anapa is on table-land, backed by abrupt cliffs, and protected by a wall. Its commercial importance has declined by the will of its present incumbents. Its harbor is not remarkably safe; but this evil was partially remedied by the ancients, who built a long break-water into the sea, a considerable part of the foundations of which can yet be seen. The appearance of the town from the bay is not very attractive; but it is an interesting place from the associations one must necessarily attach to it, and as standing like a sentinel at the gate of a vast prison.

To how many thousands of Circassian maidens has this been the bright surveying point of a brilliant destiny! To how many, at least, has it appeared so, when, after traversing the long, rugged ra-

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vines of the Caucasus, they have reached the summit of these neighboring heights and have gazed with throbbing breasts on the fair city below them! The vision of their childhood, the dreams of their girlish days, the aspirations of their riper years, were here about to have a form, a tangibility, a reality; — they were to pass from a state of servitude, dependence, and, perhaps, poverty, to a life of splendid ease, of enviable independence, luxury and love. Their bright eyes brightening with these happy thoughts, their beauty was enhanced; and few were those who were not bettered by the change. It would, however, be extravagant to say that none were disappointed. Some, doubtless, trusting by their charms to become the "light of the harem," the mother of a sultan; to be bedecked with the costliest jewels and wrapped with the richest robes, have rated their fascinations too high, and found themselves but the domestic servants of some miserly crones, who, while they made the arduous tasks of their gentle captives repay them for their cost, begrudged it while they toiled. Some, too, whom God created with nervous temperaments, and endowed from birth with refined, sensitive, delicate feelings, (and there are such by nature among every people) — led from their poor but happy hearth stones, and from the affectionate care of parents, believing that the world was all bright,

and that the smiles and caresses of strangers would repay them for the sundering of the ties of home, — finding not a shadow of those warm and ardent sympathies, of which their young souls were full, but encountering the cold, chilling realities of life, with which the mass by adaptation are to combat; — some too, I say, thus endowed, doubtless have welcomed their premature graves, literally made desolate-hearted.

Female Slavery.

Every one will naturally ask, if this traffic has ceased. As far as Anapa and all other Russian ports are concerned I am authorised to say it has. Yet I am aware that the transportation of Circassian maidens to Constantinople is a thing of almost daily occurrence and cannot be restrained. Several hundred, on their way to the great capital, have been captured within a few years. These are probably a very small portion of the number who embarked. They were taken in Turkish vessels — the Circassians having none of their own — and were distributed as convenience dictated.

In destroying this trade, the Russians have only one object in view, though in their policy there may appear a sublime virtue — the *suavis* of humanity and religion; for it is generally supposed that these girls thus sold into slavery, (as it is

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called,) accept their bonds with the same anguish of heart as do the negroes of Africa; — that in going to Constantinople they remain Mahometans, whereas if they are taken by the Russians they will more readily become members, — or their children will, — of the Greek church.

The fact is, this bondage referred to above, and with which we associate all that is abject, degrading and heart-rending, in reality is divested of such features, and is in truth the fairest vision which floats before the imagination of these youth. The parents look forward to the time when their children shall be purchased and settled in Constantinople with precisely the same feelings, hopes, and anticipations, as the New England farmer and his family look on the promising son, who goes to some great capital to become a merchant, and rich man. The Caucasian parents have, too, the same reasons for releasing their children, as those in America, who, though sprung from indifferent sources in the country, have made for themselves wealth and a name in the cities; the former, at various times, having been raised to the highest posts in the Ottoman empire. The mothers of the Sultan, and of the admiral of the Turkish fleet, are Caucasian slaves, and they receive all the honors due to their present exalted

station. I shall have occasion, doubtless, to refer to this subject again, after I have seen more of this remarkable people, in their own homes.

That the Russians save these captives from Mahometanism is true, and this doubtless would receive the highest commendation from the whole Christian world; but in other respects, I cannot believe their condition is improved, though my most worthy little friend, Lieutenant Anrep, assured me, that of all those taken from the Turks, very few desired to return to their own homes, notwithstanding the offer was made to them; and they would have been allowed to go had they expressed such a wish.

The policy of the Russians is — and it is wholly justifiable — to destroy this traffic so pleasing to the Turks, who, in exchange for the fair commodity, supply the Caucasians with the arms and ammunition by which they protract the struggle with their Muscovite enemy. Were it not for this never-failing and very lucrative branch of trade, the means they now possess of prolonging interminably the war with Russia would soon cease, for their other resources are extremely limited.

After about four hours' stay at Anapa, our paddle-wheels were again in motion. We continued along the coast everywhere lifting up its

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rugged mountain barrier, as difficult and fatal to pass, as its nature is indicative of defiance.

On the Rocks.

Late in the afternoon we approached the commodious harbor of Novracisk, where there is another Russian fortress, under whose guns we intended to pass the night. At six o'clock, however, the weather growing thick, the boat, under full head way, struck a rock. The bow rose upon it about two feet and remained fast. The shock was great, and the consternation which seized the passengers for a moment, painful, — some believing that the bottom was stove in and that we should soon go down, others that we should soon go up, for they thought the boiler would burst. Some crossed themselves, some ran for their arms, some exclaimed *Allah!* Lieutenant Anrep was in fault, for he had command of the boat, and stood at the time on the wheel-house. He had not neglected his duty, but had undertaken to pass outside of a buoy, and thus fixed us in a most disagreeable — and had a storm come on — in a most dangerous position. It was a sad time for him. The general, whose good opinion he desired — the man who held almost the lives of the officers in his hands — was to find that a seeming unpardonable negligence had occurred, from which an aggravating detention, perhaps the loss of the vessel, would

accrue. He felt all this, and when the general appeared on deck, stood pale and abashed. Bourbehr made inquiries about the accident, and when he learned how it happened, so great was his regard for this young officer, that he merely said, "Doubtless he feels badly enough without my reprimanding him." He knew the person of whom he spoke and he judged rightly, and by his generosity in sparing him so great mortification, attached the lieutenant to him for ever. Anrep overheard the remark, and immediately came and told me of the kindness of his superior, and expressed his deep obligations.

Within an hour's sail of the town, we were now detained. The engine was still in order, and I supposed soundings would be immediately made, kedge anchors carried out aft, and all hands put to work with double blocks and at the windlass, the wheels reversed, &c., to try and get her off at once. But to my astonishment nothing was done, except that a Russian man-of-war, which lay at the head of the bay, was signalised to send down assistance. It now became dark, and guns were fired and blue lights burned, that the position of the steamer might be known; but as it was late, no relief was sent. Another very significant move, however, was made by the governor of the town, which indicated the state of affairs.

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As soon as it was known at the garrison that we were on the rocks, a strong detachment of Cossacks was dispatched to encamp on the shore nearest to us, to prevent our being attacked in the night by the Circassians, who never leave an opportunity of this kind unimproved, as the Russians have experienced to their sorrow; for however friendly the natives of this region may pretend to be, their real feelings are too well understood by the government to leave a vessel thus aground without a force sufficient to repel any attack that might be made by such a body as could be hastily gathered in the neighboring mountains.

I did not myself realise or feel that there was any danger, and if there had been no armed guard on the shore I should have gone to sleep without any apprehensions; for the rugged heights around us looked as if uninhabited, unless it was by wild beasts or the genii of rocks and woods. At this time their bases only, were visible, for vast folds of the most beautifully light and silvery clouds which ever waved over the earth had descended on their tops, as if intended by Him who veiled Sinai, as a symbol:—that He would overshadow with His hand, and curtain about with His clouds, and veil from intrusive gaze, the homes of a suffering people. That portion, on one side, which we could see here, was composed of hills and valleys succeed-

ing each other at short, regular intervals; the former rising abruptly from the very water. The Cossacks had lighted their fires on the beach when we went below to rest.

15th. This morning I somewhat changed my opinion in regard to the danger to be apprehended from the Circassians; for I was called early on deck to see a body of them — perhaps fifty or more — gathered on the western shore about a mile distant. I took the glass and beheld one of those strangely pleasing, picturesque groups of men, which are sometimes thrown into paintings, but are seldom looked on in their reality. The company had dismounted from their horses, and still holding their bridles, were talking together. Occasionally one would stroll out from the rest, and stand and look off towards us, doubtlessly praying for our further ill luck; and had a storm come up, and the boat thumped to pieces (as she would have done if the wind had shifted and blown strongly from the southward) their desires would have been realised, and their gratification complete. They all appeared like tall, splendidly formed men. Each had his gun swung on his back, and a silver-mounted ivory-handled knife hanging to his belt. Their long drab, well fitting frocks, their black-bordered caps, their glittering arms, their stately carriage, gave them an extremely interesting appearance.

SECTION V. For an hour it was an exciting occupation to watch them — sometimes backing from their midst some spirited animal which had too familiarly intruded — wading them through a stream which separated the point of land where they were gathered, from their mountain haunts — or spurring them up the hill side, and winding away among the rocks and trees where paths were fearfully difficult to all but these well trained and sure-footed steeds.

The Cossacks still remained on the shore, and the transport ship came down to our relief, and anchored not far from us. Soon after, not a Circassian was to be seen. When hope of plunder ceased, they jumped into their saddles, each one taking the path which led to his own valley or cliff.

Orders were now given to get soundings and carry out kedge anchors, and put all hands to work to haul the vessel off; but it was of no avail. The alternative remained to discharge everything on board. The transport's boats were then sent, and all the crew were employed to lighten the vessel, and coals, baggage, gun-trucks, ammunition, &c., &c., were sent to the man-of-war. The lady, mentioned above, with her little Circassian, went up to the town with the general. Nearly all of the others accompanied the baggage, while I remained with the Lieutenant who had charge of getting us out of the sad plight in which he had placed us.

All day the work had gone briskly on, but now, at eve, the steamer seemed as fixed as ever. By the departure of *Madame* I have however a good berth and state room, and shall, doubtless, rest more comfortably in our uncomfortable position, than on any previous night.

16th. Engaged this morning as yesterday in lightening the vessel.

Last night the Georgian colonel won in card playing about a hundred dollars; for, free from the regulations of the fleet I was in, under Admiral Katofskoi, gambling is allowed to any extent — the highest in rank participating in it. In connection with the game I discovered a considerable meanness and ungallant conduct which I had not expected. In relating it to Mr. Edmond, he took the liberty of informing me of some facts which I perhaps ought not to mention, and would not, did I not know that they apply not to all on board. He said that the tea and sugar, &c., the officers had, and which they were stingy of, as well as many other things, probably cost them nothing; for clubbing together — captain, other officers, and the clerk — they divide the surplus of everything which exceeds the necessity of the vessel; the excess being caused by their reporting to government, that the vessel requires a vast deal more than she really does. As an instance, they desired Mr. Edmond to state in

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his report, that the engine required a certain quantity of oil, which was really double what was needed. He refused, and in consequence was not so popular as he might have been had he yielded to such solicitation.

Lieutenant Anrep is an exception to all I have said against the others: he neither smokes, nor gambles, nor joins in their intrigues, and, unlike them, is generous to excess. All he possessed was at my disposal. He insisted on my joining him morning and evening at his tea; and if it was pleasant to him it was trebly so to me.

About 4 o'clock, P.M., when everything had been taken out of the vessel, she floated from the rock without having sustained any damage. Joy lighted up the countenances of all, and friends ran round to each other shaking hands of gratulation. Lieutenant A. was of course very happy. We proceeded up the narrow bay, and early in the morning, followed by the transport, anchored off the fortress and little village of Novracisk.

Cossack Officers.

We were soon visited by several noted "Cossacks of the Line" officers, whom I should not have distinguished from the Russians, had it not been for their uniform. They were young. One was stout and compactly built, and apparently of a firm and steady character. Another, who was particularly remarked on to me, was slender, but mus-

cular, and had the bearing of one of high spirit and accustomed to command. His bravery had been tried in many a fierce fight with the mountaineers, and he had never for an instant been known to halt in his progress to victory. SECTION V.

17th. It has been a damp, chilly day to-day, so much so that I declined going on shore. I amused myself by sitting on the taffrail and taking a sketch of the town, and at the same time took a severe cold.

General Ravesky in conjunction with Admiral Lazaroff took this place in 1838. It has now a population of one thousand men, besides the soldiers. Society, of necessity, is bad, from the fact that the community is composed of deserters from the army, fugitive serfs, and people of bad repute, who had come under the protection of a law published by the emperor, for the purpose of colonizing his new possessions. It granted pardon to all who would settle here and become defenders of the soil. The People.

18th. Though unwell from my exposure yesterday, I went early on shore to examine the town, a great portion of the houses of which I already knew in detail, even to the number of their windows. I walked round the entire palisade, which is comprised of only wicker work fences filled in with mud, and made less easy of approach by a ditch. The bastions are made of heavy plank, Fortifications.

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within a triangular fosse; but none of the works, much to my disappointment, appear capable of sustaining the most trivial siege, for they are not high enough to offer any impediment to a person wishing to scale them, nor strong enough to stand either a fire or a pickaxe for five minutes. They may serve to dodge behind, when arrows and small arms are used by the enemy, and to mount the cannon on, but that is all.

The streets are broad and regular, but many of them are bordered solely by little, low, indifferent dwellings of the serfs and soldiers, while others are adorned with neat and very respectable looking mansions, occupied principally by officers of government. I entered quite a number of shops and found them well supplied with various articles of household use, clothing, provisions, &c. The Greek church edifice is a conspicuous object. It is small, but has a peculiarly large dome, though of no great elevation.

That which contributed most to make my walk interesting, was the variety of costumes to be met with; but the attraction was generally confined to the Circassians, who were to be seen in almost every street and shop. They had not, however, the independent and martial air about them of those I saw on the coast, for these were without their arms, which are taken away from them when they enter

within the walls of the town, but are restored when they depart. Some of these had brought in fowls and eggs; and others hay and honey, which they exchanged for salt and such articles as are not produced in the rocky fastnesses.

We were standing on the upper bastion, where several large guns were pointing surlily at the hills back of the town, when we saw a female approaching on horseback, who had descended from the mountain and entered the road which led to the gate near us. She sat astride of the saddle, and was preceded by an elderly man, probably her grandfather, for she herself was very young. Curiosity led us in their way, and as they passed, we bowed in Turkish fashion to them, which attracted their attention, not being accustomed to such civility from the Russian soldiers. The man was evidently much pleased, and drew up his horse and addressed my companion in the Turkish language, and seeing that we were foreigners, hinted that he would sell his little charge — that she was disposed to go — that he was poor, and that there were many in the family. We accordingly followed him to a rather retired shop which served also for a dwelling, and in a room adjoining the merchandize department, he displayed to a considerable extent the charms of his lovely grand-daughter. It is not too much to say, that as a child she was pretty in

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form and feature, but it was difficult to tell how homely she might become when arrived at womanhood.

We came on board early in the afternoon and soon got under weigh. A large company of soldiers had embarked during the day. They were to be carried to the next port on the coast, from which place they were to march through a dangerous defile in the mountains — a pass but recently obtained by the Russians — and to take up their quarters at another fort also on the coast.

General Albrant, one of the most distinguished in the Circassian service, also came to accompany us on our voyage. He has but one arm, the other having been lost in an engagement with the very people we were among, and who, for the energy and bravery he has displayed in his battles with them, have great respect for him. The soldiers, too, seem to regard him with affection, and all on board, evidently admire the man.

General Albrant was not long in finding amusement for us. He called on the soldiers to bring out their private singers and players, and give us some exhibition of their talents. They, with great alacrity, obeyed him, and gathering aft into a small circle, sang some love and war songs, which, like those I heard on board the man-of-war in coming from Odessa, were peculiar and varied.

Usually one began alone and sang a few words, when another joined in, and soon a third, and then all the company, with an accompaniment of the tamborine and an occasional tap of a drum. As national airs, they interested me exceedingly, but I was told that the language introduced into most of them was coarse and adapted to the vulgar tastes of the lowest classes. The leader was a very tall, stout man, with a broad, honest face, full of the most simple, unvarying gravity. It is impossible to describe the peculiarity of his expression, but it was such as to keep the spectators in a continual laugh. SECTION V.

We were but a few hours in reaching the little fortress of Laprudensky, where we landed our soldiers, and then proceeded immediately towards Ghelendjik. We arrived at this latter place at eight in the evening, and came to anchor in its fine, commodious bay, called by the Circassians Koulootsi and seeming but the lower portion of a beautiful valley which extends far back into the country, and is bordered by lofty hills. Ghelendjik

Ghelendjik was taken in 1830 by General Bertman. It was considered an important place to possess, and those who settled in it after it was taken were allowed some peculiar privileges, but on the condition that they should defend it from the Circassians. The continual annoyance, how-

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ever, to which they were exposed, soon converted it into a mere military post, and about two thousand men are now stationed here.

In this bay, about twelve months since, the Russian guard boats fell in with three Turkish vessels loaded with Polish officers and men going to join the Circassians. An attack was at once made upon them, but the boats were not sufficiently powerful to capture the merchantmen, so they escaped. The Russians lost one valuable officer in the contest. Several vessels were, however, afterwards taken; for all that have not the proper 'papers' are liable to be seized if found trading in other than the three prescribed ports. Here, in 1845, a Cossack major, Barahovitch, captured a Turkish vessel, in which were one hundred and seventy-five youths—mostly females—on their way to Constantinople — the gentler to learn the value of their physical charms; the others, the worth of cunning or valor.

The persons who gave me the above facts regarding this place, state that the Caucasian coast has now three military divisions. The 1st, is under Rear-Admiral Serabrakoff. The 2nd, under Major-General Albrant, who resides here in G——, and the 3d, under Major-General Hoenback, whose post is Bambory.

To-morrow, if I can find companions, I shall at-

tempt a trip up the valley, unless, as at Novracisk—a fact I had forgotten to mention—I shall be frightened out of it. I there proposed to the officers to visit some Circassian village in the interior. They assured me it was impossible, for though the neighboring tribes were nominally friendly, they would kill any foreigner they found at a safe distance from the fortress; and that, though there was, within a few miles, a beautiful grove where they sometimes went, and would like to go often, they never undertook the excursion without a very strong escort.

In conversation, afterwards, with Mr. Edmond, he confirmed the above statement, and assured me that he once escaped being shot within sight of the town, by his having a little native boy with him, who, seeing the Circassian raise his gun to fire, exclaimed "He is English." The mountaineer had, doubtless, a conviction of it himself; for as he stood armed in an exposed place, he saw this person carelessly approaching him, which he knew a Russian would not do; and, Mr. Edmond says, that he saw the man raise his gun, but had not the remotest suspicion that he intended it for him. He was then but recently arrived, and had strolled out in ignorance of all danger.

19th. Early this morning, in company with the chief Engineer and General Carganoff, I went on

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shore to see the pretty little village of Ghelendjik. Nestled among the mountains, it has much to make it a pleasing residence, when peace is not disturbed in her sweet valley. I found it a much cleaner, and more compact place than Novracisk; and many snug little cottages, with poplar trees, and neat fences about them, gave a cheerful and happy aspect to the town. The buildings are all of one story, except the hospital, which is a large two story stone edifice, well ventilated, and under good superintendence; and if I judge by what I have seen in the Russian possessions, I can say that the sick are well provided for.

General Albrant has a tasteful house, with a colonnade in front, occupying one side of a public square.

The walls which surround the town are better built than those of Novracisk, but are in the same style, and of much less extent. In one place they form one side of a small public garden, which must be an agreeable retreat at all times; but more particularly in the peculiar twilight of a valley, when the shades of evening appear to be gathering about it, and one can look up and see the bright golden sunlight lying rich and full on the mountain heights above him.

The cold I took at Novracisk, increasing in severity, the honey of the country was recommended

as a sovereign remedy. I accordingly went in pursuit of some, which I soon found, of an excellent quality, in a little *omnium gatherum* shop, resembling one of our country grocery stores. Here, too, I obtained several pounds of hard biscuits, and also some hard, white, and very inferior cheese. This, as also the honey, had been brought from the mountains by the Circassians.

Circassian Chief.

My purchases delayed us some little time. The general had already gone on board, and given orders to get under weigh, but the engineer was acting as my cicerone, so we soon saw the signal flying for our return. On arriving at the vessel we found that a celebrated Circassian Chief, Duke Jeubesky, was to be a fellow passenger. He was the tallest, and finest formed person I had seen in the country, but there was nothing prepossessing in the expression of his face. He had but one eye, having lost the other in battle, and his whole physiognomy, though bespeaking a man of resolution, betokened no honesty. He wore the skull cap with the heavy wool tuft border, a long drab coat, and pantaloons girt about below the knee. On his feet were neat red mocassins. His weapons were rich and curious, besides being abundant. Two narrow strips of leather, ornamented with silver, crossing his breast, passed over his shoulders. To the back of the one on the right, hung a large quiver covered with

Section V. black velvet, and trimmed with silver braid; full of arrows, long and pointed with silver steel, they could easily be reached by the right hand. To the one on the left hung a red Morocco pouch, sufficiently long and broad to contain the lower part of the bow passing under his left arm. At his belt hung a richly-mounted Circassian sword, a two-edged *cama*, and a pair of long pistols. His companion, a nobleman also, but less celebrated, wore frock and pantaloons of blue cloth, with a narrow silver ribbon round the bottom of each, down the side of the latter, and round the top of his shoes. The upper part of his body, as also his weapons, were covered by the shaggy *bourka*, which he did not lay aside.

After the conquest of Anapa, Ghelendjik, and the deep valleys of the stream Hyderbey, were most coveted, though the czar was little aware of the sacrifices to be made in taking and maintaining them. From every rock and tree started an armed foe, fearful and formidable; and such have been met with at every step advanced into the Caucasus. By an ukase, in 1832, those who would settle here, were granted immunity from all taxes and military duty for twenty-five years. It soon, however, from necessity, became a mere *garnison* for soldiers. We here took leave of our fair Russian lady and her little Circassian slave.

Distant about fifteen miles from Ghelendjik, we passed Pchata, or Novatroisky, where we left a boat and a quantity of soldiers, destined for the fortifications there, but who came very near being upset in the surf, and with great labor reached the shore. Nineteen miles further on we passed another little Russian fortress called Sapsooga, or Tinginskoi, where we intended to have passed the night; but the roughness of the sea prevented our even coming to anchor. Necessity drove us on, and, after steaming about twenty-one miles more, we came to Tuabsy, or Villaminskoi, and at ten at night, found ourselves riding in smooth water.

Tuabsy.

In this port, in 1838, many vessels were destroyed by a furious storm which prevailed along the entire coast. Some sailors, thrown upon the beach, were taken prisoners; but were afterwards ransomed. Cattle were given in exchange for them, and sometimes money to the amount of one thousand silver rubles—the highest sum paid. Every year, vessels are wrecked on this coast, owing to there being, along its whole extent, only three harbors; so when a storm comes on suddenly, and the Russian mariners find themselves near these hostile shores, they give themselves up to despair, having little hope of escape.

This place, too, is one of the most famous—though insignificant, and but poorly defended—on

Section V. the Circassian coast, for the many attacks it has sustained from the natives, and for the gallant defence, which its garrison has recently made, to the great satisfaction of the Emperor. In November of last year, about seven thousand Abhazians attacked it; but were repelled with a loss of three hundred of their bravest soldiers. This number of men were found dead about the fortress; but as it is their custom to take with them in flight all the dead they can, it is reasonably supposed that many more fell on that memorable occasion. They came down stealthily at break of dawn, and burst upon the place like a tempest—with shouts and the clang of arms, which roared and echoed among the rocks, and valleys like crashing thunder. The Russians, who hold these places, know well the people in whose land they dwell; and it would seem that they never sleep. In this instance, the sentinels gave the alarm, and, almost as quick as given, every man was at his post, engaged in deadly conflict with a most fierce enemy. Hand to hand the struggle lasted, through long frightful hours, after which the attacking party retired to the mountains.

A Passenger. 20th. Rain poured heavily during the night, and as some peculiar circumstances occurred, not explained, we proceeded on at early light. The inclemency of the weather drove into the cabin a fair young woman who belonged among the deck pas-

sengers. Her mother was a Circassian, her father a Cossack. The sad expression of her face, her now diffident and tremulous manner attracted my attention, and I beckoned to her to come and examine the drawings I had made of some places along the coast. She looked at them without any emotion till she recognized the hills of Anapa, when she instantly clapped her hands, and a ray of wild delight seemed to rush from her soul and diffuse itself over her whole face; but instantly recollecting that she was with a stranger, she became pale, and did not smile again, and immediately went away when the storm abated. SECTION V.

This morning we passed the neat little town and fortress of Lazaroff (named after the distinguished Admiral), where we had some persons to land. We were, however, frustrated in this on account of the weather, so continued on to Galavinsky, a small place of which I also took a sketch. Its situation is extremely pleasing, being at the entrance of a valley overlooked by wooded hills, above which tower distant and more distant cliffs—lofty and more lofty, till snow and clouds veil them from sight. There are about five hundred soldiers here. It is in Oobeehy district, and was taken in 1839.

We are now running along the coast of Central Circassia, where the scenery becomes bolder and wilder. The thousands of hills and mountains Scenery.

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which stretch away into the interior, and form the strong adamantine breast work of this people, look as though an army of giants had pitched their vast tents here. As the cliffs grew more bold, the valleys appeared more fertile and pleasant; and sometimes we could look for miles up one of these, and see slope after slope, cultivated and beautiful, descending into its fair and gentle bosom, till at last some towering blue rock in the distance, shut out all further intrusive gaze, leaving one with half a conviction that beyond *that* was the vale of Paradise.

A Pole.

In 1846, Galavinsky was so heroicly defended against a most bold and systematic attack from the Circassians, that every officer who survived, received a decoration of honor, and every soldier a cross of St. George. The Circassians confess that they were led on by a Pole, and that he died (or was killed) because he was not victorious as he had promised to be. The Russians say that—"these cursed mountain robbers murdered him, believing he had betrayed them, though he had *led* their cavalry to the onslaught."

I cannot describe the boldness and beauty, the wildness, and majesty of the landscape which in quick succession, called up our earnest admiration as we sped along the coast. A solitary Circassian hut was here and there seen crowning some beet-

ling cliff, and then only a light wreath of smoke rising from the valley, betokened a habitation. Wherever we anchored, a band of natives,—armed as is the custom, whenever they leave home,—always gathered on the shore; but at a respectful distance from the town. They suddenly came before the sight as though the oaks and pines had turned to men, giving the impression, (and it has been found a very true one) that every foot of earth would be covered almost instantly as by magic, with fiery warriors, if the alarm fires should be lighted on the mountain tops.

Socha.

The next little fortress we passed and which seemed but the terminus of a cliff jutting out to sea, was Soocha or Novaginsky. This had also like the latter, been often attacked by the Circassians, but had always been successfully defended. When opposite the town, we discharged a heavy cannon, which was answered by two others from the fort. It was a private signal, and was understood to signify that owing to the roughness of the weather they could not send a boat to us to report to our General, but that all was well.

Gagra.

At half past six P. M., we passed Adlar or Sviatoydooh, and at nine arrived at Gagra. Here the water was so deep, and the cliffs so bold, that we lay close to the face of the rocks, and they seemed hanging their giant, sombre heights over our very

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heads. This place is surrounded by a stone wall, and has a garrison of about two hundred and fifty soldiers. Our stay here was short, and we proceeded to Pitsunda.

Southern Service.

21st. To day my attention was called by Lieutenant Anrep, to the very curious mixture of people by whom we were surrounded, remarking, which the facts before me corroborated, that the Russian service in the south, was composed mostly of foreigners. One of our officers is a Swede, another is of Grecian origin. One is a Circassian, three are Georgians, two are Germans, and one is a Scotchman. Only one has black hair. Their complexion is light, and they resemble in look and manner, the New Englanders. Young Anrep has a generous Saxon face and a hand and foot small enough for a girl of twelve.

Pitsunda.

It was midnight before we anchored at Pitsunda, and as we glided into the smooth waters of its safe and well sheltered harbor, the stars came out, and the snow-clad peaks* around as well as the deep beneath, reflected their brightness, while the solitude of a perfect desert brooded over every thing. One single light burned high up on a mountain side. It was probably the remains of a fire that had been kindled by some of the Abhazians to sleep by; for these people are peculiarly distrustful, and a band of them is never known to lie down

*See Appendix A.

when abroad, without the precaution to have their guns in their hands and so secured by the body, that they could not be removed without awakening the owner. When the fire is built, they form a circle round it, lying down on the left side, each resting his head on the legs of the one in advance of him, while the right hand clasps the lock of the gun, in a manner most ready for use.

The sun had but just risen large and red from the bosom of the waters, when Lieutenant Anrep and myself, went on shore to see this most interesting place. On our left stretched away a long beach bordered with magnificent trees, while on our right, were some gentle hills covered with verdure, and behind these, more lofty and irregular ones, overtopped by still more lofty peaks, whose sharp pointed, and regular outlines, were as purely white, as the beautiful pure white snow could make them,—and as they arose, cold but bright in their majesty, against the clear blue sky, their bases were tinged with a deep purple color, while over the top of the fog that lingered like a spirit on the deep, the tall green trees waved gracefully. We landed on a pebbly beach where the commander of the place, with a small body of soldiers, awaited the arrival of General Bourberh.

We found several boats drawn upon the shore; an Abhazian fisher-boy was at his task a little

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distance from us, and one or two small huts stood near. This was all we at first saw. From here the harbor was extremely beautiful, and after feasting our eyes on the scene, around which there rested a Sabbath-like stillness, we turned our steps towards the town. A few rods, brought us to a sandy, level country, covered with enormous pines, that sighed and rustled in the wind like those of our own dark groves; and brought vividly to mind a favorite path of my childhood, which led from my good old grandfather's mansion, to the village school. The solemn whisperings and wavings of these giants around me, now told upon my heart, as in days of yore. We continued on for about half a mile, and arrived at a little Russian settlement, so enveloped in trees, that the dwellings were hid from one another, rendering the place, I believe, unhealthy: indeed, many are the soldiers who die here. The situation is lovely, and even romantic, and may be to the inhabitants, "the happy valley of Rasselas," but the lowness of the land, and its moisture, which the thick foliage prevents being dried up by the sun and air, render it a fatal place—the visages of several I met there, confirming my opinion of its insalubrity.

Byzantine Church.

But that which renders this spot peculiarly sacred, is the half mysterious ruin of an old Byzantine church. It stands in the centre of half

an acre of ground, surrounded by a strong stone wall about fifteen feet high. In this there are also several other buildings, of the same style of architecture, and within a few rods of the church, one which may have been a chapel, and another, the priests' dwelling. Enormous grape vines, seeming the growth of centuries, stretch along from tree to tree. The temple large, its arches lofty, broad and strong, and its dome of brick, well preserved, except in one place, where a small hole has unfortunately been broken through, shows architectural taste and skill, which I did not expect to meet with in the stillness of this wilderness. It is in the form of a cross, and is composed of brick and square stone. On its western side there is a vestibule, at one end of which is a very little chapel ornamented with fresco paintings of the Crucifixion, the Descent and Repose, Mary being represented as kissing the Saviour's feet. Under the floor of this, is a neat stone grave, large enough for one body only, with niches at each end, as if for feet and head, while in the wall above, was a large sarcophagus, now partially destroyed. From the vestibule a very large door-way opens into the nave of the building, while on the right and left are three side aisles, separated from the nave by columns of brick; these extended to the transept. Over them are galleries for the women.

Section V. The chancel is separated from the nave by a wall about five feet high, on which rest ten small columns supporting an entablature. Within this, stands a square altar, still in some places encrusted with pure white marble, ornamented with a cross. On each corner there was a marble column, which probably supported a dome. Two of them are still standing, and the others though fallen, are there—which is much to be wondered at in this relique-seeking age—and remain as interesting mementos of the taste of a people long since passed away from these sacred precints. The dome and the walls had been painted in fresco, but are now so much defaced, that the design cannot be deciphered. Around the vestibule is a row of brick seats, and in the east end are five narrow, lofty pointed windows, as there are also in the end of the transept. Exteriorly on the north and south sides there was built out on arches, a kind of narrow portico. At the end of the south one, there stands a large marble column without capital, its base seeming to be much sunk in the ground. Its companion which is gone, doubtless formed with it the support of a handsome marble portico. This temple is said to have been built in the year 500. The priest of the district very courteously showed me around the place. He is of the Greek church; his expression noble, but he is suffering ill health: his tall and

A Priest.

erect form show that he was once a different man. His long black hair, hanging about his shoulders, his black mustaches and beard, his solemn black eyes and long robes, give him an air of strange distinction, and in any other station I should have thought him a mad genius. SECTION V.

Pitsunda was taken in 1830. There is stationed here another battalion of troops, besides some Cossack boatmen, who took us back to the steamer. At eight o'clock we were speeding on towards Bambora, where, on the shore, stands another ruin, said to date back two thousand years. A few houses are on the beach, and do not look very inviting, while the town like that of Pitsunda, is in the interior, at the distance of a mile and a half.

Abhazian Prince.

In the neighborhood resides the distinguished prince of Abhazia, Michael Shervashidzy, now Lieutenant General in the Russian service. He is a very politic man, and will doubtless turn to satisfactory account when occasion offers, his present apparent infidelity.

Sakoom-Kalé.

At half past five we were again *en route*, and at seven in the evening arrived at Sakoom-kalé. Its fortress was built by the Turks at the time of their great commercial relationship with this people, and has now a garrison of twenty-five hundred men. There reside here some Circassian traders from Abhazia, whose tribes are the renowned warriors of

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this coast. It was taken in 1810. Being bombarded from the sea, it soon surrendered, the Turks abandoning it precipitately. A portion of the soldiers remain in the town, others occupy a fortress on the mountain side one hundred and sixty feet above the former, and to which water is elevated, by means of ingenious machinery, from a stream in the valley.

Don Cossack Officer.

Here we received on board a gallant officer of the Don Cossacks. His costume consisted of a blue jacket ornamented with Circassian cartridge boxes; blue pantaloons, a wool bordered cap, a two edged *cama* and sword. His garments were richly trimmed with silver lace, while around his waist was a silver thread sash. He paid his respects to our general, who received him in a most affable manner; and their conversation, which continued for some time, related to the affairs of the fortress.

A road is now being constructed from this place to connect it with Redout-kalé, but it is an expensive work, as high and strong bridges have to be built across the valleys to be free from the floods of spring, which sweep along them with tremendous force.

About seven versts from here is a little village which belongs to another prince, who also holds rank in the Russian army, but does nothing. At a place called Calasoora, the merchants pay him two

or three thousand silver rubles a year, for the privilege of trading in this district: they are most all of them Turks and Armenians. S-kale has a large bay, sheltered from all winds except those from south to south west, and the water is very deep. The Turks come here for palm. Nearly all the large trees have massive grape vines growing beside them, evidently placed there to gain the support of their less erratic neighbors. Here also are found the pine, cedar, apple and pear, in a wild state. In Gargary, distant a few versts, the olive, fig, pomegranite, almond and walnut abound. Sakoom-kalé was attacked on August 25th, 1847, by the Abhazians and fifteen of their number were killed; but they took and carried away all the cattle belonging to the place. These however they restored, exchanging them for the dead. A conflict has recently taken place in which I was told two thousand Russians were slaughtered.

Trees and Fruits.

I examined the town only by night. On the left side of it stands the old and strong fortress of the Ottomans. The shore from there towards the right is lined with various buildings, sheds, huts, &c., over which, on higher ground, is a battery and row of neat-looking little dwellings, and beyond, the picturesque mountains of Sukoom.

22d. Archimchira, where the Duke Michael resides a part of the year, is a collection of little

Archimchira.

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wooden houses, a few being of two stories with balconies. These stand along the shore, and behind them stretches away a thick forest overlooked by irregular hills, in their turn brooded over by lofty mountains covered with snow. Two or three boats were on the shore, and the villagers had collected there also. The dwellings generally being tightly closed by wooden shutters, lacked the air of cheerfulness. The Duke's house is a little larger and better than the others, but not very attractive. The chimneys are built outside of its walls, and look unfinished and awkward; but he has in the interior of the country, a stone house which is said to be quite pretty, well furnished and large, compared with those of his neighbors.

Redaut-Kalè.

At ten o'clock we again got up steam and started for Redout-kalé, which is our port of destination, and from which I am to wind my way through the far famed valley of Georgia to the Caspian. I shall greatly regret my parting from Lieutenant Anrep, whose courtesy and kindness have remained unabated. Lieutenant Anrep has given me his address, and I have promised to send to him Bancroft's splendid History of the United States, which he will translate into the Russian language, and which I think him fully capable of doing, uniting as he does, an apt and sober judgment, with a love of literature.

At two o'clock we anchored off Redout-kalé, and immediately landed a large company of soldiers. The weather looking badly, and the roadstead not being very safe, there was an anxiety to despatch business and be off.

I was now to take leave of many pleasant acquaintances, and was to commence a new kind of travelling, and through a portion of country which had never been visited by any American. There was nothing inviting in the immediate prospect, for the whole coast appeared but an uninhabited wilderness. The mouth of the river we were to enter was partly closed by a sand bar, and only one house, which was low and of wood, was to be seen, while the country around seemed never to have been redeemed from its primeval state. The little town of Redout-kalé situated on the Khope, a mile or two from its mouth, we could not see from the vessel, as the intervening forest was higher than its low dwellings. There was not either any indication of business here, which might have been anticipated from its being one of the entrepots for the precious commodities of the East. A steamer, however, from Odessa, and two large vessels were anchored to the westward of us. That splendid range of Circassian mountains which we have coasted along for so many days, turn a little from their usual course a few leagues to the north-

Section V. ward of Redout-Kale, and stretch away in a more easterly direction for the Caspian. But the range can yet be seen — their snow-capped peaks mingling with the clouds.

Soon after our arrival, a large Turkish boat came along side, and it was chartered by my Georgian friend to take us and his carriage to the town. The vehicle was soon swung, hoisted, and then lowered over the side; but just before it reached the boat the gaff broke, and all the tackling, blocks, ropes, &c., fell upon the deck, while the carriage went into the boat with a frightful crash. No very serious damage was done, though those of us who stood under the hoisting apparatus came very near being killed by the broken spar.

Parting. I parted from my steamer acquaintances with much regret, for they had not ceased to bestow their daily attentions upon me; and for the hundredth time, found this bidding farewell to new and loved friends, one of the most bitter drops in the cup of the traveller. A government boat had always been placed at my disposal — information of every kind frankly communicated — the officers had been my untiring interpreters, and one had made my morning and evening tea a most agreeable pastime; and little transpired that did not tend to disprove the discourtesy, inhospitality, and jealousy of the Russians.

On entering the boat, a large sail was set, and

we swept furiously along towards the Khope. Our helmsman had a most villainous face, but his dress was studiously neat. He had a rich sash about his waist, and his crimson vest was fastened across his full breast by innumerable silk buttons. He watched with deep interest and pleasure the gliding of his little craft, which, like a bird, flew before the wind; he was a true Giaour.

A Giaour.

Just within the *embouchure* of the river were fifteen little low wooden houses, in one of which, at a glass window now swung open, stood an elderly female in Imeritian costume, and a young girl with face muffled up *a la Turque*. A few fishermen and soldiers were seen here and there, while low brushwood, instead of fruitful gardens, filled the back ground. We continued on up the river, which I should think would not exceed a hundred feet in width—occasionally having the gratification of greeting some familiar tree—the willow and the olive, with the vine interweaving itself among their branches. After about an hour's rowing we began to enter the suburbs of the village and soon found on either bank the houses compact as in a city. On the left, a street ran between them and the water, while on the right the verandas extended out over the river itself, rendering them delightful places of resort in a summer's evening. As we reached the landing the sun was just setting, and though sur-

River Khope.

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rounded by the rudest dwellings, the scene reminded me of the canals of Venice.

We had passed the whole length of the town in search of some species of an hotel, and finally returned to the private house of a Georgian bachelor where we were very kindly received, and all of ourselves, and baggage, soon stowed away in one room. A poor candle, on a poor table, gave us but a sombre idea of things, so we stepped to the veranda, where one of the sweetest pictures we could have looked upon was before us—the full moon coming up afar out of the bed of the stream, throwing a long band of light on the water, now as smooth as a mirror.

The situation of Redout-Kalé is low, and I should judge that it is very unhealthy. It is the principal town in the district of Mingrelia. The effect of its position is pleasing, though the houses are all one story high, with roofs projecting so as to form the covering for the verandas, with which nearly all are provided, being protected on the water side by a *garde de fou.* Many of the houses have doors only, and no windows, in front. The buildings on the side where we are, and which stand partly over the stream making them very convenient for loading and unloading merchandize, have their main entrance on a broad street which runs parallel with the river the length of the town. On

this are all the retail shops, which exhibit a variety of articles suitable for the maintenance of poor villagers. Among the prominent things which arrested my attention were fine apples, crude white cheese, and hog skins filled with wine.

A Georgian.

The young man from Georgia, at whose house we are sojourning, is of the Armenian religion. He is quite handsome. His dress consists of very large blue pantaloons, and a fancy calico frock reaching nearly to the knees. About his waist is a dark leather bealt, beautifully ornamented with chased silver plates. On his feet are red slippers, and on his head a high conical sheep-skin cap, the black wool being outside, and curled and dressed so nicely as to look as well as an English hat. This, however, is the most unbecoming part of his costume. When he goes into the street he puts on a black merino frock, or sack, having sleeves twice as long as his arm, though not often used for covering it, the half from the shoulder down, not being sewed up, though the lower part is so made that when drawn on, the upper portion falls gracefully over it.

A Supper.

At a late hour supper was brought. It consisted of chicken soup, very acid; next, stewed meat with rice; then bread and cheese with black roe; then another stew with livers, hearts, &c. Two huge jars of red native wine were placed on the table; but no water; for every body, rich and poor, drinks

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the juice of the grape and nothing else; and intemperance does not exist. We presented to our host and his friend, who waited on us, a tumbler of wine. They took off their caps, and with great deference drank our healths; but they could not be prevailed upon to sit in our presence, as they deemed it disrespectful to their guests.

Our House.

The building we occupy has, on the street, one large room for the sale of merchandize and for storage: the one behind it is also large, and from it extends a hall opening on the balcony. On one side of this passage way is our room, and opposite are a bed room and a kitchen. I visited each, and, in the latter, was amused at the primitive method in which our supper was preparing. A chicken with a stick stuck through him was being held over the fire which was built in the centre of the room on a quantity of bricks and clay, placed there for the purpose. I could not see that the smoke had any chance to escape; in fact, there was so much of it, that it nearly suffocated me, and I was glad to retreat from the presence of a man who could not find any method of cooking more economical both of time and labor.

The walls of our apartment were ornamented with a small mirror, a handsome Circassian pistol and gun, a tamborine, a mandolin without strings, one of those pointed Caucasian hoods, before des-

cribed, several Georgian vestments, and a portrait of a venerable Greek bishop, with numerous decorations of honor on his breast, rings on his fingers, and at his chin, a long full beard, white as snow. Our window, of six small squares of glass, overlooked the river. On the sill were two Turkish glass-bulb pipes with long flexible stems. We had one table, but no chairs; so we sat on the side of the bed, or on an iron frame with wooden bottom, and a divan made of empty boxes covered by woollen rugs. The absence of chairs is accounted for from the fact that the Georgians, like the Turks, sit cross-legged on divans, or on the floor, and would find chairs quite uncomfortable. Of bed coverings there were none; for as the barbarous custom of sleeping in one's clothes prevails to a great extent throughout this region, such articles are dispensed with, and one's cloak must serve for sheets, blankets, counterpanes, &c. With such as we had, and thankful that we were not worse off, we stretched ourselves out for the night.

23d. We were awakened this morning by a heavy rain which beat on the roof, the sound not being intercepted by any ceiling. The bad weather has continued through the day, and prevented our leaving for the interior. I do not regret it, for having added to the cold of which I had reason to complain, my health seems yielding to a frightful cough

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that racks my frame and fatigues me, as would the fast climbing a steep hill.

General Bourbehr and suite started on horseback through mud and rain, for Tiflis. He is a man of much energy of character, but confesses that, owing to the extreme badness of the roads, he expects to encounter much that is arduous, if not dangerous.

Shops.

I have amused myself a little by looking at the shops and their contents, and the people and their costumes, which are as various as are the nations of the East. The former, as I have said, are all very low, a man's head being as high as many of the columns which support the roof as it descends over the veranda; and there are often gathered there people enough to carry off bodily the entire building. The roofs are pointed and shingled indifferently.

Archbishop Aprem.

The portrait which I have mentioned as in our room, is a likeness of the Armenian archbishop, Aprem, who, I was told, was one of the most learned, benevolent and pious men of the age. He at one time bought with his own money, the liberty of five hundred prisoners who had been taken in war by the Turks. He spent eight years in the East Indies, where are to be found many of his own nation, of whom I myself knew one there, the most beautiful of any of the human race I ever gazed on.

New acquaintance.

24th. This morning I presented a letter of introduction I had from a gentleman in the Crimea, to his relative, a rich Greek merchant of this place. He received me with the best expressions of kindness, and wished me immediately to take up my residence with him, he being a bachelor and alone. He took me to his room, which, like ours, looked out on the river, ordered coffee and a pipe. The apartment was furnished more richly than others I had seen, and was neat. One end was partly covered with black velvet, against which hung a handsome Circassian knife, and richly mounted pistols. His costume was purely Grecian, his expression lively and amiable; and, through my interpreter, he made himself very agreeable. On leaving, he bade me promise that if I ever visited that place again, I would come and make my abode with him.

The Phasis.

The Mingrelians whom we had hired to take us to Marâne, at the head of navigation on the Phasis, now called the Rion, have all day been preparing the boat, luggage, &c., for our departure. The boat, made of three planks, forming the bottom and two sides, is canoe-shaped, and about thirty feet long, and only wide enough for two persons to sit in abreast. In the after part, the boatme nhave nailed on each side, pliable sticks, and so bent and fastened them together, as to form an arch over

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head. These they have covered with bark mats, secured by poles laid along them, and tied down by bark strings. This is to be, for several days, at least, our sleeping, dressing, eating and baggage room, and to all appearances we shall find it as uncomfortably confined as imaginable. But who would regard such trifles, when he feels that he is floating in that famed stream where the renowned Argonauts in that remarkable and seemingly fabulous Grecian expedition, obtained the golden fleece! Who would care whether he was sitting on a costly couch, or on his leather valise, if he but gazed on the memorable shores of Colchis, whose consecrated grove concealed the woolly coating of that famous ram which bore Helle, the fair daughter of Nephele, far from the bloody designs of her step mother, Ino! Who would care whether he was in a palace or a canoe, when conscious of being surrounded by the very scenes, hills, woods and valleys, which echoed to the lyre of Orpheus — to the voice of his prayers to the Samothracian deities; the footsteps of Castor, Peleus, Hercules and numerous others of the most valiant of Thessaly, who generously accompanied Jason in his memorable voyage! Is it not enough, to forget all else, to be by the banks where the sacred Argo was moored, and where Medea loved and saved her lover! Well, we are now where Medea's father reigned — where

the fine Sardonian linen was made, and where silver palaces gorgeously glistened in the light; — where all had ivory furniture, and every table was loaded with vessels of gold, though a wild forest covers the earth from which sprung the armed host, when the serpent's teeth of Cadmus were sown in the furrows turned by the ploughshare of adamant, drawn by the wild, fire-breathing bulls of Vulcan. — To-night we shall enter those far-famed waters, — the Phasis:

During the day we had procured a large quantity of provisions, such as bread, cheese, sausages, tea and sugar; and as my companions had abandoned their northern costume, and donned that of the natives, I, too, purchased a Circassian cap, which had the appearance of being the most comfortable thing in the world. It is made of dark blue cloth, is oval and fits the head closely, has four silver cords running from the top to the border, which consists of a very thick mass of black, shining, silky goat's hair, falling about the neck and shoulders. Having this, I sent my hat on board with the baggage, and when I next saw it, its shape was unlike any thing that Mr. Mills of Broadway, originally had designed. Being spoiled, I threw it into the stream; making the virtue of necessity, a kind tribute from the New World of which the Argonauts had never dreamed.

Circassian Cap.

SECTION V.

It was four o'clock before our boat swung off. We left our host seated, cross-legged, on a mat on the floor, eating from a dish of meat that sat before him, and pouring out often from the huge jug that had adorned our table. We had but started when the rain poured again in torrents, and before we reached the mouth of the river, the weather had become tempestuous and dark, so much so that our boatmen considered it dangerous to pass out into the sea through which, for about twenty versts, we had to coast, in order to enter the Helle-haunted stream which we were to ascend. Fortunately, at this juncture, a large government barge, manned by those able Don Cossack boatmen which are so celebrated for their activity and skill, was returning from a vessel in the roadstead. My colonel hailed its officer and requested his aid. The boat, though it had shot by us like an arrow, returned, and an offer of money was made, which, with the official station of my companion, had the desired effect, and they immediately took us in tow. The deepest of darkness had gathered around us when we felt the angry waves of the Euxine tossing our little bark, and every instant periling our lives; but the Cossacks commenced a very cheerful song, which they continued, with little intermission, to the end of their task. It aided them in rowing, and was a far pleasanter sound than that of the beating rain

Boating.

and the rush of water on the shore. The Mingrelians occupied themselves in steadying and balancing our boat, to keep her from swamping.

TOUR TO THE CAUCASUS.

PART II.

TOUR TO THE CAUCASUS.

SECTION I.

About ten o'clock we reached the Phasis. It appeared broader, and more turbulent and turbid, than I had anticipated. Its banks on either hand did not appear, through the obscurity, very prominent, but covered with trees and under-brush. We soon came to the fortress of Poti, situated on our right, where a few soldiers only are stationed, but which must some day be a place of great importance. Here our fifteen Cossacks left us, and for a long distance our own men kept time to the song of the retreating soldiers of the Don. We continued now, alone, till midnight, when we drew to the shore, where there appeared to be a village or group of poor huts, and sent our servant to ascertain if a place could be found wherein we could sleep and make our tea. After about a quarter of an hour the man returned with the good news that

Scene on Shore.

SECTION I.

he had succeeded in his mission. We all now hurried to land in Guria, a district as famous here for its beauties as any in the mountains. My first step was into a canoe half full of water, my second into the mud almost knee deep, and my twenty or thirty succeeding ones into a dirty, unpaved lane, bordered by the plank walls of two sheds or houses. The one on the left had its door still open. In the centre of the room, on the earth floor, was a large fire, around which were gathered five or six half-clad, miserable-looking Caucasians, drinking and carousing. The glare of the light on their haggard faces. and their dingy, naked bodies, made them seem, perhaps, more dangerous and pitiable objects than they really were; so I hurried on after my guide, who showed me to the opposite side, where I at once entered, glad to get any shelter from rain and mud. But here, too, I was sickened by the wretched beings who attracted my sight. In the centre of the little room was a fire, and very near to it, on some planks, were two men sleeping in their rags and partly covered with the *bourka*. On the bare floor lay a man and a bloated, idiotic-looking boy. They got up and spread a bark mat for us to sit on and some rude wooden stools, and went to work to heat water for tea, while our servant brought in our provisions for supper. Sick, and more sickened at the degradation before me, I could

not eat, but I gave some bread to the boy, who, in thanks, placing his hand upon his forehead, bowed reverently almost to the ground.

During the repast, the Colonel explained to the host, that I was from America. His eyes dilated with astonishment, and he said: "What cloud of heaven could have dropped him in such a place as this;" and I could with propriety have ejaculated, *amen*. They watched me thereafter with great curiosity. After the meal, arrangements were made for sleep, for it was now two o'clock. Our preparations amounted to wrapping ourselves up in our cloaks, putting the stools under our heads, and our feet to the fire, and stretching ourselves out amid dirt and squalid wretches; thus all, save myself, were soon asleep.

Illness

I was at least grateful even for this retreat from the storm, for my cold had increased in asperity, and the exposure to the midnight air, now damp and chilly, had thrown me into a most violent fever which was burning me up, and my head seemed about to fly asunder with throbbing pain. Novelty, excitement, hope each day of being better, and a desire not to detain my companions, prevented my explaining to them my illness, and urged me on; but now I felt too sick to proceed further, and I laid down almost certain that I should never, alive, leave the poor hut. Then, in the agony of my

Section I. heart, I called aloud on the name of one far away — my sweet Aluine — one who would watch by my side, and would not tire or weary, in striving to make me well — one very dear to me, whose friendship is more precious than life — one who, if I err not, bathes, too, her pure, intelligent spirit in the deep fount of human affections, and lives in, and breathes the same atmosphere of thought and feeling as myself. In delirious dreams of her, and in intense pain, I passed the long hours; but, ere my companions slept, I made them promise that if any thing serious happened to me on the journey, they would send this, my journal, to our consul in *cara Genova*, that he and his dear family with whom I had passed so many happy months in enchanting Italy, might know my fate. Oh, how sad was the thought that I might die amid strangers. It recalled vividly to mind the melancholy fate of my only and very dear brother, and that kind and tender expression I had often heard from the lips of the Hindoos — "May you die amongst your kindred." Thus passed my first night on the banks of the Phasis.

Homœpathy. 26th. Wednesday night, as I have said, passed sadly enough away, and when in the morning I saw my companions making preparations to start, I felt that I could not accompany them. Aroused, however, by the idea of being left sick, in such

a wretched place, I resorted to my Homœpathic medicine, with which I had provided myself, and in a few hours dragged myself to the boat. The rain had ceased, but a heavy wind was against us and we made very slow progress, keeping near the irregular, reedy banks so as to avoid the current. Rocked by the boat, wrapped in my cloak and soothed by my medicine, I fell asleep under our bark tent, and continued thus till midday, when the violence of the wind obliged us to stop. We had made but very little headway during the morning toil, and now fastened our boat to the limb of a tree, and disembarked where the sun lay pleasantly, and had dried the earth and the leaves wet by the late rain. Our cloaks, carpets, provisions &c. were soon brought up the bank, the under brush was cut away, a fire built, and arrangements were made for eating and sleeping. A dense forest encircled us, and except the rushing of the wind, there reigned that same deep stillness which filled the primeval age.

Falling Tree.

Over our heads rocked a huge tree that had been partly undermined by the washing away of the bank. Its head, gray and bare, arose high above all the others, and its thousand branches creaked to the blasts. A hundred children had grown up around it and linked their tender arms with those of their aged parent, as if striving to support and

Section I.

retain him always among them; but the tempest was too strong; his time had come, and after trembling an instant, as if struggling with his fate, he yielded to the elements, and with a groan, a terrific crash, his branches stretched aloft as if in supplication, he swept with frightful force through the air, and in an instant was buried in the stream. It afforded me a pleasing reflection, even though I felt that I might myself be soon cast into the same waters, but without any kindred to lend aid to save me.

The group we formed — our Mingrelians — the tall figure of the colonel, clad in half-military, half-barbaric dress, some reclining, some stalking to and fro, all well armed; the forest, the river; the boat, — would have made a pleasing subject for a picture, though to me all was alike gloomy.

Encampment.

Towards evening an attempt was made to proceed, but it was in vain; and we soon returned to pass the night on the spot from which we started. There a fire was again built, and our men prepared their supper, which consisted of dried fish and boiled millet, while my companions laid themselves on the ground. I remained on board, passing another night in the fire of a fever and with cruel throbbing of my head.

This morning at six o'clock all came on board, and we got under weigh and proceeded on for three

hours with considerable success, but a sudden turn in the river brought us in face of the wind, which with the rapid current, numerous snags &c., caused us again to stop and land. The medicine that I took last night has somewhat abated my fever, but I am yet too ill to enjoy even being on these romantic, historic-wreathed banks; yet I sit down by the side of a native of the land, — all of our company having gone in search of a house, which the boatmen say is not far off, — to write up my journal, my illness having interrupted that duty for a day or two.

When my companions returned, they were accompanied by a Caucasian, who brought two chickens, a boy and a dog. He had a long two edged *cama* at his belt, a gun swung at his back, and was altogether a rude, but a well clad and manly specimen of the *genus homo*. Two of the boatmen swung the kettle to cook their millet, the two others roasted the fowl on the points of sticks *a la mode kalĕ*, while the young Georgians struck off into the forest in search of English walnuts, which abound here, and which they found. We had encamped on a spot somewhat cleared and that evidently had been inhabited by those who knew the value of wine, for enormous grape vines, like those at Pitsunda, were growing near every tree, and twining themselves with every branch.

Section I. On Shore. As far as my health would permit, I wandered about in search of some signs of an ancient edifice, a temple, dwelling or anything interesting, but was wholly unsuccessful.

During our stay, three more natives joined our company for awhile. They were all armed like the one last mentioned, were of fine stature, handsome, and looked as if they might grace a palace. They wore the hood and Circassian bourka, and at a little distance, had an extremely threatening appearance; but on a nearer view, they appeared without shoes and not very cleanly. Their gait was like that of our Indians.

Evening. Again on our way, evening came in as calm as sleep. Not a breath of air was stirring. The willows drooping from the verdant banks hung their slender leaves in the water; wild fowl were floating about us; a mellow sunset threw a pleasant light over the scene, and for the first time, the Phasis looked like the fair fabled stream of which I had read.

At nine o'clock our boat was fastened by poles to a muddy bank, so steep that we found it difficult to ascend. Above it we arrived at a kind of farm house, and near it a guest house in which we were allowed to make ourselves at home, and where we were heartily welcomed by the proprietor. A fire was built in the centre of the room, and tea was

made, which refreshed us all. Our host, a noble looking Caucasian, made us millet cake, and would have done more to cheer us, but my companions chose to sleep. I did not join them in this, for as we were to start again at midnight, I preferred walking or sitting on a bench, reserving my repose till a cleaner place could be found.

I hope to be able to decipher my pencillings now, made by this dim fire-light. At twelve o'clock I awakened the nappers and we were soon affloat; then I fell into a sound, refreshing sleep, which lasted till broad day-light. Our progress was very slow, for thousands of snags, truuks of trees and branches projected from the water and the banks, which we carefully avoided, though we kept always near the shore to enable the men to push the boat along with poles, and to use only occasionally their paddles. During the forenoon, we came to another halt and found that we were at the residence of one of our boatmen, who seemed to have selected the spot because there was no one else to occupy it. After ascending the high bank he conducted us a distance of about an eighth of a mile, across a very level piece of ground covered with short grass and overshadowed by huge walnut trees, at whose roots grew the grape vine, and whose branches supported its thousand of shoots. On arriving at his home where were two huts made of hewn

Section I. planks, we were led to the unoccupied guest-house — there being several women in the other — the boatman's wife and sisters — which of course excluded us from its hallowed precincts, without especial license. Here we prepared our usual dinner aided by our officious host, and then started again; but the violence of the wind obliged us to return. We were now permitted by the courtesy of the females themselves, — who, as we were unfortunate travellers, yielded something of their national prejudices to enter the dwelling house, which I have called a hut. It consisted of one room, with only the earth for a floor. On each side were wide plank divans, which served for beds and seats. The walls were about seven feet high and supported a pointed roof, without any ceiling, The fire was made in the centre of the room, and the smoke escaped through the crevices, the planks being far apart. There were no windows.

Dwellings.

A Caucasian Family.

The family whom we found in this primitive establishment, consisted of a mother and two grown up daughters, two small children, and a young married woman. They all had their faces tied up like the Turkish women, leaving nothing of them visible except the eyes. We seated ourselves on the divan opposite to them, and after a while, noticing that we were harmless and unobtrusive, they allowed their face-bandages gradually to fall

off, and by evening their features were no longer concealed. The scarf, however, which they had used about the face, still remained on the head, and was now left to fall carelessly over the breast; but as the neck of the dress was cut something in the style of those worn in the time of Louis XVI., and left open in front down to the waist, it did not wholly conceal that full, enchanting development of form which Nature has oftener richly lavished on the poor than on the affluent, and which here, from being studiously, religiously covered when their possessors are abroad, had all the delicacy of the lily. Their skirts made of ordinary blue muslin, were long, but from the sound of their steps, I knew their feet were bare; and at night, just before retiring, when they washed them, which they all did with care, I noticed they were dirty and not very small. I also observed, and they took no great pains to avoid observation, that they wore pantaloons of dark calico, which with the frock and coarse chemise of *bez* seemed to constitute the whole of their costume. The two younger, though not pretty, had none of that gross vulgar look which so characterises the poor Irish and Savoyards I have met with in travelling. Nature had endowed them all with a refined and intellectual expression, and education and common advantages only were wanting to make them truly

Section I. interesting. The married woman was of better form than the others, and had a large oval face of a most perfect model, and such as is seldom seen except among the Armenians. Her forehead though partially covered by her scarf or handkerchief, was beautifully smooth and white, showing to great advantage her dark eyebrows, as delicately arched as if executed by a master's pencil. Her eyes were large and perhaps brilliant; they were at least liquid, from the smoke which constantly filled the hut.

The occupation of the family appeared to be this: The men are much of the time on the river, carrying down produce and passengers; but when at home, cultivate the grape, — making a common red wine,—planting and gathering millet. In time of war, though friendly to the Russians, they buckle on their arms, assemble under the banner of their clan, and may be seen lighting the watch-fires at night, creeping stealthily along some ravine to reconnoitre the enemy's lines, or to pick off the Giaour with a rifle ball.

The women, when not occupied in frightening the hens and pigs as they rushed in at one door and out at another, or in stewing small beans and
Spinning making millet cakes, are spinning thread. The latter occupation is a pastime to them, and they work very gracefully. The wife, thus engaged, as

she sat on a low stool near the fire, directly opposite me — a position she had taken early in the evening — had thrown off something of the timidity with which he had at first welcomed us, though she could not overcome a pleasing diffidence which accompanied all she did, before so many strange guests. She held the flax high up in her left hand, causing the sleeve to fall back from the arm — delicately and fairly turned, and gracefully curved, so as to carry the thread over to the right side, where the right hand had come up to meet it after giving the bobbin the necessary twirl. When the two were beautifully wreathed over her head, she never neglected to look out archly from under them. It was but a glance, and modesty instantly drew the long lashes over those lights of the soul, which an instant sufficed to show, were illumined by other thoughts than those her task induced. But, lest you should fall in love with this picture, let me add that she wiped her nose with her sleeve. Here were poverty, ignorance and natural loveliness, which excused much. At least, I felt sad that the lot of such a creature was cast in such a wilderness. SECTION I.

To bake the millet, a large stone two feet in diameter, hewn into the form of a dish, was turned bottom up over the fire and heated. The dough was then put into it, and covered over with green Customs.

SECTION I.

leaves, on the top of which were piled live coals. In this rude way, we were soon supplied with an agreeable addition to our boiled chicken, as we sat down about eight o'clock in the evening to eat supper, with wooden spoons and our fingers. Here, also, we found the jar of wine a necessary accompaniment; for whatever may be the poverty of the people, they do not seem to think that water is made to drink; it was always brought however, to wash in; the custom of bathing the hands before meals being universal. The want of a table was supplied by a long, clean board kept for the purpose. This was placed on low stools before us, and on it before each person, was deposited a huge piece of the cake. Pieces of boiled mutton were passed around in the same way, and finally the famed Circassian drink, the *boza*, made of fermented millet seed and honey, yet anything but palatable. Soon after supper, all but myself and *Madame*, retired to rest on the hard divans covered solely by mats, no one taking off any article of clothing. The two unmarried girls and mother lay near the door, with the two children at their feet. The husband and wife came next, she placing herself between him and the wall. He fell asleep, however, before she laid down; for, confident I should find but little repose, I did not hurry to my dubious bed, and she, not thinking it polite

to leave a guest alone, remained up. Fearing that I might weary her, I soon spread my cloak, took off my boots and threw myself upon the planks. The fire still burned on the floor, and gave the only light which had illuminated the dingy apartment; but after the fair Mingrelian had bathed her feet and ensconced herself behind her lord and master, it became faint, and the next I saw was that of Saturday morning.

All the family seemed now quite contented with our presence, and I doubt not if we had remained a few days with them, we could have suggested and made so many improvements in their method of living that they would have been loath to part with us. As it was, they accompanied us to the banks of the stream after we had breakfasted with them, and remained there and watched us till we were out of sight. As the weather was still boisterous, the wife showed much anxiety for the welfare of her husband, and as we pushed off into the stream, she seemed to be lost in prayer. It was a strangely mild and touching scene to associate with the wilderness that was around us.

In the afternoon we arrived at the house of another of our boatmen. Here we were immediately presented to the family, which consisted of two women, a little girl and numberless little children. Each of the former had their foreheads

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partly concealed, but they did not cover any other portion of the face. The beauty of the mistress of this dwelling, which was in all respects like the last described, again struck me with astonishment, and on remarking it to my Georgian colonel, he said: — "You will find all the women here, — even the very poorest, — extremely handsome." Her form and features were exactly those which I conceive must have been the models of those ancient Grecian statues, which have through so many ages fascinated the world by their harmony and justness of proportions — that undefinable union of perfections which can be felt but never analyzed.

From what people, I asked myself a hundred times, can these poor, barefooted creatures have descended to have inherited such beauty. Their origin, indeed, is mere conjecture. Some for various good reasons suppose them to be of Egyptian, while others are confident they are of Grecian progenitors. From their classic features I should incline to the latter opinion, but from their early history, manners and habits, I should believe in the former. There are some arguments, too, in favor of their Persian origin, which, if I deemed it in keeping with a work of this kind, I should be glad to bring forward; but I have already, in several places, gone, I fear, too far into historic detail to make those portions of the book interesting to the general reader.

The family received us without embarrassment, and I may say with grace and seeming satisfaction, and made immediate preparations, in their rude way, to give us something to eat. The master of the house was about forty years of age, extremely homely, and severe looking; while the most docile and interesting expression—in perfect accordance with her small, delicate form and classic face—characterised this Imeretian Venus, his youthful wife. The latter was holding a little child in her arms as we entered. She gazed intently on us for an instant, then bowed her head very low, slowly and solemnly, as a salutation. She then stood gracefuly erect, and with that natural delicacy which prompts all women on whom Nature has stamped her unmistakable seal of refinement, to conceal certain portions of their person, she hastened to draw together her dress over the right breast, where a large hole had been worn, evidently by the infant being carried on that side. Her frock was long, made high in the neck, but open thence in front to the waist. When she so gathered it up in one place as to satisfy her modesty concerning that portion of her bosom, it opened widely in the centre. She then hastily drew it back again and after trying the experiment several times and finding it impossible to cover both of Love's lurking places at once, she aban-

Imeretian Venus.

Section I. doned affairs to their ordinary course. Her head was tied around with a handkerchief, from under which her dark hair fell in long braids down to her girdle. The head-dress, pantaloons, and blue cotton frock appeared to be all the articles of dress she had on. When told by the colonel that she was pretty, she hid her face in her hands and laughed immoderately. Her husband and sister-in-law, the other woman present, appeared of another race; but I could not learn of what; none of them could read or write. The little boys and girls patting about the earth floor, had plenty of rags on their shoulders, but their legs were naked. A cradle attracted my attention. It consisted of a short board swung to a horizontal pole, supported at each end by upright sticks. On this cradle was lashed another contented baby. I must not forget the sweet, active, little creature, about twelve years of age, who mixed the millet-dough for the cake, and then attended the baking. She was beautiful, like her own eldest sister, and was offered to me as a present if I would take her with me—her brother-in-law, our boatman, seeing the admiration with which I regarded her. He said that as there was a large and growing family of them, and as they were very poor, they would willingly part with her, believing that she would be infinitely better off if I would condescend to be her protector than

An Offer.

she could be if she remained there: for, continued he: "what can she expect — what is there to look forward to, but to become the wife of some poor rude boatman like myself, and always live in poverty. He would not *sell* her, he said, for he was not like most of the Circassians, but he would *give* her to me if I would be kind to her.

Encampment in Imeretia.

After our repast we again put off, but the snags increased, and our progress was slow. We reached, however, the district of Imeretia, and at night again halted and went on shore. There were no houses. We made a fire in the edge of the forest, boiled some eggs, and after an hour or so sitting in the smoke, my companions laid themselves on the ground and went to sleep. I returned and remained in the boat, it being a better shelter for me than the woods.

28th. Almost recovered from my severe illness, with thankful and cheerful heart, my steps are still eastward, though my thoughts hourly turn back to those left far behind me. Neighboring mountain scenery now begins to give new interest to our journey. The Georgian range of the Caucasus rises on our left, snow-capped, and towering loftily; while on our right, approaching the stream, are some gentle wooded hills and valleys overtopped by the Turkish Alps, which, though appearing near, are scores of leagues distant.

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At ten o'clock in the morning we again disembarked on account of a strong wind, and remained all day on the bank, in the edge of the woods. One of our men started off, and in a few hours returned with several natives, who brought us fowl and eggs. These Imeretians neither wear hat nor cap, but instead, a thick circular piece of woollen cloth notched out at the sides, about the size of one's two hands, fastened by a string passed under the chin. In other respects their dress and arms are like those of the Circassians already described.

My Georgian companion says that all the people in this neighborhood are thieves and plunderers, and that the officers of their government are the same. While expressing his indignation we were startled by footsteps, and a native rushing through the forest in pursuit of a lamed hawk passed by. He soon returned, and in deepest sorrow, related his loss. "It would be worth," said he, "two hundred rubles, as they are easily trained to catch the pheasant which abounds here; but fortune is only with the Giaour."

A Hawk.

A tribe of the Lesghians, we are told, are in our neighborhood. They are deemed the most wakeful, watchful, and treacherous of all the mountaineers. Their district is nearer the Caspian where they united with several other tribes about seventeen years ago — tribes they were formerly at war

with, and have consequently become to the Muscovites very formidable enemies. Their villages, I am told, unlike most others, are generally protected by stone towers which have in them small apertures through which the soldier guard showers arrows and balls on the invaders. Colonel Carganoff was a prisoner among them for six months. He had for the whole time scarcely food enough to maintain life; no clothes, and only a mat to lie on.

Much of the land along this region of the Phasis belongs to a Madam Gamba — an inheritance from her father, once a French consul, who, at a mere nominal value purchased it for the wood that grew on it. The daughter is now extremely rich, and lives like a princess near Cutais, a village in our route.

Along these banks, as on the Ganges, there are no stones; they are as scarce as are the ordinary comforts of life; and, I would here add, that all persons not used to exposure and hardships, had better avoid this journey. If, however, one could be sure of fair winds and weather, and had beds and provisions, and pleasant companions with him, he might find it one of the most fascinating trips the world can afford. I can imagine, too, that I might very easily become attached to this people, their wild country and their simplicity of life. I should like to stay awhile at one of these native

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houses, and fix it up, as we, Yankees, say — build a chimney to it; turn out the hogs, hens, children, chickens, dogs and dirt; make a neat flower garden, in front or rear, surrounded by a neat fence; have chairs, tables, beds, and candles in the room, and teach its occupants to *endure* neatness, and *suffer* comfort.

29th. Started this morning at early light without breakfast. Our men worked hard against the stream till night, when we arrrived at a village, as they called it, consisting of three huts. In one of these, occupied by two old, very large, rough-looking men and a pet goose, we found shelter, some wine, eggs, and a fire. After our repast — the only one during the day — my companions laid down on the board seats, and I went on board the boat to sleep.

The scenery during the day had been more picturesque than usual. The Radjinsky mountains arose around us, and the shores were more variegated in their verdure and outline.

A Lesghian.

When twilight was gathering over the valley a fiery horse swept along the banks, and halted as he came opposite us. He did not stop of his own accord, but his rider, a Lesghian chief, drew in the rein, and beckoned us to land. The colonel knowing this people too well to trust them, ordered the boatmen to continue. The horseman gazed a few

moments at us, then whirled his beast suddenly around and dashed into the forest. The boatmen nodded their heads knowingly, and seemed to think he might return with a reïnforcement, but we saw no more of him. He knew we were not Russians.

A Picture.

30th. Still on the Rion! Long shall I remember the fatigues of this tour. In starting this morning, one of the huge old men, with whom we supped last night, came down to the landing, got into his canoe and paddled after us. He continued thus a short distance, then struck off to the opposite shore. His giant form looked strangely enough as he stood in the frail, diminutive skiff. It did not fail to recall the fables of *Charon* crossing the Stygian ferry; and I shall as soon forget one as the other.

Fight on Shore.

About eleven o'clock, the day being exceedingly fine, three of the Georgians and our servant walked on shore, being fatigued by long confinement to the boat. The servant being in advance saw some eight or ten men sitting around a fire. He approached them and asked the distance to the village of Marane, when they immediately attacked him with clubs. He resisted till his master came up, when part of them fled into the woods, while one or two remained and fought for some time against the old gentleman and the young man, the former of whom was armed with a stick, and the latter with a Circassian knife. Those of us in the boat were push-

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ed along so close under the bank, which was high, that we were unable to see the contest; but as soon as we heard the noise we jumped on shore, and climbing to the plateau, were in a moment on the battle field. At my belt was a revolver, which I had donned immediately on leaving the Euxine; the colonel solicited its use. I handed it to him, but ere he could get an opportunity to discharge it, our enemies had all disappeared. Exceedingly enraged, the old official rolled out volumes of indignant words against the Lesghine; then seizing a large earthen jar of wine which had been left by the worsted party, he proceeded to put out the fire with it, then smashed the vessel on the heap and departed. Whether any of the enemy were wounded or not I could not learn, but my young friend with the knife seemed to think that he had killed a considerable number of them. The object of their attack might have been to plunder our boat; but I was disposed to think that the quarrel arose from some impudence of the servant soldier. It was, however, to say the least, unpleasant to meet with such company in these forests.

After this I continued on shore with my friends, and as we walked fast, it seemed that we should soon reach the base of some lofty mountains in the distance, southward. In remarking it to the colonel, he said: — "We shall not reach them to-day,

for they are about a hundred miles off; but they have a peculiar interest to me, for I received this decoration which I always wear, for storming those very heights in 1828. I fought, too, in the trenches for twenty-four hours, and we won the whole of this intervening country; but when victory was ours, I fell to the earth from extreme exhaustion, and was left for some time as dead."

Swine.

We passed a large number of swine. The owner went before and called them, and they hurried after him; but he did not trust solely to their natural affection for him, and so had a man to follow, lest some of them should make detours on their own private account. Soon they were driven down the bank and into the river; then one little one was seized and tied into a boat with the drivers, who paddled out after the herd. The little one was then, by pinches and kicks, kept squealing so as to frighten those in the water, and thus as the boat, with their suffering companion, pursued them, they hurried across to the opposite shore, where, when safely landed, a calm settled on every swinish visage.

We passed the night, as usual, in a native hut, but the evening was enlivened by some music on a domestic mandolin and by the voices of our boatmen, who, having drank considerable wine, which we found very good here, were disposed to be

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unusually cheerful, and to amuse us by some Imeretian songs. Could our friends have looked in upon us they would have laughed heartily at the grotesqueness of our group. Some were seated on low stools, others on the ground. The fire blazed up at times, throwing a vivid light on a dozen bearded visages and the silver-mounted weapons which their owners wore, and then died out and left us almost in darkness. The strong light and shade—the whole scene in fact—recalled Rembrandt's celebrated picture of the Manger, where one from the East enters the dark and humble abode with a lantern.

Candles are not used here for four reasons:—The people have no occupation which requires them; secondly, they rise early; thirdly, they would have an extra expense; and fourthly, the wind, which blows furiously through a hundred openings between the planks of the wall, would instantly extinguish them.

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December 1st. This day has been exceedingly pleasant. During the morning we entered among wooded hills and cultivated lawns. Gentle aclivities diversified the scene, and plains stretched away to mountains. I landed and walked along the shore, plucked the white grape from the vine which twined around many a tree, and gathered the English walnut on my way; and, for their friendly, homely look, the cammomile and the clove, which, with some wild flowers, were soon twined into a bouquet. The sun shone out brightly; the season was charming; wild birds covered the stream, and cattle grazed on its margin. The huts were numerous, and the inhabitants were often collected on the shore to see us pass, see our costume, and press around us when we stopped in their neighborhood; though the women always kept at a modest distance, and seldom, at first, showed themselves without partially concealing their faces, even though it was at the expense of some other and perhaps more delicate portion of their person. A number of

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young men passed us bearing on their backs large earthen jars swung by straps over their shoulders. They were carrying to the village market the wine they had themselves made of the grapes gathered from their own vines.

A Walk to Maràne.

We were approaching the town of Maràne, where it was our intention to leave the river and take to land carriage; and thinking ourselves not distant from the place, my colonel proposed a walk to it. I at once assented, for there was variety and novelty in it; so, taking our servant with us, we started off. After a few hours' walk, and many times fearing that we had lost our way, we came to the base of those hills which had so pleased me from afar. A proximity to them did not belie their distant flattery. The evergreen tree and the yellow-leafed one of autumn, lively with various merry little chirping birds, clothed their sides and shielded the moist moss beneath from the thirsty sun. Amid this brightness, huge towering dry trunks stood like sentinels; — like sentinels, too, who had stood the brunt of time's fiercest strokes for half a thousand of years. Our way, at last, lay through a thick forest of heavy timber, where silence seemed eternal. In an hour or so, however, we heard the cheerful sounds of a woodman's axe, and we hurried on to learn of him if we were pursuing the right course. Our haste availed nothing, for he seemed always at

the same distance. We then sent off the servant in search of him. After travelling a long time in the direction of the sound he returned, and with a kind of superstitious awe, and looking cautiously about him, said, that *if* there was a cutter there that he was invisible, or that he might be miles off, and far down in the deep recesses of the valley below, and that it was useless to seek him — that he perhaps had only been pursuing an echo, the cause of which might be on the opposite side of the mountain. An hour more brought us to the poor, mean little village of Maràne, or more properly Orpiri; the former name belonging to a collection of huts six versts beyond this, which has allowed the Orpirians to assume their name.

Arriving at the shore, we hired an Imeretian to take us over the river in his skiff, as on the opposite side resided the Russian officers of government, we having now come under the direct power of the czar, this portion appertaining to his new conquests in the south. We went at once to the house of the captain of the troops, two hundred and fifty in number. It was a one story, wooden, neat little dwelling, having four rooms, about twelve feet square, two in front and two back, lighted by very small panes of glass. We passed his ante-chamber, where waited a soldier servant, who ushered us into the presence of his master.

A Russian Captain.

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A Gruzinsky.

He received us politely, though, perhaps, with a shade of embarrassment, for there was also present one of the lovely creatures of the Phasis, which I have had occasion several times to mention. She was neatly but plainly dressed, and her feet and face were uncovered. On her head was a low crimson cap, over which was thrown a handkerchief, while her dark hair fell richly about her still richer shoulders. With long eye-lashes veiling her large lustrous eyes, cast modestly on the floor, she bowed most reverentially, as is the custom of the country, and then left the room, to remain in the ante-chamber till we took our leave. Was she the officer's wife? We did not ask; but as foreigners seldom marry these natives, we supposed she might be his *amica*. We could readily believe that he loved her, and readily suppose that she would prefer him to one of the rude boatmen of her own country.

The captain ordered coffee, but it was very unpalatable stuff. After a short time, hearing that our boat was in sight, we returned to the shore to congratulate and welcome our companions. On their landing it suggested itself to some one that we were hungry, as we had had nothing to eat all day, so we at once went among the huts, some sixty or eighty, a regular row of one story plank houses (by courtesy), and shops running parallel

with the stream, and found a diminutive grocery store, and in it a room which was engaged for a day or two as our quarters. There, with some miserable wine, coarse bread, and good cold chicken that we had cooked ourselves, we made a very hearty and acceptable meal. The whole building could hardly be twenty feet square, yet it was devoted to five different purposes. In the centre there was a passage way leading to a door in front, and to another, back, where a horse was kept. On one side was a little counter on which cheese, wine and bread were sold. Opposite to it was a store of dry goods. Behind the latter was an open space where the fire was built;—behind the former was our room, about eight feet square, furnished with a table, and two benches for beds. Its floor was such as the deluge might have left there; and its entrance was a square hole cut so low down that one had to bend nearly double to get in at it. From the passage way it looked like a retreat for pigs, and a view of the interior did not dispel the impression. Dark and dirty as it was, no better could be had—the captain and governor's apartments being fully occupied by their own families.

The Village and its accommodations.

Towards evening we left our pen and sauntered through the village and along the stream, as though we had not had enough of it. Maràne stands on a high, level bank, commanding toward

Scenery at Orpiri.

Section II. the southward a view of some brown and purple hills, and just over their tops the snow-coated heights of that range of mountains which form now the northern boundary of the Turkish and Persian empires. In an opposite direction, the beautiful and grand pyramidal peaks of the Caucasus tower seventeen thousand feet into the clear, blue atmosphere of heaven.

Eunuch. A little isolated from the town stands a collection of neat little houses, twenty or thirty in number, occupied by a sect of Russian soldiers, who voluntarily, for religion's sake, I was told, have undergone a strange degradation which deprives them of the character of men. Their appearance is that of people in ill health, though in stature they equal their neighbors. The latter, however, hold them in great contempt, though as regards their habits of industry, cleanliness, and in the general good appearance of their dwellings, their gardens, fences, &c., they have here no equals. It is, indeed, well that they are possessed of some redeeming quality which allows them a habitation, for they are despised for foregoing the Mussulman's paradise in this world, and for standing so poor a chance for it in the next.

The People at Orpiri. The people here are, generally, quite destitute; yet grouped together the effect is novel, and one can hardly divest himself of the idea that he is ac-

tually gazing on some scenic fiction. The Imere- SECTION II
tians, Guriels in ragged garb, the Cossack in silver costume, and the mountaineer with his short bourka, glittering waepons in his belt, and gun at his back, are, at this moment, talking earnestly together, opposite my own door, and afford me the picture I now sketch.

2d. I slept soundly on my plank bed, for my Our Host.
walk had wearied me; but was awakened before light by the landlord splitting wood at our threshold. Soon up, I sat on a low stool by a fire kindled on the ground, and for two hours, till my companions joined me, was enveloped in smoke which seemed to find no place of escape. We then proceeded in search of horses, and had the satisfaction to learn that we should soon be *en route*. Occupied in getting our luggage off, the morning passed, and we received an invitation to dine with the governor. We were obliged to decline, but called on him and were served with a good lunch and nice wine. His house is of one story, rudely made, and the best in town. He himself, a small slim man, advanced in life, wearing his full uniform, received us with much frankness. The walls of his sitting room were ornamented with common engraved portraits of each member of the emperor's family, and with long Turkish pipes for visitors. Children occasionally stuck their heads in at the

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door, which led me to suppose our host to be married; but how a man who had been accustomed to good society, one who had seen much of the world, and for two score years had battled for his country — in ten engagements had fought side by side with my colonel — how, or why he should be condemned to endure such an isolated life I could not imagine. Perhaps he was too ambitious, and was requested to take charge of this unimportant place — for the emperor understands perfectly how to bestow his *favors* so as to separate the elements of discontent — or there might be some *native* attraction here which we did not see. The repast ended, he embraced and kissed us, and gave us a bottle of old wine to cheer us on our way; and, I doubt not, it will be of more comfort to us than the blessing of half a hundred temperance societies; for, on the borders of a land our Saviour has hallowed by his footsteps — surrounded by a people whose simple lives require none of the restraints imposed by such institutions, but rather recall to mind the early apostles of the Church; we cannot but feel that, should we refuse the generous offer of "generous wine," we should aspire to be more holy than our High Priest himself — worthy of all adoration! — who made wine and drank, and gave it to those whom he loved. Here, too, I must speak of what I have constantly noticed, and admired and

Temperance.

approved, — the temperance habits of all nations I have been among, where wine is the common drink of all, and the restraints and enforcements of temperance societies are not known; for they, though their aim is high and holy, humane and generous, produce on the masses, as do the abolitionists in the northern states of America, exactly the opposite effect to that intended. The kindness of the governor educed some questions from the Georgian: "I have heard," said he, "in St. Petersburg, that owing to temperance societies, the Americans dare not drink what they like, and that even the laws prohibit the sale of all kinds of liquors; and yet," continued he with a contemptuous smile, "you call it a land of liberty." I had to confess to him that it was partially true; and that some of our legislative bodies had been so ignorant of the most common of human rights — so bigoted, so stupid, so daring or ambitious, that they had even attempted to make the purchasing and use of spirituous liquors a criminal affair. He looked at me with utter astonishment and incredulity; for, as a man who had seen much of the world, and consequently having none of those narrow prejudices which generally trammel the judgment of all who are confined to one set of people and things, he could not imagine how a government that called itself enlightened, should even *think* of, much less

SECTION II.

assume the right to dictate to others what they should eat and drink. He asked the effect of temperance societies on the community. I told him what I had seen myself, and what I really believed — that more was drank in secret than would be openly, if not prohibited — a vast deal more than in any country I had ever been in, where it was not considered degrading, except to drink too much — that people drank it slyly, after their visitors were gone perhaps, or skulked into by-places as though they were doing something niggardly or wrong. He again manifested his unbelief. As to myself, I could not realize that *men* were ever ashamed to drink what, and when, and where they pleased; and wondered at any forbearance extended to a legislature that presumed to violate the common sense and sacred rights of freemen.

From Maráne to Hoeny.

On returning, having found our horses ready we at once started off. The road was good and level, and leaving the Rion* on our right we sped away over cultivated plains, and in two and a half hours were at the little village of Hoeny. On our way we passed several of those priemval vehicles seen in all their perfection in the island of Sardinia, whose peculiarity is in their enormous solid wheels made of thick plank firmly strapped together; but that

Carts.

* The present name of the Phasis.

which more particularly won our attention and admiration was the novel appearance and horsemanship of a party of Circassian equestrians of both sexes whom we met on their leaving a by-path leading to the mountains. There was a bold carelessness in the sitting of the men, and a confident grace in that of the women which could only be acquired by long habit and great native energy. The costume of the males was such as I have already described; the guns swung to their backs being cased in coarse cloth. The females rode astride of the horses as did the men; and here their pantaloons — which all eastern women wear — were extremely serviceable to them; for while they served to conceal their legs and partially their ankles, they made the foot appear lovelily small. Over their shoulders they wore a kind of short cloak, though in this they differed; and one was so muffled up that she looked like an equestrian mummy.

Equestrians.

Mingrelia, along which we have just passed, and its people belong by right of heritage to a noble and generous man, Prince Dadian. Only nominally does he own and govern this territory now, acknowledging the protection of Russia. But so long as he does not interfere with the will of the czar in these regions, he will probably be allowed to enjoy a species of sovereignty, besides his well-cultivated and elegant estate in the neighborhood of

Prince Dadian.

Section II. Redout-Kalé. He will, doubtless, retain during life his present position, for he is well aware of the power of his neighbors, the value of their friendship; and is too politic to provoke their anger.

Hoeny is one of those lone, quiet, inland villages of several hundred houses, where very little bustle is expected, no display of wealth or refinement, and where people are contented to abide in obscurity, if freed from the anxieties, cares, and excitements which disturb the dwellers of a metropolis. The houses are all low and mean, usually fenced in from the street by unhewn sticks; yet the vine so envelopes not a few, that one can easily imagine them the enticing retreats of lovers. Indeed, now and then a white arm glistened among the dark foliage, and a gentle form was lost in its shadows.

Caucasus. We here attached six horses to our carriage, and flew along with more than ordinary rapidity. All the country we now passed through was heavily timbered. The snowy Caucasus kept pace with us on our left, and on the right the Ararat Alps. We were approaching the high land of Imeretia. We climbed to the summits of some that had so pleased me in the distance, from which we caught a glimpse of the setting sun. An hour brought us into the depths of a gloomy valley, and in an hour more, we were driving "like mad" up one of the steepest, rockiest passes the country could

afford, winding along the edge of a cliff that overlooked the town of Cutais, and the Rion, at which we had again arrived. The ascent was, however, too abrupt and dangerous, and we were obliged to dismount. A long, and on account of the darkness, difficult walk succeeded, which brought us to the valley, where, after passing the river by a lofty and strong stone bridge, we entered a quaint-looking old place, the most flourishing between the Euxine and the capital of Georgia. The Phasis is here a narrow, swift stream, roaring over a rocky bed, and its course from the mountains to this point, and some little further, is nearly due south.

Cutais had presented an extremely odd appearance. The houses nearly all low, had very few or no windows, and roofs projecting far over the street, now obscure and muddy. As we passed along, doors were occasionally opened, revealing to us by bright lights within, sometimes family groups, sometimes a solitary man or woman, but leaving us in greater darkness when again closed.

A Pleasant Visit.

My colonel had heard that a countryman and schoolmate of his resided here, and was gratified, on enquiry, to learn at once the street of his house, for all seemed to know him. It was late when we arrived, but we received a hearty welcome from the old Georgian, and at the best dwelling we had yet seen. Our host was evidently a very rich man.

SECTION II.] His rooms were handsomely furnished with satin divans, and many foreign fancy articles, among which was a hand-organ. The fireplaces were in Turkish style, adorned with carved stones. As the highest compliment he could pay us, he ordered his sons — young men about twenty and twenty-five years of age — to serve us. They immediately brought sweet cakes, and tea in tumblers. In about an hour, supper was prepared in an adjoining room. The peculiarity of the apartment was its carved, painted and gilded ceiling, with a pyramidal concavity in the centre, all *a la Turque.* We found a long table loaded with roast fowls, fried meats, apples, pears, grapes, and five or six kinds of excellent table wines, all made on the estate.

The host rising, drank to the health of his guests. It seemed to be a kind of solemn and religious ceremony, to ask thus, over a full goblet of wine, a blessing on those who had come to enjoy his hospitality. After the repast, beds were made up for us on sofas and divans, furnished with clean sheets and handsome coverlets — luxuries we had not enjoyed for many weeks.

3d. Very early, the air being chilly, the servant made a fire in our room, and it was to us what the Persians call it — the rose of winter. An hour sufficed to take me to the summit of a lofty cliff which skirts the town to the N. W. There, on the

massive walls of an old fortress I enjoyed the rising of the sun, a charming view of hill and vale, and far below me, the village where I had slept and the plain on which it stands, threaded by the silvery Rion. On this height, however, the most interesting objects are the remains of a grand cathedral, surrounded by the ruins of the ancient Kyta, (Cotatys) supposed to be the birth place of the enchantress, Medea.

The grey, crumbling walls of the old temple of religion and the lofty arches from which swung a thousand vines, recalled the beauties of Kennilworth Castle, which, when once beheld, never forsake the memory. Looking down on the only passage way over the stream to the town, afforded much amusement, for the peasants, after scrambling over steep rocky ridges around me, mounted on their little mules and asses, bearing in huge baskets and bags, the produce of the country — descended from the different paths which led to the bidge, and there huddled together, displaying almost every variety of garb, moved — a grotesque show — towards the busy mart.

A Holiday.

When I again reached the valley I found nearly every body abroad. It was a holiday, and officers and soldiers, Georgians, Imeretians, Circassians, crowded the ways. One rosy-cheeked little Georgian lass, dressed in full French costume, which

Section II. became her exceedingly, passed me on foot. Several others I met on horseback, all riding astride, and wearing pantaloons, and nearly all so muffled up that it was difficult to say they were not homely. One, at least, was very beautifully attired entirely in dark satin; the short cloak about her shoulders being trimmed with sable. She was going into the country, and I thought that the soft-voiced birds and the brilliant wild flowers would soon have a rival. I strolled about till I came to a place of worship, met there few men, but a number of ladies in rich silks, though wearing too many gay colors, of which they appear very fond. When in the street again, they wrapped the long plain white sheet about them, covering themselves, like the Turkish women, from head to foot, and appeared more like grave-yard subjects, than the fair, fascinating companions of our earthly pilgrimage — some of them, perhaps, being gentle lambs of the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

At three, P.M., we were again speeding over hill and dale through a wooded and unsettled country. Late in the evening we stopped at a post station, made tea, and laid ourselves down to rest on the plank divans adapted to the rudest natures humanity has manufactured.

4th. At day break we found ourselves *en route*, and I was heartily glad; for I had risen at two

o'clock, having had no sleep, owing to the nasal music that my neighbors kept up, and numerous cats who took particular pains to jump upon me from a hole in the wall, hept open probably for their amusement. The old gentleman shared my fate, and, because *he* could not enjoy his couch, woke up all the others. There was this morning a gloominess about the scenery we had not before met with. The woods were thicker, and the hills bolder than those of yesterday. The Ahalzic range looking more sullen than usual, rested in its own heavy shadows, as if waiting for day.

Our Progress.

At nine o'clock we overtook a body of Cossacks, accompanied them to the place where they were picketed, and there found a relay of horses. A few versts brought us to the banks of a little stream — the "sounding stream" mentioned by Pliny — and is called the *Quarilla*. No bridge spanned it; for the mantle of Trajan had not descended upon any one in this region, and we were ferried across in a flat boat. When part way up the opposite bank, our horses found themselves unable to ascend it, and allowed the carriage to back rapidly down, till we were on the very edge of the landing, from which we should have instantly been dashed into the water, had not a kind Imeretian thrust a large stick under the wheels, which in a second more would have been of no avail. We soon entered on

Section II. more pleasing scenery, continuing for thirty or forty miles along the very banks of this river, sometimes high above it in so narrow a road that the giving way of a single half foot of it would have precipitated us to depths pleasing to look upon, but ruinous to come thus rudely in contact with. A little dwelling was now and then to be seen nestled in among the cliffs, and occasionally a solitary peasant with a long staff climbing or descending their steep and narrow paths. Goats stood out fearlessly on some projecting crag, seeming conscious of our admiration of their daring. In one place a man had the temerity to plough, and it really seemed as though oxen, plough and driver would soon tumble upon our heads. I scarcely think that grain, if planted there, would lie in the hills, being of opinion that it would roll out. We had frequently to dismount and assist our horses up the steep roads, and at ten o'clock entered one of the most beautiful passes I ever beheld. I could think of nothing to liken it to, but long parallel ranges of Egyptian temples whose columns, painted and twined around with evergreens, were, by the distance of the view, harmoniously blending with the lofty façade.

In several places, where the stream at our side, was very narrow, a log had been thrown across for foot passengers. I saw a child with a basket of

fish, and a fisherman pass over one of them at a giddy height; and though the little one stepped timidly, the old man walked as if on his own house floor.

Suram Mountains.

We were now in the Suram Mountains, which connect the Caucasus and the Ahalzic or Ararat chain, and separate Imeritia from Georgia. Added to the natural grandeur of the scenery were some ancient crumbling fortresses, which once controlled these ravines; but now, like those of the Rhine — donning in their gray and tottering age the garlands of youth, the bright wild vines of the cliffs which, flaunting in the breeze, give a cheerful aspect to decay — seem to have been built but to make picturesque by their ruins all the inaccessible rocks, and gather from the clouds continual dews for their mossy sides, and for the streams of the valleys. Here, too, the grape is cultivated to some extent, and a very good wine produced. The mansion of the Prince of the neighborhood was pointed out to me. It was a low, wooden building, and differed little from the huts around it except in size. The road is generally good, and is being improved by the Viceroy, who has ordered many new bridges to be constructed, and hills cut away; and doubtless a hundred years hence, when omnibuses are running along here, from the Euxine to the Caspian, this

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region will be frequented for the same reason the Rhine is now.

Towards evening we hurried rapidly forward, as there were too many dangers to allow of our proceeding on foot after dark; and at half past seven, stopped at a rather neat little house on the banks of the Quarilla.

The Georgians.

5th. This morning we continued the ascent of the mountains and after a few hours reached an elevation that was quite chilling. Our companion-stream had become a foaming torrent. Sometimes we crossed it where it had turned to ice, at another time we could hear it rushing through some deep gorge whose overhanging trees concealed it from sight, and along whose rugged edge we were coursing. After climbing to the summits of the Suram we began our descent on their eastern side, and it was but a few hours before we reached the valley, crossed the line and entered on the beautiful and romantic land of the far-famed Georgians — a people, like their neighbors, the Circassians, Albanians and Armenians, proverbial for the splendor of their complexions, and for their grace and perfect contour of form, but surpassing them all in the depth of the conceptions and masterly executions of their intrigues. This may be the result of their modern position: and, in referring to it, I have an opportunity of

expressing the unlimited admiration which the Georgians, as well as Circassians, have deservedly won by the astounding and unequalled bravery exhibited in defending their respective countries. Georgia, for scores of times, has been overrun by fiery clans from the mountains and by well disciplined troops from the plains. Two centuries ago, Georgia made her last grand stand against the whole Persian strength, and after acquitting herself with a sublimity of valor which still fires the souls of her sons, and has hardly a parallel, she yielded, but remained unsubdued, sustaining unswervingly, her national spirit. It became however, the seat of the Russian war with Persia. The inheritance of the sons of the brave Heraclius was wrested from them, Persia acknowledged the right of the czar, and Georgia was named a Russian province. Soldiers were then, says H. Murray, "quartered on the inhabitants, and the female sex, whose virtue, made hitherto to depend chiefly on the jealous guard kept over it, is said to have suffered materially from this intrusion." The worthy Rev. Mr. Dwight, missionary to Constantinople, writing of the character of these people, says:—"But if by morals we refer to the social vices, infamous as the Georgians have always been known to be for unchastity, it must be confessed that they have deteriorated. That

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devotees of lust have multiplied. So great was the incontinence of the soldiery, that even Georgians in the province of Kakheti, were goaded by it to an open and desperate rebellion."

Trees.

In the night, snow had fallen in the mountains, and we were glad to be again on the low lands. I saw many trees which were familiar; the beech, the chestnut, the ash, oak and the pine. The soil, too, appeared much richer here than that immediately on the western side of this range, and my companions assured me that it produced in great abundance, grain, wine, apples and pears.

A few versts brought us to the village of Suram, composed, I should say, of two hundred hovels or huts, all of logs, and built much like those I have seen on our western prairies, with the exception of the roof, which is here flat. In the centre of the plain where it stands, is a singularly lofty crag only a few yards in diameter, surrounded by a fortress now in ruins. Two large round stone towers, the colonel informed me, indicated the residence of the feudal barons, to whom the inhabitants were subject, and who, in fact, as well as the land, belonged literally to them: — that these noblemen formerly had the right to sell their subjects, male and female, as they, the owners, pleased, but that now, by the more just laws of Russia, they could not dispose of them except with the land they occupied.

A little beyond Suram we came to the banks of the famed Kur, or Cyrus, which, flowing eastward, enters the Caspian. Here we obtained a little pig and had him roasted in one of the native huts, while we amused ourselves in taking sketches. The men wore the same garb as that of the Georgian described at Redout-kalè. Of the two women we saw, one was short and homely, with nothing attractive about her but stockings with very broad stripes of bright red and yellow, displayed under a very short frock. The other was very large and had a remarkably fair complexion; but there was a heaviness and lack of intelligence in the face, that counteracted the pleasing effect which a fine, delicate skin always produces, being, with rare exceptions, accompanied by winning natural refinement and gentleness of disposition.

It was in this very village, Colonel Carganoff was seized with the plague, in returning with his troops from one of those successful expeditions against the Turks which I have mentioned. Through all the stages of that terrible illness, by night and by day, he was attended, and watched by a kind stranger, — a lady of a noble but poor family. Ah, how near allied to the watchful care, the divine patience with which our heavenly Father ever regards us, is that exalted benevo-

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lence which is sometime seen flooding the bosom of one of the gentler sex, leading her in a self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of humanity, to bend unwearicdly at the sick couch, where suffering hallows and makes sacred the object of her solicitude,—being like Mary ready to bathe his feet with tears and wipe them with the soft, silky folds of her hair! The colonel remarked that I should be presented to this same lady who saved him from an early grave, and who I imagine, is now his wife; "for," said he, "fearing that I was about to die, I often turned my eyes heavenward to invoke the aid of the angels; and *she* was always the first of the celestial throng that met my gaze, and I soon worshipped her as a ministering spirit. And though nothing before had ever touched or could reach my heart, closed sternly for a soldier's life, such godlike earnestness for my recovery, evinced in all she did, looked or said, revealed to me a life I did not know was within me, and death only henceforth, could have separated me from her."

Gori.

Our next stopping place was Gori, where we arrived at nine o'clock at night, and it appeared one of the most ancient and remarkable towns I had ever entered. The streets and dwellings were something like those of the Turks, and there was a gloomy fortress surmounting a lofty rock, and frown-

ing on all around a likeness of Sterling Castle; and when we drove along under its deep shadows, it seemed that we were crossing its many creaking draw-bridges and entering its solemn dungeons. For size, and the importance of its commerce, this is the second town in the kingdom; but my own impression of it is extremely unfavorable, and I can hardly imagine that either beauty or worth could find a resting place there.

Streams and Robbers.

That part of our journey immediately preceding our arrival at Gori was somewhat dangerous from two causes. There being no bridges in this neighborhood, we were obliged to wade through all the streams, and were near being swept away by their force. The second, feared, though not met with, were the Ocetian robbers, who infest this pass, at the base of their mountain homes. They form one of the numerous tribes of the Caucasus, and though nominally subdued and friendly to Russia, I am told, are never satisfied, except when engaged in successful robberies and plunderings. So true is this, that a well armed body of men — though straggling along carelessly when we overtook them — are kept continually passing to and fro here, to protect travellers. The supper we ate at Gori consisted of small pieces of veal, which a native cooked for us by holding them over a fire on the point of a sharp stick. We had, as usual,

SECTION II. recourse to our tea and *aqua vita* bottle, and then went to sleep on the floor.

Mtsketa. 6th. This morning we met a train of forty large camels heavily laden with merchandize, from the interior, and bound to Cutais. Our first stopping place is the interesting, but, at present, very mean village of Mtsketa, once the capital of Georgia, and, where still repose in the sacred cloisters before us, the ashes of her kings. On approaching the cathedral — a most venerable and odd looking structure — my companions reverently bowed themselves before it, for it was to them a thrice hallowed spot — the abode of divinity — the resting place of their noble sovereigns, and the source of inspiration for the restoration of their nationality. Near this was the first shepherd I had seen in Georgia. He was seated on his shaggy Circassian cloak, and two large yellowish dogs were at his side. His sheep and goats appeared of small size, but were clean and handsome. The people we meet here, more generally have the gun swung to their backs, than those we have seen in other places. Cartmen and all, carry them; and none are without the long Circassian knife at the belt, which is, unmistakably, indicative of a rude state of society. Immediately in this neighborhood, we crossed a plain in which were many large square excavations, nicely walled up within. These, I was told, were where

the wine used to be trodden out, when the neighboring lands were covered with the vine, and produced rich harvests.

A Novel Scene.

At two o'clock we came to the last station before reaching the capitol. Here the colonel's elder son left us, in order to reach Tiflis before his father, and apprise the wife of the approach of her husband whom she had not seen for ten years. We reposed awhile, ate some delicious pears and grapes, and then entered on the great military route that leads over the Caucasus. The new driver we now obtained, appeared to be a stultified human brute and drove us recklessly along, alike indifferent, on the edge of precipices, and on the broad, smooth way. On ascending a hill he managed to get the carriage stuck in a gutter, out of which we were assisted by several Georgian peasants, who immediately came and put their shoulders to the wheels. On reaching the summit, we found ourselves beneath the shadows of an old, ruined castle that guarded this pass of the Aragua. Beyond, our way lay along the side of a mountain, where a fine, expensive road had been cut. "Here," said the colonel, "forty years ago, no person could pass without a strong escort, on account of a tribe of the Letzghiny, who inhabiting these wild fastnesses, descended on the path of every traveller and robbed him, and plundered every unprotected caravan."

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A turn in the road brought before our sight a new scene, which, from its combinations, was extremely interesting. We were on the lofty banks of a deep narrow river. On the opposite side a smooth, fine road ran parallel with the part we were traversing, having the dark stream on one hand and an abrupt mountain of rocks overhanging it on the other, and deepening there the shadows of evening. Along that, and of which we commanded a clear view, were riding on horseback two Georgian ladies, elegantly attired in crimson velvet and satin, accompanied by armed men all finely mounted. They moved on slowly and gracefully. The females sat astride the saddle, had on silk pantaloons, long skirts, short cloaks and crimson caps fastened down by a veil, or scarf that passed over its top and under the chin. The gentlemen, too, wore short cloaks which showed the end of their sabres, while in the girdle in front, glittered the *cama* and silver mounted pistols: there was something of the old cavalier school about it, which I much liked. As we watched them, the waters between us reflecting the gallant band, there was descending, through a gorge in the mountain, a shepherd and his flock, accompanied by two noble dogs. The goats on the way, amused themselves by running out upon every dizzy crag and looking down, while the sheep

followed the beaten path. This highly dramatic gaily moving, domestic, and sublimely quiet scenery left on my mind a most novel and pleasing impression. SECTION II.

The tenor of our thoughts was soon changed; for descending a hill to reach a bridge — a beautiful new structure recently completed by Prince Woronsoff, — one of the fore wheels of our carriage gave way and we were forced to dismount and proceed on foot. We now reached a small house, where we were enabled to obtain one of the rude wagons of the country. The delay brought on the night, and when our horses were again harnessed, it was time that we should have been in Tiflis. The driver who had already merited some abuse for his carelessness, received some new scolding and kicks from the official, and we started afresh, though not without constant caution from the colonel, to be careful. Headlong however, as usual, he continued, a precipice being on one side, beneath which was the river, and on the other sometime a ravine and sometime a cliff; so that in fine * * * * !

8th. Yesterday I awoke as from a trance. The last that I remembered of the previous night was a shriek, a shock, a dizziness, a strong light, a gathering of people, and my being borne somewhere, I knew not whither, but I thought by strangers. I

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found myself imbedded in the cushions of a divan in a curious thick-walled room; another divan and two windows opposite me, and several gentlemen and ladies by my side; while my head and face, tightly bandaged, were smarting and aching furiously. By degrees I learned the causes of my strange position. Owing to the darkness of the preceding night we had been thrown down a precipice; and I had been brought, insensible, to the hospitable mansion of my Georgian companions. The youngest son had leaped from the wagon in time to save himself; while the colonel, falling with me, received a severe contusion on the breast, which came near being fatal. We lay where we fell till the son procured assistance from a distant house; and when they came they brought with them flambeaux, and then conveyed us about a dozen miles to this place. A surgeon was immediately sent for, and dressed our wounds; and this morning when I awoke, was again attending me. The young Carganoffs manifested much solicitude for my recovery, and informed me that their married sister, the Princess Bebutoff, had been to see me — that their mother, who was attending her husband, and desired to know how I was, would soon come, herself. Though I had seen many traits of character in my companions not altogether pleasing, I found there was a kindly vein running

An Accident.

through all the family. Repose during the day and night enabled me this morning to rise and dress, but I found my head had been seriously cut in several places by stones on which I had been precipitated; and, though still suffering from innumerable bruises, I was induced to visit the colone- and *Madame* in their apartments above. No apology was necessary for my bad looks: they all knew of the frightful accident, and welcomed me with great courtesy. Many people were assembled to rejoice with the wife in the return of her long lost husband; and there was so much grace and affability of manner, cheerfulness and happiness depicted on their faces, that I was most favorably impressed with the amiability of Georgian society. The Princess Bebutoff was the most beautiful lady present; and her sister-in-law the next, whose husband was a magnificent looking officer, but manifested considerable jealousy of her. She was quite in French costume — a green silk dress trimmed with green velvet. Her little son, four years old, attracted much attention by his fair face and curls. He wore a long velvet frock trimmed with fur, and a Circassian knife at his belt.

Georgian Society.

Tea and cake were brought to the visitors on their arrival, and toward evening, we sat down to an excellent dinner. I will only mention, however, that portion of it in which the Georgians

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pride themselves — the confectionery; it was abundant, of great variety, and extremely delicate.

Georgian House.

The dining room is a long central apartment, leading to the balcony in front. On its eastern end is the drawing-room. Its furniture consists of a kind of divan, arm chairs, and a large mirror, opposite the portraits of the empress and emperor; under it a small neat card table, on which are some valuable French books. The low window sills of the deep windows being covered with Persian rugs, are also used as seats. The dining room has white muslin curtains, common chairs, a piano, quadrant-tables, a light satin sofa, and a small chandelier. West of this are small rooms, which the motherly Lady Carganoff showed to me; one used as a study, and the others as sleeping rooms, having neat beds, divans, ward-robes, and the usual necessaries of a lady's toilette; evidently a mixture of modern Russian and ancient Georgian taste. The walls of one room are quite covered with family portraits; among which are two wives of Colonel C——. The centre room is warmed by a large earthen furnace, so placed in the wall that it opens into an adjoining room where the fire is made; thus avoiding the smoke or dust, or any of the inconveniences of a fire-place. The main stair-way to the principal apartments is uncovered, and of wood. It leads up outside

from the yard, which is about forty feet square, surrounded by a high wall, and approached by a gate.

Tiflis.

9th. To-day I have been able to ride out, and take an exterior view of the town. The viceroy's palace is an imposing building, with its veranda and columns; and many other buildings in its neighborhood, also Russian, are handsome edifices. A number of Georgian houses, of one story, somewhat elevated from their gardens, and surrounded by broad, shady balconies, were very cosey looking places; and if a hand appeared at the window to put aside the curtain, it was sure to be a delicate one. An old ruined fortress half way up a hill, commanding the town, adds much to the picturesqueness of that portion of it; while on the opposite side of the Kur, or Cyrus, are other structures more modern and useful, and a portion of the ancient town.* This latter is a collection of very small, low hovels, half-buried in the hill, yet contains a large population; estimated now, with those on the western bank of the stream, at sixty thousand, though I should think the number much less. On one side of Tiflis rises a mountain cliff which overshadows it, and appears to me to wear

* Here are the warm baths for which Tiflis is so celebrated, and from which its name is derived — Tpilis-Kalaki meaning, in Georgian, the warm city.

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a gloomy and foreboding aspect. High up, on a crag, on its side, stands a little Greek chapel, where the devout climb to worship.

Under pretext of hiring a house, we entered one of the poor native dwellings. A young and pretty woman, small, but well formed, and lightly clad, sat on a low stool sewing. She had two babies strapped down on cradles formed of a flat board, fastened horizontally to two upright ones having rockers. A very small back room, probably containing a poor bed or rug-covered divan and wardrobe — a few cooking utensils hung on the wall, and that article so indispensable to a woman, a mirror — a stool or two, and a mat, were all else worth noting; yet, there appeared content and gentle joy in the mistress's heart She welcomed us gracefully, and as gracefully bade us adieu. I think it was not the first time my young Georgian friend had seen her.

Germans.

I next drove to a German settlement, a short distance from the old town. Here I found a long, broad street, lined with one-story wooden houses, all in good repair, and manifesting a thriftiness and cast of respectability peculiar to that people; many hundred of whom are here most comfortably situated.

Hotels.

Of the five hotels in this place — two of which are quite good — one only had a spare room, and that I immediately hired with its bedstead;

for *beds* are not supplied in these inns, on the supposition that all travellers will bring their own with them; so that if they do not pay their bills the landlord has only to quote an applicable portion of scripture to them, and they suddenly start off.

Another Georgian Soiree.

This evening I have been at another party, at the house of one of the ladies I met yesterday. All present were Georgians, except a German officer and myself. About one-third of the females wore European, the others their native costume. Among the latter was a princess, who, though of a large and finely developed form, made a bad figure from the villanous cut of her dress. It was of dark rich satin, made low in front, where a white satin stomacher was inserted which might, much to her advantage, have been dispensed with, though it now served to support the bosom, thrust out of its natural and unimprovable position by the compressure of the waist on its sides. On her head was a changeable green satin and silver cap in the shape of an inverted flower-pot, its color ill becoming her dark complexion. Her face was very broad at the cheek bones, and her eyes large and black without expression; but she was yet a gay widow in the seeming blush of forty. There was one, however, dressed in exquisite taste; the young wife of an elderly colonel. If there was a fault to

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be found with her, it was in a consciousness of her great beauty, rendering her coquetish in looks and actions. She wore a light satin dress with long sleeves, and boddice waist, open in front, around which, and fastened at the point of the boddice, by a cluster of diamonds, was a crimson and white ribbon falling to the feet. Half way to the sash, down the bosom, and extending around the neck, the dress was bordered by a piece of dark crimson satin, two inches broad, which thus encircled the throat and partly the bust, making more beautiful by the contrast, her delicate skin. From the small, white satin cap on her head, floated a thin veil adown her back, where also hung the dark, rich braids of her hair, also plaited very low on each cheek, and then turned back over her little ears. These, with a peculiar, undulating movement such as is given to tall fields of grain, when the wind sweeps over their surface, and an assumed timidity and coyishness studied as early, I think, as when she first thought of being loved, courted the attention, if they did not inspire devotion.

There was no one present, however, more worthy of admiration than the Princess Bebutoff—the good Samaritan who came to offer her sympathies the evening I was carried wounded to her father's house. There was a calmness and gentleness in her manner, and a depth of feeling in

her large, eloquent eyes, which could not be unheeded. She spoke French, and would, I think, have said more than she did, had her husband not given her several significant looks. As it was, I had engaged to be at a party at her own house. SECTION II.

The officers all wore many decorations, and were fine looking men; but they conversed very little with the ladies, and then only, apparently, in short sallies of wit, keeping themselves much together. Two ladies who joined us at the supper-table were from a convent. Their dress was entirely black; and the forehead, cheek, and chin up to the mouth, were bandaged with black — good people, doubtless, though they looked in the happy throng like silent spirits of darkness. The salutations on entering or retiring, were much the same as in good Italian society, except that where one was friendly enough to kiss a lady's hand, he usually received a kiss in return on his hair or forehead. They all occupied the chairs, divans, &c., as Europeans, except the mother of the family, who was rather dowdy-looking. She put both feet under her, and sat *a la Georgian.*

General Soffonoff.

10th. Called on General Soffonoff (whom I have mentioned as having been met by me on the Danube, in Odessa and Kertsch,) occupying a position equivalent to our office of Secretary of State. He received me with much urbanity, and requested the

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privilege of presenting me to the Prince Woronsoff. I accepted his offer with pleasure, and we proceeded together to the palace. He entered at once the apartment of the viceroy, desiring me to be seated a moment where were several officers, and an aid-de-camp of his highness. During my detention there, several officers of distinction arrived, among whom was a Circassian chief, richly dressed in blue and silver, and wearing many decorations. He was, also, at once admitted to the prince. On his retiring, the general came and conducted me to the reception room. The prince came nearly to the door to receive me, called me by name, shook me cordially by the hand, expressed by look and word much pleasure at meeting an American, manifested an intimate knowledge of the route I had taken, and kindly enquired about the injury I had received. I told him that I felt highly honored in being presented to a prince of whom every one, throughout my whole journey had spoken in such exalted terms; and then apologised to him for appearing with my bruised face, saying, that as it was caused by the carelessness of one of his own subjects, I trusted he would excuse it. He laughed, and desired to present me to the princess — leading me to the back part of the long hall, where a portion of his library was arranged, and where at a table, writing, sat his accomplished lady. She arose,

received me in a most gracious manner, and addressed me in French apologising for not being conversant with the English language, though she had for a short time resided in England.

Formalities passed, I soon resumed conversation with the prince, who speaks English with a fluency and elegance unsurpassed. He, then, in his bland manner proffered me all the aid I desired during my stay in the country; and said, if I would write out any questions I wished answered, the Baron Nicolaif would respond to them; though so much occupied he might not be able to do the justice to them desirable, and added, that if I would come and dine with him in the evening, he would introduce me to the baron. He then expressed regret that Mr. Cherubin, who had been in his service, and spoke English well, was not at present with him. He mentioned the hour of dining; I accepted his invitation and retired.

At six o'clock in the evening I was ushered by servants in rich livery, through satin-curtained doors into the grand saloon of the princess, where were gathered many distinguished guests. Prince Kotsohobey, plain in dress, and unpretending, immediately made himself known to me, addressing me in English, and introduced me to several persons present, among whom was the Baron Nicolaif. The latter, extremely young, I found remarkably intelli-

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gent; and equally prepossessing in manner. Soon the curtains at the door were drawn aside, and the princess herself, attended by a page, entered. All arose to receive her. She courtesied gracefully to them, then passed round and conversed with each. She did me the kindness to ask how the wounds were on my head, now quite concealed by my hair, and said that bleeding was extremely good for such contusions; and wished to know if I submitted to such an operation. She then enquired if I spoke Italian. I told her that a year's residence in Italy had enabled me to speak it a little; and on turning from French into that language, she said with a slightly embarrassed air, *non posso palare molto;* then taking the arm of a general, she led the way to a small side-table in an ante-chamber, where we partook of the usual stimulants to a Russian dinner, and then followed her to the dining room.

The apartment was brilliantly lighted, and every official's breast glittered with diamond decorations, crosses, &c. The table was handsomely, though not magnificently furnished, and we commenced with soup. Eight or ten courses followed; but there was nothing particular to be remarked upon but the exquisite pheasant, and a Persian dish which the princess wished me especially to taste, as it had been cooked at the house of, and sent to her by, the venerable Greek patriarch. It was

something like the Turkish pileau, made of boiled chicken, rice, fruits, and was very nice. The Baron Nicoloif was on my right, and we were at no loss for subjects to talk about; but the princess who sat directly opposite, found it necessary frequently to introduce topics of conversation, as there was a great dearth of it among her generals and other guests, who spoke alternately Russian and French — her own cheerful and happy manner giving much the air of home to her table.

Princess Woronsoff.

The princess, a daughter of the celebrated Countess Braniska, whose immense fortune was unequalled in Russia, has a very fair complexion, and is handsome. She is of middling height, full form, and looks about thirty-five years of age, though I believe she is somewhat older. Her taste in dress suited well her figure, and her pleasing expression gave a youthful tinge to all that she did. She wore a lace cap trimmed with a white and delicate red ribbon. It sat well back on the head, and showed her fine dark hair, which, in a broad mass, was brought low on each cheek, and passed under the ears. Her frock was of dark green plaid silk, with waist open in front, where a stomacher was partly concealed by a broad satin ribbon that fastened about the neck a small lace collar. Over her shoulders was carelessly thrown a white satin scarf; and on her left wrist a bracelet hanging loosely,

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made of a long string of corals with a golden pendant. On her delicate hand she had one large turquoise, and several diamond rings.

Prince Woronsoff.

The prince, not being well, suffering much from an affection of the eyes, dined in his private room, to which, when dinner was over, we all retired, the princess leading the way. The prince, to show the courtesy due to a stranger, and express his particular regard for one of the Saxon race, speaking English, of which he is very fond, came forward to welcome me, passing by his generals with only a bow. He cordially extended his hand, then led me to a seat beside himself and the princess. He asked me at once how I liked the Crimea, as he knew I had passed through it; but, said he, "you did not see the best part of it — you should see the southern coast, which is very beautiful." I told him I had traversed the interior for the purpose of seeing the Tartars; but that I had heard, that a view of his estate alone, was well worthy a journey around the whole peninsula. We then entered into conversation concerning the improved state of commerce in the Black Sea; and when I told him of the quantity of grain that had been exported, within nine months from Odesa, he replied — making some calculations — that he believed it to be even more, evidently conversant with the prosperous state of the agricultural interest. He then

asked if I came up the Phasis; and said that next year, or year after, he should have tug-boats there, so that passengers could come up to Maràne in two days, and that, as soon as practicable, he should have steamers; but wished to know if I thought there were not too many bars and snags in the stream for such an enterprise. I admitted to him that the impediments were innumerable; but doubted not that the same sagacity which had spread so many steamers over the Euxine, would succeed there; and acknowledged, in answer to a question, that the valley I had passed through was very beautiful. "Yes," said he, "it will be the garden of New Russia." He then, with an expression of pleasure, referred to my own country — saying: "The Americans appear now to be in quiet possession of Mexico." I replied that I had received no news since their approach to the capital. "Yes," said he, "it is so; and I will loan to you the papers which affirm it;" and he immediately rose, went to his drawer and brought four numbers of the London Morning Post, last date November 6th. He said I might take them with me, and return them on the next day, as he had not read them all. He then continued the subject, showing a most intimate knowledge of all the movements of our army — of every battle that had been fought — of the names of all who had distinguished themselves,

Section II. and mentioned in terms of high praise, Generals Taylor and Scott — adding: "your soldiers are of the same hardy Saxon race that has ever distinguished itself." Thus this venerable, this distinguished warrior, statesman and prince, entertained me during the evening, displaying such a profundity of accurate, practical knowledge, on all subjects on which his giant intellect rested, adorned and embellished by the most mild and urbane manners, that when I took my leave of him, it was with a degree of veneration I had never felt toward any other man.

Smoking. The princess, smoked!! Immediately after dinner, her page brought in a rich Turkish pipe, set it on the floor, unfolded the long flexible stem, and presented its amber mouth-piece to the lady. She took it in her jeweled hand, gave a few graceful whiffs, and then returned it to the page. She seemed to enjoy it, was evidently accustomed to it, and it was the only thing I saw about her that was in bad taste — one that I could not but heartily condemn. It is bad enough for men to fill their pockets and mouths, and scent their whole person with tobacco; but when the charm of that "ineffable perfume of an elegantly dressed lady," as Bulwer would say, is thus destroyed, half of her power and the divinity of that celestial halo of purity which encircles her like a tiara of pearls, vanishes.

The princess' page is a good looking youth, very differently dressed from the other attendants — something in the Hindoo style.

Coffee had been handed round by servants; but a dwarf, a very short, curious looking little man with large moustaches, came to receive the cups. When the princess had finished smoking, she called to her a little animal that had been skipping about the room, and it leaped upon her from a great distance. She remarked to me that it was a great pet of hers, and that it had been brought to her from Affghanistan. It resembled the African squirrels I had seen, but it was about three times as large.

Kotsohobey.

Prince Kotsohobey took me home in his carriage, and gave me some advice concerning my intended journey into the mountains, but spoke of dangers, which Baron Nicolaif assured me I ought not to apprehend. Prince Kotsohobey said: — "These Circassians are just like your American Indians — as untamable and uncivilized — and that, owing to their natural energy of character, extermination only would keep them quiet, or that if they came under Russian rule, the only safe policy would be to employ their wild and warlike tastes, against others." I saw one of them to-day riding through the streets a steed as fiery as himself. They flew away together like

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the wind and clouds, and seemed but one. The rider knew his animal and the animal his rider, who as they swept along by me, seemed little else than a stream of silver light, for his clothes were covered with silver lace, and his arms were of silver and steel. I told Prince K. that the wild spirit of our Indians found vent in flying the plains for the buffalo — their cunning, in trapping the beaver. How well these sports are suited to their natures!

11th. Prince Kotsohobey in accordance with a promise last evening, called this morning and presented to me a splendid Russian map of this region.

Attended the Greek church, to witness a ceremony—the consecration of the army. The patriarch in robes of golden cloth officiated. The officers in full uniform were present, and received his benediction after many formalities, and reading from a massive Bible bound in gold. The patriarch then went out, and with a small bush sprinkled with holy water the soldiers drawn up in front of the church.

Ball at the Palace.

15th. Sunday being inclement, I devoted myself to the study of the Russian language. On Monday, met the princess Bebutoff, and soon after received an invitation from the princess Woronsoff to attend a ball that evening, at the palace. A

drosky took me there at eight o'clock, and I was received in the grand saloon by the princess who wore the charms of her sweetest smiles, and her most affable manners. General Sofonoff and lady soon arrived. The latter and Princess Woronsoff were in dark satin dresses in French style. That of lady Woronsoff was cut pointed in the neck before and behind, and trimmed with ruffles of fine plain lace. A lace scarf was about her shoulders; hair brought full and low on the cheeks, ornamented on one side by a fringe of black bugles, and on the other by a small delicate feather, which floated gracefully beside the glossy braids. On the neck was a single string of pearls. The rest of the company was made up of glittering officials, and short and tall women, dressed according to their good or bad tastes. One very little woman had three enormous crimson dahlias in her hair, and four on the front of the skirt of her dress, but she had a pleasant face, innocent as the light. There were two in Georgian costume; one, the Princess Parlavandoff, was pretty and fairy-like. Her dress was of pearl colored silk, made like those I have heretofore described. Around her waist was a ribbon of the color of her chemisette, and on her arm, covered by a long sleeve, were two bracelets, one of gold and one of coral. Her front hair was brought low on the cheeks, while

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the rest in raven braids fell down her back, partly covered by the thin veil that floated from her little golden cap.

Khanikoff.

Khanikoff, an author of much celebrity here, extended to me his acquaintance and presented me to Count De Lille, companion of Count Courtigie, employed by the French government to make observations on the military establishments of the country, in reference to adopting the same in Africa. Tea and cake were handed around, then commenced a gallopade, which was followed by quick waltzes — couples succeeding each other, after passing up and down the hall once; it being considered somewhat improper to extend a waltz further, with the same partner. Ice creams and sherbert were next brought, and the dwarf came to receive the dishes. The ladies were then all seated at the upper end of the hall, and Mons. Rodolf, a distinguished French professor of leger-dermain, went through a series of sleights of hand that astonished all.

Mons. R. was three years in Constantinople by the wish of the Sultan, who made him many valuable presents. He is yet young, quite gentlemanly, and has with him a sweet little Italian wife. After his feats the mazurka was danced for an hour; but it had nothing of the bewitching grace, that true poetry of motion which characterises the

Spanish waltzes as danced by the Madridleñians. One is the graceful roll of the ship at sea, the other, the feather in a whirlwind. SECTION II.

The furniture of the Princess' drawing-room was of crimson velvet; that of the dancing-saloon, red damask. The walls were covered with satin paper and ornamented by a single portrait, that of a daughter of the princess; and though representing a very beautiful and amiable girl, was equally attractive as a gem of art; and when the mother told me it was of her child, her eyes swam in tears. On each table were pots of full blown flowers, and in each fire-place, amid a mass of deep green foliage, was a rose bush putting forth one large beautiful rose.

Yesterday being stormy I devoted a part of the day to a file of newspapers Prince Woronsoff sent to me by the hands of a Cossack. They contained news of deep interest — the progress of reform in Sardinia — civil war in Switzerland — customs league in Italy — Ireland's thousands starving under English misrule, and the Americans possessing the city of Mexico. In the morning, M. Khanikoff favored we with a call and a book to read. Baron Nicolaif came and entertained me for two hours, and in the evening, I had a visit from a Mr. Ivanhoe, a Greek from Smyrna, who knew many of my old acquaintances there — Ivanhoe.

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the lovely Greek sisters, the Misses Gou, one of whom, (and whose portrait is in her father-in-law's family in the United States,) is now the wife of an estimable American, Mr. Langdon: the worthy English family of Purdys, one of whom married a charming and wealthy lady of Boston; the Messrs. Offleys of Philadelphia, and the accomplished and admired Miss Clark, who now as Mrs. Lord, adorns the society of Trinidad de Cuba. Hardly any one could have been more welcome than Mr. Ivanhoe, for with him I lived over again my delightful sojourn in Ionia. I revisited Clazomene, wandered with him along the banks of the Meles, climbed Mount Sipylus, looked out on the far-stretching plains of Lydia, and wept beside the once thrice-warm but now cold, desolate-hearted Niobe. My meeting with him could not have been more opportune. He had, like myself, been a rambler over the world, and speaking Turkish, Tartar, and three or four other languages of the East, was just the person I needed for my future route. We were at once friends, and I proposed to him to join me in my expedition into the mountains, and then into Persia. He acceeded to it with delight, though the thought of leaving the society of the gentle Senora R. whose manners I was willing to admit, were extremely fascinating, soon chilled his ardor. He related what I had

already heard — that it had stormed furiously in the mountains — that the passes were closed by avalanches, and that I would find howling horrors in the region of the Kasbek, provoked by the restless sprit of Prometheus, who was still chained there, with none of Io's race to set him free.

Mons. Marr.

To-day I was called on by Mons. Marr, employed by the government to ascertain the properties of the soil, and improve the agriculture of the valley. His residence is in Guriel, the district I first entered after leaving the Euxine. He stated that fruits and grain could here be brought to almost any perfection, and that he had succeeded in raising a very excellent cotton. I returned with him to his hotel to obtain some statistics about the tribes of his region, and then in company with Mr. Ivanhoe, visited Count de Courtigie. The count told me his orders were to cross the Caucasus, but the Cossack couriers had reported to him also, that the passes were closed, for there had been some dreadful storms in the mountains; and when I assured him that within a week I should attempt it myself, he endeavored with much earnestness, to dissuade me from it, showing that same kindness of heart which had won for him the affections of many a stranger.

This being the day on which etiquette required

Section II. that all who had attended the princess' assembly should call on her, at about two o'clock I repaired to the palace. I found the lady sitting on a rich lounge, under the portrait of her daughter. Gracefully and cheerfully she received all. Her conversation with me turned on my travels, more particularly in Krim Tartary. She mentioned her magnificent chateau at Yalta, and seemed by the feeling with which she dwelt upon it, to desire again to return to the Crimea. Retiring as soon as courtesy permitted, I drove to the hotel and spent the evening in persuading friend Ivanhoe to accompany me in my future wanderings.

Calls. 16th. Early this morning I received a note of invitation from Princess and Prince Woronsoff to dine with them in the evening. By invitation I paid a visit also to the Georgian princess Bebutoff, it being with her a marriage *fête* day. I entered a large walled courtyard, ascended a long, low flight of steps to the stylobate of a handsome one-story wooden house of light green color. Passing through a long hall, I was received at the door of the reception-room by the princess' brother, who presented me formally to his sister, who was reclining on a divan beside her mother. As I kissed the hands of the good lady and lovely daughter, they returned the compliment by kissing my hair; this species of salutation

being allowable where persons are intimate: and the long acquaintance I had had with the princess' father and brothers, and the knowledge we possessed consequently of each other, made her as well as her mother who had welcomed me to her house when I was so seriously injured by the upsetting of the carriage, appear more like a relative than a stranger. The young lady gorgeously attired in native costume, arose to receive me, while her parent sat a *la Georgian*. The room was large and richly furnished in blue damask. On one side, covering about a quarter of the finely waxed floor, was a large Persian rug, on which stood a sofa and centre-table, and opposite it a piano. I had been invited here to dine, but a previous engagement at the palace prevented what would have been very agreeable; but I was not permitted to leave without promising to return again, after I had left Prince Woronsoff. The princess would not, therefore, say to me adieu, but, *au revoir*. I shall not soon forget the tone of that voice; and the smile that accompanied it, is a delicate wreath hung up in my memory.

I next drove to Prince Kotsohobey's to return his calls, but did not find him at home. I however, met there Prince Dinderdoff, who invited me to his apartments, where he displayed some very excellent raw silk made in the neighborhood,

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and which is becoming a great article of commerce. I was astonished to find that he was perfectly conversant with the detailed movements of our army, and said that he thought that General Scott must be a great military chief, while General Taylor deserved the thanks which one State refused to vote to him, and the highest honors in the gift of our government. He also mentioned in terms of admiration, Bragg, Worth, Ringold, Hunter, and many others, several distinguished sons of Massachusetts, and affirmed that it was incredible how the untutored volunteer corps should fight so bravely and be so bold and irresistible. It was most gratifying to me to see that the fame of those noble-hearted soldiers had thus spread over the world.

Our Soldiers.

His apartments were rich in lounges, &c., and on the walls hung several French engravings; the two most beautiful of which were, the "Hindoo Girl" and the "Miniature."

I next called on M. Khanikoff, who with much affability received me in his study. He speaks English tolerably well. The only picture in his room is a portrait of Washington. M. Khanikoff is the author of a work on Bocharia, a region from which he not long since returned; and what is singularly interesting in his residence there, is that Conolly, (with Stoddart,) who was

afterwards so barbarously murdered by the natives, was for some time his guest. M. K. speaks the Persian language, and all his servants are Persians, brought with him from that country. Their costume is like the Georgians, and they wear their caps at all times, even though waiting on a prince.

At the Palace.

At six o'clock, I went to the palace and dined. An extra luxury on the table were some small oysters from Trebizond. On retiring to the apartment of the prince, he welcomed me with the same cheerful expression, and elegant manners of the courtier, and at once took me to see some specimens of cotton, grown in Guriel. He said he did not think it so good as our American, and desired my opinion; but of some coal he had, he remarked that it was found in abundance in Imeretia, and in a favorable position for transit, and that it had been tried on the boats, and found to be very valuable — that coal had also been discovered on the frontier line of Turkey, where it had been difficult to maintain a garrison for want of wood. He then went and brought me two English newspapers received a few moments previous from Petersburg, and at the same time proffered the use of his library. From some remarks of the princess, I was led to ask her if she had the life of Pozzo Borgo. She replied that she had not yet obtained it, but quoting some of his

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opinions, as related by the author, Count Ouvaroff showed that she had a knowledge of it. She said that like the eccentric Alfieri,* Pozzo regarded Machiavelli as the prince of thinkers. General Potosky, a man of giant form and intellect, joined us, and introduced the subject of the cholera, stating that he had just received letters from Moscow, giving alarming accounts of the fear which had seized the inhabitants on the approach of that strange scourge.

On my taking leave — and it is fashionable to do so, without bidding any one adieu — General Potosky offered me a seat in his carriage, and I hastened to the Princess Bebutoff's. The brilliancy of the assembly there, could hardly be surpassed. Oriental beauty, luxury, and loveliness were around me. In one corner reclined a Persian damsel, and a Circassian princess. Opposite, on a lounge, sat a brilliant Georgian belle, and by the piano stood the charming lady of the mansion, each surrounded by a *cotërie* of friends, forming groups bewitchingly fair. The manners of all were as chaste and decorous as the costumes were rich and modest, and yet effective. The art of dress had evidently reached great perfection among them. As in the other assemblies I have mentioned, the

At Princess Bebutoff's.

* C. Edwards Lester, Esq., has translated into English the extremely interesting auto-biography of this remarkable man.

gentlemen were too apt to gather apart from the ladies, though when one appeared on the floor to dance, all were attention and admiration. A girl of about fourteen won great applause by her grace in the native *bolero*. Indeed, it required the most perfect of forms to appear well in it; and one of less than faultless elegance of motion, flexibility of limbs, and heartfelt love of the task, must have utterly failed. As it was, her arms and body seemed wreathed with every strain of music. To its soft and gentle tones she was bending like the willow, and her long dark eyelashes veiled the bright light of the soul. When it was more stirring, there was a flashing wildness in her look, and a more impassioned movement; and I thought of the swift-winged swallow, the soaring eagle, the floating swan; and the gentle langour which at one moment stole on the senses of the spectator, was in the next replaced by vivid, exulting commendation.

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Morals in High Life.

30th. A few days passed most rapidly away in the high toned, elegant society met with here, and my journeying was to be resumed. The viceroy had promised me letters to his officers commanding in the various districts, and a Cossack guard for my excursions into the interior; but the charm of a refined circle of friends was not easily abandoned. The entire object of my visit here, however, not being yet completed, no incentive could have been more powerful, in severing the chains that bound me to the banks of the Cyrus. But before leaving I would gladly, if space permitted, devote a chapter to the social virtues of the people, and the domestic amiability which pervades many a family, though I cannot give full assent to the opinions expressed by some of our most worthy missionaries, to which I have referred in another section.

The learned Xavier H. De Hell remarks in his "Travels in the Steppes": "On entering the first *salon*, we were met by the general, who immediately presented us to his two wives. . . . . In Russia, wealth covers every thing with its glit-

tering veil, and sanctions every kind of eccentricity. A man the slave of his word, and a woman of her reputation, could not be understood in a country where caprice reigns as absolute sovereign. A Russian lady to whom I made some remarks on this subject, answered *naïvely*, that none but low people could be affected by scandal, inasmuch as censure can only proceed from superiors."

A friend informed me that some of the noble families, both native and foreign, which we were visiting, enjoyed the full latitude of that freedom, which the intrigues, and the voluptuous habits of the court have sanctioned from time immemorial. For instance, M. ——, with those fine decorations, is swayed only by ambition, and will forego anything for preferment. He cares not what the splendidly attired, graceful *Madame*, does, provided she calls not on him for the *expenses* of her gaiety.

Creditable to seek rank and station by marriage, it is in no sense discreditable to find the heart a home in the breast of one to whom heaven and love — one the atmosphere of the other — has seemed to wed it; and while the gentle one bends to forms constructed perhaps by soulless men, and to laws though divine — changed since Solomon's time, and that may change again — spoken by profane priests, the far more sacred (as they deem them) rights of the soul, the hallowed spirit of the

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affections, create for themselves a beautiful image crowned with celestial light, which leads them in a path of equal honor and fidelity—though not according with our strict notions of virtue—to happiness.

Dangers in passing the Caucasus.

At the palace I consulted every person who I supposed could give the slightest information concerning the route over the Caucasus. A general who passed there about a month since, and who, as a personal friend, I thought I could rely upon, and whose decision I had almost made up my mind to abide by, told me he considered it dangerous at the present time, as, much snow having fallen, avalanches would frequently occur, which might be somewhat inconvenient. To the last supposition I assented from a rather serious conviction that one of those fearful masses, descending some thousands of feet upon my path, might send me on that long journey from which travellers are not often known to return. The astute Cobbett, I think it is, who says: "no one is so prepared to ask advice as he who has made up his mind to act upon his own judgment;" so I turned to others whom I knew in the assembly, in hopes to find some who would give countenance to my determination to hazard the trip at all risks; but there was one only, Baron Nicolaif, who afforded any encouragement. He stated that though the courier due for two days

had not yet arrived from St. Petersburg, there was no doubt he would come that day, and if he could pass, I could; and, in fact, he thought the very difficulties I should have to surmount would add an interest which I should not regret; and though there might be danger, the chances in favor of my making an agreeable ride were so many in comparison, that he favored my design. He also told me of a method of making the post-wagons more bearable, which was to take a long rope and cross it many times over the top of the vehicle, fastening it in the frame work at the sides, and thus form a kind of seat, which would be a little elastic and answer, though to a very limited extent, for springs, of which they are entirely deficient. This was also to be improved by placing on the ropes a pillow, or a sack of hay, though by being thus elevated, the unaccustomed traveller was very apt to be thrown out; so that though one portion of the animal economy was made comfortable by the ductility of feathers or hay, another portion was made uncomfortable by fear of having its casket bumped on a rock.

Other persons, whom I questioned expressed themselves dubiously, or with an assurance that I was undertaking a difficult and perilous enterprise; and Prince Kotshobey said I had better dress in the Circassian costume, and go well armed. These

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precautions he doubtless thought necessary: — as in the first case, being taken for one of their own people, I should readily escape being shot at by the mountaineers in the wild passes I should have to traverse, as the Russians and others frequently are, even from a great distance; in the other case, if attacked by a small party, might have a chance of escape by gallant defence. One gentleman who had several times passed over to the northern side of the Caucasus, told me that he was once blocked in between two avalanches, which fell during his journey, and that he was obliged to remain at one of the post stations a whole month before the way could be opened sufficiently for him to proceed; and during that time, as there was only a small picket of Cossacks to guard the place, the Circassians might have descended from the heights and swept them away from the valley as the snow was whirled from the peaks above them — that these robber hordes of the hills doubtless would have done so, had they known of the isolated and helpless condition of their enemies. This may appear strange, continued he, when it is known, that the people who inhabit these regions are called the subdued and friendly tribes; but when their real character is understood, all astonishment ceases. However tranquil and inoffensive they may be, when nothing is to be gained

and much risked in hostile movements, night assaults, or private murders, they are ever ready, ever on the alert, ever eager for an opportunity, when — as I have related in cases of shipwreck on the coast of the Black Sea — they can entrap a wealthy traveller, of whatever nation he may be, plunder a caravan, or descend upon an unprotected Russian or Georgian village, destroy its inhabitants and carry off their wealth, their cattle, their arms and ammunition.

Are these tribes I am yet to visit, so different, I asked from those I have met with in the valley? Are such the great risks to be run? It is possible; but, said I to myself, animated even by the recital of these very hindrances which at other times might have damped my ardor, to-morrow I start for the mountains.

Preparations.

Early in the morning, after taking tea, as a matter of course, and not coffee, I had sallied out with my Greek friend and interpreter, to procure a *patarodgner* and such articles as the cold and the necessities of our journey demanded. The first was a source of no little annoyance to us, as, to obtain it, we had to go through a long and very contemptible routine of proceeding, which, as also the difficulties complained of universally by foreigners and others met with in obtaining passports — should be, by the enlightened prince, for-

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ever abolished. We appeared at the police-office where our passports were examined; then we had to go about a mile to get a single sheet of paper, (just as though it could not be kept and sold in the same office where some of the other business was done) then return, then go to another office, and then to another, and so on for two long hours: literally two hours, though we rode from place to place, and I feed each clerk who had anything to do with the business — some from necessity, and some voluntarily. I paid, also, $5.61 to government, such being the amount due on said *patarodgner*, which claims one copek per verst for the whole distance therein named, besides a dollar or two for stamped paper. This sum is, as I have stated, in the post system, independent of the three copeks per verst for each horse driven on the military route during the winter, and the ten copeks claimed at each post for the use of the wagon.

When this disagreeable business was completed, our steps were turned to the bazars, where we purchased sugar, tea, cheese, sausages, bread, &c., — large boots, lined with fur and reaching to the knee; heavy woollen stockings to wear outside and inside of the inner boots; various other articles of comfort, and last, though not least, a huge sack of hay to put into the bottom of our carriage, believing it would be more comfortable and less dan-

gerous to sit on, than the ropes recommended by the baron. With very few exceptions, all the persons we had to deal with were Armenians, and they were as expert and eager in the display and sale of their goods, as a Jew is in changing money. In fact, traffic, mercantile speculation, commercial enterprise generally, constitute the very life and soul of this people. It is their great end and aim to rise from pedlars to shopkeepers, and from shopkeepers to bankers, and, if possible, to monopolise trade. Being industrious even to indefatigability, prudent even to parsimony, and abstemious even to excess, they seldom fail to accomplish their object. The present banker of the sultan is an Armenian, and the great merchants and bankers throughout the east are of this ancient race. We met them now on their own ground. One who had made my acquaintance some weeks before, by calling me into his store, under pretence of asking me if I could translate for him an English letter, received from a relative of his travelling somewhere in the west, but which he did not produce, and had never said anything more about now invited me in to see some new goods just arrived by caravan from Persia. Another who saw us on the opposite side of the street bargaining for a fur coat, slipped off the woollen one he had on, and ensconced himself in a garment of the kind we were examining, pro-

Armenians.

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menaded in front of his shop, and endeavored by calling to us, and by other devices, to attract our attention to the superior fitting and actual worth of the article he had donned.

One who had asked two silver rubles for a fur cap, finally took one half of the price.

Clothing we found cheap; but good foreign cheese and tea were dear. For the former, one dollar per pound was asked, and for the latter, three and a half; while loaf sugar was one quarter of a silver ruble, or about twenty-two cents per pound.

Persian shawls which I took occasion to examine were all striped, and though very comfortable from being thickly wrought, were none of them of pleasing patterns. They were neither dear, nor elegant — usually long shawls and not square ones.

No native women tended these shops, though at the head of a street leading to the bazars, a German girl with all the peculiar beauties of her nation, had found means to establish a very neat confectionery, where most excellent mince pies were to be had, and some other good things which would remind a *Yankee* of home. A little room adjoining the shop, ornamented with some rather fanciful though rich engravings, received her more intimate customers. Perfect neatness prevailed everywhere;

and it might have much to do in winning the heart of a young man whom I saw there, and who was soon to unite his fortune with hers. Judging from appearances, I do not think he could have made a better choice in the whole of his viceroyship's dominions.

But these Armenians never appeared to better advantage than when they arose from the squatting, cross-legged position as manufacturers, and assumed the upright and dignified posture of merchants. Their sober costume, fitting well their strait, but flexible forms; their earnest and attentive air; the mild expression of face, and subdued tone of voice, claimed a respectful ear, while they lauded the qualities of the merchandise they wished to dispose of; but they did not annoy us by that officiousness which characterises the Hebrew broker and vender, met with every moment in the Turkish and some of the Russian cities.

The Georgian, with more brilliant expression, levity of manner and gaiety of dress, was not less polite, though with a seeming affectation, assumed for the purpose of pleasing and making a shrewd bargain with a foreigner. This latter quality arises from the fact that the Armenians being naturally superior to them in business tact by which these foreigners have wrested from them nearly all the trade of their own capital, are looked up to,

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and imitated in their transactions and intercourse with the world, so that the mercantile classes lose, in some measure, their national traits, anda ssimulate with their rivals.

Having finished the round of the bazaars, and supplied ourselves with most of the articles we required, and with which we nearly filled a sledge, we passed over the lofty bridge which spans with one arch the Kour — the rocks jutting out here on either side so as to form strong natural buttresses for its support — and, turning to the left, descended a narrow, muddy street towards the stream where the hay depot is. Here we met every variety of people. The camel-driver was there even from the region of the Indus, and his animals lying on the sand, on the banks of the river hard by, were waiting patiently his return, with their food. They had been unladen in the city, and had come to a large unoccupied space there, for the purpose of obtaining water and repose, and be free from the annoyances of crowded streets. In the square above, flanked on one side by a massive ledge, which terminated a range of hills, and is crowned by a fortress and a large and beautiful barracks, were numerous halts of small buffaloes, drosky horses, &c., that were waiting, also, for the return of their respective drivers, who now mingled with us and contended for the first service of

the hay-seller. It was too cold to spend much time in idle or curious observations; so one sack was soon filled, paid for, and sent by a gipsy-looking vagabond to our sledge, that not long after landed us at our hotel. We had some difficulty in despatching the man who brought us, as he charged an exorbitant price; but when it was done, my friend found that he had left in the carriage a pair of woollen boots. Not knowing the stand of the driver, or his name, and the idea of finding him by search being rather absurd, he consoled himself for his loss, by ordering tea. The next day just before our departure, we accidentally met the fellow in the suburbs of the city, and we immediately accosted him, though by turning away suddenly he evidently tried to avoid us. He, however, by a good *ruse* succeeded in keeping the boots, for he assured us that he had just been and left them at the hotel; and as we could not there prove anything to the contrary, he escaped just punishment and our further observation. He was a Russian.

On the evening of my bazaar rambles I received, by a Don Cossack, a package bearing the royal arms. It was from Prince Woronsoff, and contained a note from Baron Nicolaif, which, with his usual urbanity he had couched in terms of regard and friendship — and two letters for officer

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commanding on the north of the Caucasus. One was — "A son excellence Mons. le General Nesterow, commandant militaire du district de Wladi Cawcas," and the other to "Mons. le Colonel Beklemshew, commandant le centre de laligne, Naltchep." The former was in answer to a note I had addressed to the baron; and the latter, the fulfilment of a promise that the prince had made to me some time previous, already spoken of. I was highly gratified by this courtesy, for I was now confident that every protection would be afforded, and every means and facility extended to me, by which I could see as much of the Circassians and their country as the state of hostilities permitted.

I soon after received a very delicate note, directed in a fine and elegant hand, which I thought, from its appearance, must have come from some Georgian fair one. It proved, however, to be from friend Khanikoff, stating his inability to keep an engagement he had made to meet me that evening; but that at any other time previous to my departure, or after my return, he should be most happy to see me. Here I was disappointed in two ways; but I was consoled by the knowledge that he would not, when opportunity offered, fail to impart to me some of that vast fund of information with which his great, and still youthful mind is stored.

While we were driving about for our *patarodgner*, an incident occurred I forgot to mention, but which was one of the kind that made lookers on laugh, however disagreeable it may be to the sufferer — such as slipping on the ice, or chasing one's hat in a high wind. A poor Circassian, a water carrier — though here, as in Cairo, water is carried about in large skins — ascending a steep street near the palace, had stopped his old horse on the way, to rest; as the tired beast had been attempting to drag up the hill a large barrel of water curiously and clumsily fixed on an axle with two wheels. While he was here contemplating, apparently, his hard fate, as well as that of the companion of his toils, he discovered two horses, which a Gruzinsky had been abusing, and which had sprung away from him and started off at full tilt, coming furiously down the hill, dragging behind them an empty and capsized drosky. He knew the danger he was in, and he hurried as fast as his old legs could carry him to lead his own horse out of the way; but ineffectually: the animal had done his best and now stood motionless, and awaited unconcernedly his fate. Down came the drosky and its attachés; and as animals thus frightened always, if possible, rush in among their kind, so these now pounced upon this motionless brute. The shock was tremendous. Down tum-

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bled all the three horses into one animated heap, while crash went the carriage against the cart, off broke both wheels, and drosky, cart, wheels, and the smashed water barrel, made up another pile of more quiet, but no less laughable confusion. The old man was dumb and motionless, for he saw before him the destruction of his only means of livelihood. The by-standers, however, could not help being amused, yet tried to restore to its original form the water-carrier's cart. It was of no avail; the rotten axle had borne its last weight, and the wheels had made their last turn, so the aged sufferer turned away to the palace. He went at once to the chancelry under General Soffonoff and stated his misfortune. The general, who is ever accessible, and whose generous heart, like that of the prince, is ever touched by the plea of any friendly Circassian, immediately ordered a new cart to be made and equipped for him, while he sent to arrest the Gruzinsky, doubtless to make him suffer for his brutality and carelessness.

My eternal saddle-bags being packed, and Ivanhoe and myself perfectly enveloped in fur coats and boots, we had little to do when the wagon came, but to stow in our sack of hay and our provisions, (of which we had enough for two weeks) and mount and be off. We had three horses, which accorded with the order of the

patarodgner. The weather was cold and clear, and when the crack of the whip sounded out *en route* for the Caucasus, my heart beat with new life.

On passing the gate, or rather the *pole* (swung like a well-sweep,) of the city, we were asked by a soldier guard, if we belonged to the Russian service, and when he was informed, he allowed us to pass on without comment. We descended the steep banks of the Kur to the west of the city where stands a fine monument that commemorates the visit of Emperor Nicholas, some few years ago, and passing a rather ancient and rustic looking bridge, we were soon speeding happily along the very road over which a few weeks before, I had been borne insensible.

Our course at first lay by the right bank of the stream above mentioned, and the scenes which soon opened to our view were picturesque and often grand. On our left were irregular hills, which grew into a range of ragged rocks, that seemed to swim in the air above our heads, while on the other hand, undulating land stretched away to, and formed a fertile slope from some far-off mountains. Every thing was white with snow, except a few bleak, black crags that here and there stood out, too precipitously for the feathered water to light upon, and the front of an occasional Georgian hovel, on a hill-side. The watch-dog's

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bark that echoed in the valley, or a wreath of smoke that told of domestic comforts, were not unpleasant in this partial solitude.

As we approached the place, about twenty versts from Tiflis, where I had been capsized and nearly killed, the beauty of the scenery increased and was now diversified by ruined castles and convents.

The most inaccessible peaks seem to have been chosen, both by the monk and the soldier; and strong battlements, now tumbling from their giddy heights, and monastic walls still well preserved, crowning a conical hill that shoots up into the very blue of heaven, make the approach to Mtskheta one of thrilling interest. It is not solely that they are lofty, that they are ruins, or that their history dates back to times when men had strange ideas of religion, and were endeavoring to modify idolatry and unite it with Christianity; or were so wedded to the one, that it was impossible at once to shake off its influence while they erected new temples, and bowed down to worship the unknown God; — it is not solely that such associations cling around those ancient structures and hallow them, making them sacred beacons, and land-marks in the history and onward progress of civilization; — it is not that they stand there as almost the sole records of a people long since passed away, and who erected them as durable

monuments and did not dream of decay and change; — it is not solely the imagination, which influenced by the history of these great wrecks, gathers about them a halo of storied associations, and clothes them with a majesty and beauty no modern fabrics claim and time alone sanctifies, but all these combined, that give them a power over the beholder which he cannot surmount and which he can never forget. The huge crack in that gigantic wall, which stands on the edge of that cliff one passes so near, shows that some convulsion of the earth has taken place, and that the deep ravine below is yet to receive those huge rocks that have for so many ages defied the storm, and you pause for a moment, as though you would wait to see it reel on its towering solid base and plunge into the fearful depths; while you shudder when you think of the crash and the shock, and pass timidly by lest it occur in an evil hour. The vine that binds its tottering stones, creeps into the crevices, or swings wildly in the wind, from the cloud crowned turrets, wreathes about your soul the charm of supersition, and makes you feel that it has a life peculiar to its work — that in a sad and mournful sympathy in the decay which its green arms, thrown about it, would stay, it sends out its broad leaves to shelter it, its drooping tendrils wide floating in the storm that would destroy it, and waits in solemn sadness

SECTION III. its sister destiny. Besides all this, the light which gathers on these summits — the first golden hue of morning and the last of evening — fails not to impress the devout with the idea that God thus shows His particular regard for them, while the gloom of their neighboring valleys, and the shadows of their own majestic forms cease not by these contrasts, to add to the sacred glory of the one and to the mythic somberness of the other.

Mtskheta. Whatever Mtskheta (mentioned in a former section) might once have been as the capital of Georgia, and in the days of her splendor — whatever grand processions may have paraded her streets bearing to the hallowed precints of her churches all that remained of famed Georgian Kings who still rest here undisurbed — whatever monuments may have been reared here to victorious arms or civil worth — whatever festive scenes may here have gladdened the old, and made gay the youth, no semblance of it now remains in attestation, but the pleasantness of its situation and its two sacred temples. As seen from the opposite bank, it bears no resemblance to a modern village, and looks rather like numerous dog-kennels dug into the side of the bank, than a place inhabited by human beings.

Method of Building. But these low, flat-roofed dwellings are not peculiar to this people; for the Persians, Armenians

and Caucasians, have the same style of architecture. The Georgians, however, I think have availed themselves oftener — doubtless for economy's sake — of the advantages of a hill-side, as the labor is then much less in the formation of their abodes. The first operation appears to be this: Into the bank a square or oblong square hole is dug; over this are then laid strong timbers; the spaces between these are filled up with stones regularly and compactly placed; being in their turn covered with dirt, and then sods, which make a platform differing little from the orignal hill-side, except that it is more level. This often serves for a promenade, a reception room for neighbors, a retreat in the cool of evening, or a place on which to tend babies, pick beans, thresh wool, or make a toilette; while the apartments or more properly cellars below, are the bedrooms, kitchens and stables.

The grassy surface of the roofs, thus constructed, resembles so much, as I have said, the adjacent hill sides, one might sometimes walk for a long distance on the tops of these houses without being aware that he was possibly shaking the dirt down into somebody's boiling pot, or dish of dough. Should it, however, happen to fall into some unfortunate baby's eyes, or should the smoke get into his own as it issued from the crevices beneath his feet, for want of a better way of escape, he might suddenly be

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awakened to the peculiarity of his position. One is also liable to be considerably astonished, as was a Greek traveller, who related the following circumstances to me. He was once driving through one of these Georgian villages, and unconsciously over the tops of the houses, when he suddenly found himself sitting alone in his sledge, his horse having disappeared though the roof of one of the dwellings, and alighted in its *salon*.

The façade of these houses is built up frequently of plank, often with stones and mud, and sometimes with sticks and clay. The door-way is of ordinary size, but the windows vary in accordance with the position and intent of the building. If it be simply for a dwelling, the window, if any, is of very small size, — a simple square hole closed by a shutter; if for a shop, it is large and usually has a platform inside where articles on sale, or such as indicate the business of the occupant, are exposed.

One now can easily imagine what must be the appearance of a town thus constructed. Almost entirely covered up by the earth which forms their three sides and roof, a European unacustomed to such sights, would not discover at a little distance that they were homes of the *genus homo*. The dark appearence of the open doors and windows, showing an entrance into the hill-side, would however naturally awaken enquiry, otherwise he might pass them without being aware of their use.

This description answers for several other villages I have passed through, as well as for Mtskheta; but I would not say that every Georgian house or shop is thus without imposing effect. I have seen some that had the appearance of the log huts in our western territories, others like the bamboo houses of the Hindoos, and many in the large towns that would vie with some of the neatest of European structures; verandas, or colonnades being usually an agreeable feature of the latter.

One very naturally asks, what kind of people they are who live in these hovels of the hills? They are, or have been, the poor subjects and slaves of those petty princes and nobles of whom I shall speak more fully hereafter; and though their condition nominally, and their relationship to these ignorant and lordly masters, is materially changed by the modern laws of New-Russia, and their real state is somewhat modified by the influence of her government, they are yet very far from being free from the effect of the old feudal institutions under which they have so long existed; and not altogether divested of their habits of servility and dependence, and but slightly animated by any new intelligence or lofty aspirations. Their poverty begets that necessary economy which obliges them to construct their dwellings in the cheapest and easiest mode possible; while, at the same time,

SECTION III. the cold of winter, which is here often severe and lasts for several months, adds a strong inducement to this mode of making their abodes in the ground.

We passed between the two old churches of Mtskheta, (one of which has been mentioned), surrounded by indented walls, with their picturesque, if not strong, towers, and soon after descended to our first post-station. Here, the grand military road turns northward, while the other continues its course along the Georgian valley.

The Aragua. We were delayed but a few moments, and those were occupied in removing our baggage and provisions to another wagon in accordance with the custom of changing vehicles at every station. From here we had driven but three versts when the sun had set, and a beautiful rose-tint succeeded and flooded the whole west. We were on a plain, and near the banks of the Aragua — the *Aragon* of the ancients — on which are some ruins that relate to other times and of by-gone importance. This rocky stream, along which the road lies till it reaches the great Caucasian chain, rises among the hills of the Ocetians, and continuing first nearly S. E., then S., enters the Kur not far from the little town that I have just described.

Before it was dark several mounted huntsmen crossed our path and coursed away over the plain to

the eastward. Their guns were swung to their backs and several rabbits at their saddle bows, while some small, lean, yellow, tired-looking dogs, trotted on behind. Our view, then of little extent, and bounded northward by some dark-looking object which appeared, on approach, to be a group of thatched houses, was soon made enchanting — the moon rising full and clear over the mountains.

A Caravan.

It was now time for our driver to take advantage of the fine, smooth road, and he did so. His horses were set into a full run and several miles were swept over at a fearful speed, which was not slackened till we entered again the narrow passes. Here we came to a caravan halt. The animals were drawn up in two straight lines facing each other, with their heads fastened to the long and well arranged pile of merchandise their backs had been relieved of, and which their heels now protected from any strange ingress, by forming an active, and when put in motion, a rather dangerous wall of defence. Half away along this line a space about five yards square had been left, in which the drivers were collected around a large fire. Some were seated on mats, some on their bourkas, others on the snow, and all appeared attentively watching a large pot that doubtless contained their supper; but as we approached, one more athletic and probably more active than the rest, started from the ring and came to the edge of the

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road where we were to pass. I could not tell whether he was one of the Circassians or not, though he wore their dress, and his long pistols and his two-edged cama hanging at his silver-studded belt, glistened in the light; but as some of the Cossacks and many of the Gruzinsky wear this costume, it is difficult for a stranger to distinguish them till he is accustomed to their national features. When our formidable looking scrutinizer had satisfied his curiosity, he returned to the fire, and again formed one of the quiet number who were on guard around the aforesaid pot.

The dark shadows of the base of the hills about us, the moon that poured its silvery flood on their summits, the lurid light that streamed along the encampment, falling on this group of curiously arrayed beings, made up a scene I can only remember with a species of regret, since I cannot portray its strange beauties to others.

Dushet.

At nine o'clock we came to the pretty village of Dushet. Here we were told we could have no horses, as those in the stables did not exceed the number required to be kept constantly on hand, and that we must wait till some returned; so we ordered the *semivar* and began making tea.

During our meal which consisted of flour bread, cheese and cold sausage, we discussed the importance of preseverance in our designs, and concluded

that we would not let the fellows rest till they gave us what our *patarodgner* demanded. We accordingly ordered out the servant every few moments to inquire if there were no new arrivals, and to say that our mission required despatch. After several journeys to the stables, he came with an announcement that he thought it possible we might have what we desired, if one of us would go and urge it upon the keepers. My companion at once started — for we were really anxious not to lose so beautiful a night, — and in a short time returned with horses and a *sledge*.

The new vehicle with which we were now to journey, though as rude in structure and appearance as human ingenuity could have made it, was vastly more agreeable, than we were to find the wagons; for the snow was level and frozen hard upon the roads, and better sleighing could not be had.

Ananoor.

The next post was short, but very hilly and extremely picturesque; and at midnight, after passing a few neat little houses along the banks of a small stream, and a dirty village clustered around the strong walls which encircled a church-yard and a venerable old church, we arrived at Ananoor.

This station, imbedded among the mountains, like the others, had a strong picket of Cossacks; who, to keep the road open and make it safe to travel on — this being, also, the route of the Petersburg couriers and of all the caravans that traffic between the

Section III. Georgian Capitol and the steppes of the north — pass to and fro on it continually. But now all were asleep, and when we drove into the yard, the two bells which hung in the hoop over the heads of our steeds jingled to no purpose, for neither hostler, keeper or Cossack, made their appearance. We soon, however, stirred up the right person, who, to get rid of us, signed our paper as quickly as possible, took his money and ordered horses; then shut his house and was doubtless fast asleep again before we had stamped our feet warm on his door-step. We were very thankful for the despatch, as no time could have been more cheerful to us for a journey, though it was so cold that our beards were caked with ice.

From here the road was smooth as a bowling alley. We skirted the banks of the Aragua, and swept on through deep valleys that seemed without egress. Our postilion, our sledge, our animals, all were good; and through gorges beautifully wild, and through passes that seemed but beds of glistening crystals, we rivalled in our speed Tam O'Shanter with all the ghosts of inebriety at his heels. At three o'clock in the morning we were at Ptanaoor.

Ptanaoor. The station of Ptanaoor occupies about the only spot in that region where a house could well be built, so narrow is the ravine and so precipitous are the mountains that form its sides.

On arriving, a stupid looking servant came to know our wants, and we ordered some wood for a fire. He informed us there was none. My companion, angry at this news — as the government instructs its *serviteurs* to have a fire always at these places — exclaimed: *Yakinis atesch adjak its chindé*, (make a fire) and hunt for wood; and started after him with a stick. He ran out much frightened, and the Greek, on his return, said the fool had fled to the cliffs. So, cold as we were, we laid down to rest.

Our choice of beds consisted of the floor, or the plank bottoms of two wooden bed-frames. Ivanhoe chose the former, on our sack of hay, and I, the latter, on my good fur coat, with my saddle-bags for a pillow. To sleep, however, I found impossible, so vivid in my mind were the scenes just passed through. The moment I closed my eyes, snow cliffs glistening in the light towered before them. I felt that the horses were flying away with me as if winged, and ravines closed up by white, massive barriers, and peaks girt with clouds and moon-light were sweeping past me, a whirlwind of splendid imagery. Two hours of effort sufficed, and at five o'clock I was up again, making new attempts to get a fire. My companion and two or three other travellers frozen out of sleep, came to aid me. We aroused an lod woman who lived in

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the same walled yard and belonged to the establishment, and she managed to get us some wood, though she said her son had not yet returned with that he went in search of when one of us chased him. She also brought the *semivar* with some good coals in it, and we busied ourself till morning, toasting bread and making tea.

Ocetian Chalets.

We delayed our departure from here till ten o'clock, for the purpose of having the company of a Georgian who was passing the mountain on some government mission. He was a very loquacious man; told us of some narrow escapes he had had on this route, and of his having been shut up here for several weeks by avalanches, and made us believe that we should probably have occasion for each other's services as there was much to be apprehended in various ways — hostile demonstrations on the part of the natives, and accidents frequently occurring. We left him, however, behind, and did not see his anxious face again till at the next post station; in fact we hardly thought of him, so absorbed were we in the variety and novel majesty of the objects that constantly called our attention. Little Ocetian *abiref's* now adorned the hill sides and crowned the almost inaccessible heights that on every side hemmed us in. Occasionally a solitary dwelling, a fortress, or ruined wall stood boldly out on some jutting crag, that,

high up, looked down on, and commanded the deep valley below, while on the loftiest summits arose those tall, picturesque watch towers so serviceable to these people when they would give an alarm, or call their widely-scattered hosts together. SECTION III.

The few villages we saw were very small and mean, consisting, perhaps, of twenty or thirty buildings, much in the Georgian style of architecture, when on the sides of mountains, though, generally, stronger; some looking like little castles, having heavy stone walls well built, and in positions easy of defence. In such situations as the last mentioned, the roofs of the lower range of houses, constitute the yard or platform of those immediately above and behind them; and on these roofs at this season are placed the stacks of hay which serve the occupant's horses for food, keep the building below warm, shelter somewhat the dwellings they stand in front of as a kind of outpost, and look, at least, in such a position, oddly enough. Villages.

What child, I again and again exclaimed, could be cradled among these solemn hills and not possess a daring and adventurous spirit! Of what race could they be who could dwell amid these all-imposing and majestic scenes and not become a people bold, fearless, and unconquerable! Who

SECTION III. could sleep and wake on these crags — course along the gulfs and glens, and not imbibe a love for them lasting as life! None can do it — none have ever done it!

The Passage. Towards the end of this post — a distance of about twenty-five versts — we commenced a very steep ascent. We were obliged to dismount, and even then it was almost impossible for our horses to drag up the empty sledge. The ice impeded them, and one or another of the three fell at almost every step. We were no more successful at first than they. I could not advance; on the contrary, I slid down a considerable distance, and was stopped only by the aid of a Circassian. He was descending with his oxen, dragging some logs of wood down to a little village at the base of the hill, and seeing my difficulty, came at once to me, took off his cap, kneeled down and removed my large over-boots, which having no heels, and being very smooth, prevented my retaining any hold in the hard snow. Then, by catching the projecting rocks of the right bank I assisted myself along, and after an hour or so of hard work arrived at a spot a little more level, but still fearfully steep, when I again took the sledge and proceeded upward.

For a long time as we climbed the mountain side we could see down into the valley we had left, and far along the road discern moving objects, men

and horses; but no where could the vehicle of the Georgian, that was to accompany us, be distinguished, and we began to doubt of his fate, and fear that he might have another adventure to add to his already ample catalogue. When that scene was shut out from our view, our postillion informed us we were to see no more level land till beyond the Caucasus.

As we approached the next station, vast ruins of numerous strong works lay on either hand, which probably once commanded this solitary and lofty pass.

Far to the right, a way opened among some white mountain peaks where the light fell with peculiar brilliancy; while here and there watch-towers indicated their utility to the distant dwellers.

On our arrival at Kaitoor, *(Kaischáurt-Kari,)* we determined to wait awhile for our new acquaintance, wishing more than ever his companionship as we were now to go over the most dangerous part of the whole route. This station — not walled in like the others — with its stables and other outhouses, and men clothed in check frocks, and with yellowish hair, out of which the hay and chaff had not been combed, reminded me of some active farmer's establishment, at least when its position was not considered; but when I looked beyond this abode of a few poor Russian soldiers I

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found myself girded about by mountains whose summits the eye could not reach, with here and there the little fortress-like dwellings of the natives, who, it would seem, must derive their sustenance from heaven.

Steep Ascent.

In about half an hour our Georgian came, and a little after one o'clock we commenced our further ascent, and entered among sights and scenes magnificent beyond all description. No pencil could paint them — no language could approach their sublimity. Ivanhoe had twice passed the Alps and the Pyranees, and his expression was "these are a hundred times more grand!" Our horses were immensely large and strong, and they carried us steadily upward, though it sometimes seemed as if they would fall back upon the sledge, so steep was the road. But on and up, still up they climbed through drifts of snow, through clouds, along unguarded brinks of precipices, till my head reeled in the giddy splendor of the scene. Still on and up they went, and every moment teemed with new grandeur and beauty; and when skirting along the edge of a chasm thousands of feet deep, with snowy peaks still towering above our heads, the sun bursting through clouds in which we were enveloped, and lying on far off seeming hills of crystal; and earth and air and sky were one confused mass; I could not but exclaim: My soul is full, O, God!

Still on and up we went, and still the mountains wrapped in their pure, white sheets of snow, awfully sublime, terrific in their majesty, were soaring yet above us. Heaven seemed to have come down upon us, and we were in the midst of its awful beauties and mysterious shadowings, and our hearts stood still. There was something in it all, that won such perfect resignation to the Omniscient, that it called to mind Willis's divine "Involuntary Prayer of Happiness."

In only one place, however, in this route, were we in visible danger. The snow had been driven down from the heights, and filled up the most difficult pass. Laborers had been at work for several days, but they had as yet succeeded in opening only a narrow way about two feet wider than our sledge, This was on the very edge of a ravine where the slightest deviation from these narrow limits would have hurled us into a gulf where no human being would have ever sought us. From my seat in the sledge, without leaning over, I could look down into an abyss that seemed fathomless so near were we to its very edge. The off horse frightened at his proximity to danger, crowded the right one into the bank, and in doing so, slipped one of his hind feet over the brink. It was an instant of intense agony to all; but the others saved him from falling for they were spring-

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ing furiously through the soft snow into which they sank almost to the girth. Added to this, the road here was exceedingly steep, and with a painful anxiety we hung on the success of our noble animals; and for a few moments, I think neither I nor my companion spoke or breathed. The peril passed, our hearts beat again, and our gratitude to Him who had protected us and in the majesty of whose presence we felt that we were moving, found audible utterance.

Kasbek.

The height of Mount Kasbek which arose beside us seventeen thousand and fifty-eight feet, surpasses that of Mount Ararat by eight hundred and sixty-four feet; and it (Kasbek), or Mount Elberous, is for this reason supposed by many learned men of the East, to have been the resting place of the ark. General Nesteroff said our greatest elevation in this passage of the Kasbek could be only four or five hundred toises less than the extreme height of the mountain, and from what we saw and felt we were willing to believe it.

The Descent.

From here we began our descent through narrow and frightful ways, which to look down, seemed impossible to pass without perilling our lives; and now to reverse the danger of our ascent it appeared as though we should be thrown over upon the horses and arrive at the bottom of some fearful chasm to be buried under the first ava-

lanche that might precipitate itself upon our defenceless remains. But thanks to our good animals and strong tackling, no accident occurred till on less dangerous ground, when we were capsized by passing too swiftly over the edge of a projecting bank. The injury sustained by any one was very slight, and no detention ensued. We were soon, however, placed in a very awkward position by meeting a carriage in one of those places where the road was wide enough for only a single vehicle, and where on one hand were perpendicular heaven-piercing walls of snow, and on the other, abrupt precipices. It was a four-wheeled carriage, and was drawn by twenty oxen, (the horses being incapable of the work,) and was accompanied by about the same number of men, who, accustomed to the business, had been hired to carry it over the mountains. Its Russian owner, too much frightened to ride in such a place, was tugging on behind, and seemed doubly confused and alarmed when we descended upon him from the heights he had yet to climb. We dismounted and soon had our sledge thrust into the aforesaid snow-bank, and our horses unhitched and arranged in single file ahead of it, while we waited, with some anxiety, to see how near these teamsters could drive to the tipping-off-place and yet pass us safely.

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Mountaineers.

In less than a quarter of an hour we were sliding down these hills again. But before reaching the next station, Kobee, we had a fine specimen of horsemanship, for which these fearless mountaineers are so celebrated, and something that showed to us the ability of the animals used here. A mounted Ocetian seeing us coming, sprang his horse up a high steep bank that seemed impossible for any animal other than a cat to ascend. He then spurred him on, leaped a broad ravine, descended to the Terek, which here takes its rise, sprang across it, and in an instant had reached a bold and commanding position on the opposite bank. Whether his horse was restive, or had too much spirit, and he had done this to quiet him; or whether he wished to show us, thinking us to be Russians, what kind of men we had to subdue, we could not tell, but there was a daring in it which challenged admiration. On the rock he remained, fixed as a statue, till we were out of sight. We met soon after several other Caucasians — I need not say mounted, for they are seldom off of their horses — who were dashing up towards the place where we had just left their countryman; and it now occurred to us that he might have sought that lofty place in order to have a more extensive view of the road, and discover if possible the approach of his friends for whom he

appeared anxiously waiting. In either case, their movements aroused many conjectures, and some suspicious, for I recollected well what Captain Matoosky had told me, that when I met a man in Circassian costume without boots, I must show him that I was armed. If the first, however, had been sent on to reconnoitre and give an alarm if necessary, the inquiry naturally arose, for what purpose? And if he had no such object, why was he there alone, so uselessly, except in connexion with the movements of others, and which his desire to avoid us, and the singular isolated and elevated spot he had sought, went far to prove? Good fortune ever accompanied us, and we arrived without molestation or other accident at Kobee.

The Terek and its borders.

The difficulties attending this dangerous way were such that our progress had been very slow, though it sometime seemed that we were descending with the speed of a well shot arrow; and before we reached the station where we were to spend the night darkness and gloom had gathered around us in the gloomiest and most frightful of valleys. The Terek which a few miles above us was but a babbling stream had now grown into a fierce mountain torrent, sweeping away under the long bridges it had made of the avalanches that had come down to dam up its course, and tumbling over the massive rocks that formed its bed, hurried

SECTION III. along towards the plains of Corbardá and Koomewkay. But the ride was not solitary; the giant forms that towered on every hand and their deep shadows, had all the interest of living and breathing things. Lights gleamed along from cliff to cliff, and, occasionally, as we passed some deep gorge opening up into the mountains back, the fire of a cottage, seen through its open door, blazed brightly on our sight for a moment, then disappeared, leaving us to conjecture its height, its distance, and what kind of people might be around it. We drove into the enclosed court-yard of Kobee, just as the loftiest peaks lying north and south of the pass, were touched with the silver light of the rising moon, but there were long hours before it could reach the roof of our humble, and amid such grandeur, our seemingly pigmy dormitory.

A Tempest. The weather was deemed excessively cold, but the kind postman had made every provision for our comfort, and after our usual meal, we laid down to rest. We were certain to sleep for we had been thirty-nine hours without any, and were much fatigued. Our repose was undisturbed till a little after midnight when one of the terrific tempests which shake the earth to its very centre howled mournfully through the valley. I remembered that we were near the place of the sufferings of the wretched Prometheus, but was soothed in the re-

flection that by his tender sympathies, through this very pass the fair unhappy Io had been directed, when on her way to Egypt to avoid the anger of Juno, jealous of her as having yielded herself to the embraces of Jupiter. But the spirit of Prometheus may now have been provoked by our preceding forgetfulness, and evoked Eolus; for the hissing wind seemed to have come down from every glacis and glen, and here pent up to writhe in its angry majesty, then sweep on through the deep gorge, the storm-fiend moaning in his might. Its sound at first was like that of the flight of many birds; then like the roaring of the sea; but when it gathered all the terrors of its own, and in its fierce strength rolled along the iron bases of these mighty cliffs, universal desolation appeared at hand. At such times the avalanches are hurled from their giddy heights, and men stand still with awe; and fear seizes upon all who have not dwelt amid, and become familiar with, such scenes. In an hour it had passed away, and the quiet and calm which succeeded it, made us feel as though all animate objects had ceased to be, and death and silence reigned supreme.

A Rock.

Morning came again, bright and clear. We whirled around an antique looking temple, and were again by the banks of the Terek on a road rugged and rough, but with ceaseless images that

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filled the mind with wonder and astonishment. We passed under rocks weighing thousands of tons, which hung over the way and appeared ready to fall. One of immense magnitude had been shaken from its bed, and started on its thundering course to the valley; but a very small stone serving at its base as a wedge, held the trembling mass suspended in the air, and no one could pass it without feeling that the rumbling of the carriage or the very step of the horses, might bring it down upon them.

Avalanches.

In 1832, an avalanch, or rather slide, occurred here, which filled up the entire valley for the distance of two versts, and cut off for three months all communication between Georgia and the north of New-Russia. The quantity of earth which fell was so great, and the stones of such vast dimensions, that it was found impossible to open a road through them; consequently, it was in many places cut into the very granite hills themselves, while the Terek being dammed up formed a deep lake above. To render this way passable again for carriages was a work of time, incredible labor and expense. The importance of it, however, as a means of communication was too well known to the segacious prince to be neglected, and a large number of workmen were put upon it.

In the space of the three months above menti-

oned, the courier passed there on his way to St. Petersburgh, bearing to the emperor the welcome intelligence of the successful termination of the enterprise. Had this pass remained closed, the trans-Caucasians might have been too ready to rise in rebellion against the small armed force that holds them in subjection; for their isolated condition would have given them a power which they are well aware would now be unavailing; and though quickly aroused would quickly be subdued by the hosts of Cossacks who could be poured down upon them from the north by this valley of the Kasbek.

This great slide, which for more than a mile, has piled desolarion upon desolation, fortunately occurred in the night, and consequently no one was injured; for, after dark, said our postilion, no traveler continues here his journey, the government not permitting it on account of the Circassian robbers so liable to be met with. If the government thus in interests itself in this matter, thought I, I am rather inclined to believe, when looking on the impediments to a safe passage thrown in the way by this fearful launch of earth, unguarded precipices, &c., that it arises from a desire rather to save the traveler's carcase from the crows than his purse from the highway-man. It is not, however, the case; for Capt. Wilberham states, in his "*Travels in the Trans-Caucasian Provinces*," that he passed those frightful

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places I have described, in the night, and says that if his eyes did not deceive him, he was on the brink of some tremendous precipices.

A Convent.

Opposite Kobee, at an immense elevation on the heights rising abruptly from the banks of the Terek, stands a church or convent called Tzminda Giorge, the history of which I could not learn. It points at least heavenward, and is as near there as mortals are likely to get without leaving this earth. It had also a cheerful look, for it enjoys there, the bright light of day, which the valley below holds no communion with, resting in a continual gloom, which these bare black walls, without tree or shrub, ever throw over it. The route, however, is never for an instant devoid of a peculiar interest, nor ceases to yield the joy of novelty and a thrill of strange excitement. The pass is called by the Ocetians, *Arwe-Kum*, Valley of Heaven's Rocks.

Before coming to Kasbek, the next station, we went through the narrowest part of this ravine, which is defended by a low small fortress, new, and of a very picturesque shape — a kind of mighty castle in miniature. Near this stand the ruins of the ancient fortification of Dariela, crowning a high rock, ascended by a steep stair-way, cut in its side.

Dariela.

Dariela — a name supposed to be derived from the Tartar words *Dar* and *Jol*, signifying narrow and pass — is said in Georgian history to have been

built by their king, Mirwan, who reigned from 167 to 123 B. C. Here there is no doubt were the great Caucasian Gates, so celebrated among the ancients, and of which Pliny says — "A prodigious work of nature, between abrupt precipices, where are gates closed with iron bars, under which runs the river Diriodoris. On this side of it, upon a rock, stands a castle, which is called Cumania, and is so strongly fortified that as to be capable of withstanding the passage of an innumerable army." Few places in the world are so remarkable by nature, few so celebrated in history; and in a future work I hope to be able to bring together much that is interesting concerning it. SECTION III.

Immediately after passing Dariela, we crossed the Terek by a wooden bridge, and continuing for a little distance on its western bank, came to a sentry box, where an armed soldier is always walking, to give an alarm to the little fortress back, in case any body of Circassians should attempt to force this narrow gorge; — the narrow river and the narrower road, constituting its entire width. We soon after met two well mounted natives, who most civilly drew up their horses to allow us to pass, then disappeared among the huge rocks of the ravine as though their safety depended on their speed. Each had a gun swung at his back, pistols in his belt, and the ever conspicuous cama — an instrument

Section III. as fatal in a Caucasian's hands as their poisoned arrows.

Kasbek. Kasbek is situated in a more open space than any other of the settlements in the mountains, and from several small dwellings gathered about the station may perhaps be called a village. I saw, however, no persons there save Russians, connected with the post, a couple of camel-drivers, and a Georgian merchant.

Larze. Our fresh horses were soon ready, and after the change of carriage, luggage, &c., we continued on towards Larze. Agreeably surprised at the neatness of many of the buildings, nearly all Russian, however, which stood on either hand of the short street which we drove through on entering the little town, we went at once to the post-station, where I witnessed as pleasant an exhibition of domestic comfort and happiness, on a small scale, as could be met with. The house consisted of three rooms, about seven feet high and fourteen feet square. The master of the establishment sat at his desk' with a neat little dog on one hand and a neat little wife on the other. Beside them was a good bed, with curtains, and on it a little well dressed child, playing with a kitten. We were politely conducted into the other front room, where our Georgian friend made himself pleasantly merry, by drinking a little *arrak*, which he carried with him as most

travellers here do. The third room had a large oven in it, in which was some bread baking. By a rear door was the entrance to the house and egress to a very neat court. This *chaumine* forms one of a row, built against a lofty range of rock, on the termination of which to the eastward, stands a massive tower and strong old walls. These guarded the pass which is made exceedingly narrow by the near approach of the mountains opposite each other at this point, and now add a peculiarly picturesque effect to this pleasant and snug dwelling spot. Our delay here of several hours was owing to the keepers refusing to give us horses, as he expected a general to arrive soon, and there were no more than were wanted for him. On showing him, however, my letters from the prince, he concluded it was best to furnish me, and not long after they were driven to the door, and we were on one of the finest of roads, and amid such scenery as is often described by travellers over the Alps. SECTION III.

Difficulty with a Driver.

We had had no reason to congratulate ourselves on the courtesy and general urbanity of those connected with the post department, though we had had no difficulty in proceeding quietly, and without molestation, till after we left Larze. On starting from there, the driver informed us that he would go fast, provided we would give to him half a silver ruble. This proposition we most respectfully de-

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clined, it being the first demand of the kind we had heard, and being well aware that such a thing was illegal, and would be punished if made known to his employers. The fellow then pretended he had dropped his gloves and must return for them, and stopped his horses to make delay under pretence of talking about them. My companion insisted on his proceeding, and did it with such an earnestness that the driver thought it best to continue, though he did it with great reluctance, drawing up his horses every few moments, as if resolved to turn about. He, however, went on till he came to a small house occupied by some soldiers, in front of which were two mounted cannon, and a new fortress to guard the pass; here he dismounted to light his pipe. He left us sitting in the wagon (there were no sledges at the last post, so we were obliged to return to the vile four-wheeled vehicle,) till our patience was gone, and we resolved to show him some of the results of our determination; so we marched after him and soon brought him back to his seat. Angry, and more obstinate than ever, he drove on at the slowest possible walk, and when I was satisfied that no urging could induce him to proceed, I quietly slipped off my clumsy fur coat, and taking a heavy pistol from my pocket, I grappled him firmly by the collar about his throat, and hit him a heavy rap over the head with the weapon. He

dropped the reins in utter confusion, but recovering a little, said he would dismount, and leave us to do as we pleased.

He did not find it easy to put his resolution into practice, for my hold on him was too sure, and fixing him to his seat I obliged him, with the pistol as my chief argument, to resume his reins and proceed at a rapid pace. Knowing then what he had to expect from further opposition to our wishes, he promised to do well. He did so, and became exceedingly civil, and did not leave his place again without asking permission, and stating most respectfully his object. At the end of the journey he was more humble than ever, took off his cap, bowed very low in hopes to escape being reported to the authorities.

Cossack Outposts.

A few versts beyond the fortification above mentioned, we came to a picket of Cossacks, stationed in a large hole which was walled up like a cellar. Here they kept a fire, and their principal occupation appeared to be to supply it to travellers to light their pipes with. Five or six versts further along, we passed two other Cossacks, lying by a fire, on some hay on the snow. Their horses beside them were quietly eating away at the beds of their masters, while their still well girt saddles and bridled mouths showed that they were at any instant ready to be messengers of good or bad import. All these

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precautions, though there appeared to us no danger in travelling this road, showed too well the state of the country we were passing through, and how much confidence the government had in the good faith and quiet of those tribes, nominally subdued and called friendly.

Vladicawcas.

Early in the afternoon we arrived at Vladicawcas. This town is situated a little beyond the terminus of the Kasbek pass, and at the opening of those vast plains which stretch away almost boundlessly northward, and eastward to the Caspian sea. The Terek passes through it, and here the present governor, General Nesteroff, has built a long and most excellent wooden bridge, and laid out on its banks a pleasant drive and promenade. The town has a healthy and important locality, and is the grand *entrepôt* of all merchandize passing between Georgia and the north of New Russia. It has now some six or seven thousand inhabitants, several very handsome broad streets, public squares, &c., and is rapidly increasing in size, under the mild and just administration of its distinguished head. Large barracks have been built, and extensive neat hospitals for the sick. In the latter every improvement has been adopted to give comfort, and allow air and exercise to the patients, while the former by their good situation and cleanliness, show the importance attached to them. Two new and hand-

some hotels, quite in modern style, stand on one of the largest squares, and many well-stored shops are the other manifestations of the thriftiness of the town.

General Nesteroff.

We drove at once to the elegant mansion of General Nesteroff, to whom one of the letters the prince gave me was directed, and he received us with the most marked cordiality. He presented us to a distinguished officer, who was in company with him, and ordered up some excellent cordial, which he very properly supposed would be quite acceptible after our fatiguing and cold ride. Apartments well furnished were allotted us, and we were at once made to feel at home; but as our stay with him was to be short, he commenced with that business-like despatch which characterises alike the civil and military officers of the viceroy, to plan out the best mode by which we could visit the neighboring Circassians.

As all our excursions were now to be under the governor's directions, his horses were put at our disposition, and also his carriage, and an extremely genteel establishment it was. His three little Arabians, shining like satin, were soon harnessed abreast, and animals could not show their pleasure and content by graceful speed and harmless antics more entirely than they did when they were coursing with us across the plains of Vladicawcas. A broad purely

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white cloth was fastened to the saddle-bow of each horse, passed over his back, and was then attached to the whipple tree. These floated over them as they sped along, and prevented all mud, dust or snow from flying into the carriage, while it gave them a peculiarly airy and light appearance. The general looked on this with evident satisfaction, as well as on the growing town, almost a creation of his own, which lay below, and in full view of the commanding position occupied by his stately dwelling.

Circassian Village.

The first Circassian village we here visited, and which I expected would look more characteristically of the people than the others I had seen, was only a few versts from Vladicawcas; and when I approached it, my heart sank within me at the universal semblance of poverty. Are these the homes, said I to myself, of that people who, in my own country, bear such a charmed name, — about whose history hangs so mysterious a halo — associated with all that is noble and chivalrous in the field, all that is spirited and patriotic in the council, all that is dignified and constant in religion, and all that is most fascinating at the fire-side and admirable in the domestic circle? Are these the habitations, thought I, in which are cradled those beauties that have filled all the harems of the East with their charms, and the rest of the world with envy,

wonder and desire? Under these low roofs can lofty spirits arise that aspire to soar above the fierce black eagle of the North? Out of such walls can there issue men who dare defy the iron engines of their mighty enemy? and turning to the general, to whom I had addressed these two last questions, he answered: "Such are their habitations — such are all the homes of this far-famed people; but," continued he, "they are not all poor — not so wretched as the exterior, and even the interior of their abodes would indicate to a stranger. Some of them have thousands of dollars concealed in the ground, but whether they have little or much they make no change in their domestic arrangements, and exhibit no new signs of prosperity. Many of them are constantly employed by the Russians, and are well paid; but they live on, as their fathers lived before them — as ignorant as brutes of the comforts that their money could procure for them, and apparently entirely indifferent to them."

The town seemed to be encircled by a mud and plank wall over which were seen the pointed thatched roofs of the buildings within. This appearance arises from the manner in which they are made and not from their being wholly enclosed; for they are all, that is exteriorly towards the street, perfectly plain, without window or door, and surround a hollow square entered by a gate-

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way. This, as we can well imagine, gives a particularly unsocial and uninteresting, if not to say disagreeable, and mean effect to such towns. But this style is not peculiarly Circassian; it is Oriental; is Bramin as well as Mahometan, and arises principally from a desire to keep their females from vulgar observation, which the followers of the prophet as well as Brama appear to regard as a sacred obligation. There are, however, many advantages accruing from this which would not perhaps be at once apparent. In the first place, there is but one ingress to the yard to be guarded, and a good dog, of which I found these people fond, can well take charge of that. Secondly, the master, by stepping to his door, commands a view of all he possesses — buildings, cattle, carts, hay, &c., &c., and can without trouble, satisfy himself that all are safe — as well as his women, who have no opportunity to flirt with passers by, the only window in their apartment looking on to the court. Fourthly, neither his cattle nor his children trespass on his neighbor's property, by breaking down or creeping through the dividing fence. Fifthly, no obtrusive neighbor's gaze finds out his home employment and internal domestic arrangements, of which the mean and the envious are ever so ready to make their business and concern, and a subject of contemptuous observation. And lastly, when he has thus within

his grasp, and under his control, all that he possesses, he feels a kind of independence and satisfaction which this, "being lord of all that one surveys," is apt to create.

When we had examined the exterior of the village, and which presented nothing of interest, we dismounted at an open gate and entered one of these courts above described. It was about thirty feet square in the clear, was strewn over with much waste hay, and had the appearance of a New England barn-yard; and was on every side shut in by buildings. These were all very mean, and none of them could exclude the cold or even the snow, except the female apartment, which being made of thick hewn plank with the crevices filled up with mud, appeared as though it might easily be kept warm. The fronts of some of the others were of simple wicker work. These served for the cows, the horses, and the hens. In the centre of the yard was a small pile of long wood which an old man was chopping. He manifested much surprise at our arrival — perhaps he thought, intrusion — and made no sign of recognition or welcome, but stood resting his hands on the top of his axe. He had, doubtless, previously seen the general, and knew who he was, and his silence might now have arisen from a fear that the governor's presence was a portent of no good. The general, however, spoke

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to him mildly and told him the object of our visit; but he made no reply, and as we walked round to examine the premises his white beard seemed to lengthen on his breast. We were not entirely free from our share of disturbance, for no sooner was a stranger's voice heard in the square, before a huge wolfish dog rushed from the dwelling house followed by two men, and was about to attack us tooth and nail. One of these persons, however, called loudly to him, then gathered up a stick and protected us from his jaws while we remained, he seeming determined to have a grip at us, occasionally showing his teeth, though not smilingly or amiably. The noise was not without its good effect, as it brought also to the door three young Circassian women. They appeared not at all disturbed, and did not cover their faces as I expected they would. I had already seen many of these people passably fair, some with faultless features, but here I expected to meet with those incomparable paradigms of all that is admirable and fascinating in feminine form and loveliness — the excess of beauty which has drawn to these wilds many a romantic thought, and awakened curiosity in the remotest parts of the habitable globe; but I was to be somewhat disappointed. The one who first came out was about fifteen years of age, slender, and with rather a sweet visage. She had over her

head a long piece of white cotton cloth that hung ungathered on one side, while that on the other, passing under the chin was thrown back over the shoulder so as to conceal the neck and bosom. She wore also a long dark dress from under which her still longer pantaloons were seen, and over which she had a short maroon colored frock open in front, fitting pretty well the waist, and falling to the knees. On her foot there was no stocking, but an indifferent *babouche*. This completed her dress, and when she had completed a survey of us, and we of her, she retreated to her apartment and stood at the window. The two others were more healthy looking, and might have passed for brilliant country lasses.

An Interior.

We desired now to examine the interior of their dwelling, but the general with that kindness which marks all his intercourse with the natives — though he knew his request would be granted as a command — not wishing to ask a favor that might be disagreeable or at variance with their customs, left us to the guidance of our curiosity, supposing, that as foreigners, we should be excused. With all due deference, and with the smiling assent of the young men, we continued our observations. There were in this building two apartments. The first, some fifteen feet square, much cluttered up with farming utensils, saddles, and weapons, had no light but

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from the door-way. The inner-room was larger, had a fire on the dirt floor at the extremity, and was lighted by a hole about eight inches square, which I have called a window.

On one side of the apartment extended a wooden platform, about six feet broad and two high. This was covered with a mat, and served as a seat and bed. The walls were ornamented with cooking utensils and female apparel; but the darkness prevented my seeing well the whole of the arrangements, as no light was admitted except through that one square hole just mentioned; and from that it was partly excluded by the low descent of the eaves. How these women can live continually thus, and and not become blind, or not suffer extreme pain when they go out into the fair sunshine — how they can see to work to weave and embroider, as many of them do exquisitely, or how, in such places, fine healthy and robust forms can be produced, appeared to me extremely strange. But I was aware however, at least I rather hoped, that the ones I now saw were not fair samples of Circassian homes, and that the females were not always penned up in these dark hovels excluded from both light and air, so I turned to the court again, where things more pleased me. Opposite to the house, a stout pair of oxen were feeding, and also a cow and a fine horse. Some hens were strolling about with

very contented aspects, but they were the only creatures that seemed to regard us without suspicion. We passed out of the yard while the women as well as the dog and the other animals watched us narrowly, and when I last turned to look upon the group, the old man I had first seen with his left foot on the log he had been cutting, stood there still motionless as a statue, his hands resting on the top of his axe. SECTION III.

We remained in the neighborhood for some time examining the various features of the place, but every thing had the same air of squallidness and heathenish existence, without the shade of refinement or hardly of comfort; and when I left them, I was more than ever impressed with the importance of a new system of things — a new religion, and a new government, and with the inestimable value of those institutions compared with their present ones, with which Russian intelligence is now surrounding them. For, when one looks on the primitive state of this people — the condition in which, without advancement, they have existed for long ages; when one sees that they cannot retrograde, there being no position in the scale of human existence beneath them, he has a confidence in the advantage of any change of whatever nature it may be. Should I speak of the nobles, the princesses, who have been lauded for their attractions, Reflections.

Section III. I could not hold them up as intellectually and morally in advance of the others. If they have any superiority — any value above their fellows, it is that which dress and foreign ornament may bestow — which a knowledge of power may add to expression, and society may give to carriage; — it is in physical and circumstantial worth and not mental and moral eminence.

Another Village. In another village to which I made an excursion, I found some expedient innovations in the prevalent style of architecture. In some instances glass windows were made use of, and though very small, often looking on the street. Several of the houses were well built of wood without the auxilary of mud, and had chimnies. All the buildings, however, like those of the other town, were of one story, except in a single instance, and that had a staircase outside, leading to a little balcony at the back, where the door opened, and overlooked only the court. The plan, however, of having all one's property hemming in a hollow square had not been abandoned, and we found the place generally occupied with those objects appertaining to agricultural, domestic, and to some extent martial life.

The news of the general's arrival created the greatest excitement throughout the town; but as he had come without any strong body guard, it showed his confidence in their good faith, and his

peaceable intentions towards them. We had hardly dismounted, however, before not less than two hundred armed men and boys were seen crowding the street we were in. They had not thus on our account, come with their weapons, for they are never without them; but they were unmistakably a formidable and ready band, and one that could not easily be set at defiance. The expression on the face, and the manner of each, was that of deference, mingled with curiosity, restrained by surprise; and, as we entered one of the yards, a number followed us but kept at a respectful distance.

We found here another patriarchal looking fellow, surrounded by his sons and grandsons, some of whom were occupied about a cart, while one of the youngest was leading into a neighboring door a small but fat little sheep, apparently a pet. The women inhabited a small house with one room, situated at the south-west corner of the court, the gate being at the north-east; and as the old man, and probably his sons occcupied the building adjoining the entrance, he gave us, without any hesitation, permission to examine its interior. We found a fire in the centre of the room, and over it a hook for suspending pots. On one side was a wooden seat without mats or cushions, over it a shelf on which were some wooden bowls, and behind the door two sheep fastened to a trough. On our return to the yard, two girls made their appear-

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ance at the open window, and might be called beautiful — too beautiful at least for such a habitation. One had very glossy brown hair, brilliant complexion, and most animated expression, and was of just the form that would command a high price at Constantinople.

Circassian Village.

On our arriving again at the street we found it quite crowded, and in its centre, opposite the gate, twelve venerable and very respectable looking men, who kneeled down and bowed reverendly to the governor. One of them then came forward and presented a petition which was kindly received; and while the general was engaged in that affair we followed a young man of prepossessing appearance who came and invited us to his house. He introduced us at once to his mother, a princess, whom we found seated on a broad divan covered with mats and cushions. She arose, beckoned us to the seat, and then passed to the opposite side to a large brick fire-place — a kind of oven — where a pot of food was cooking. She ladled out some, which the son brought in wooden bowls, and it proved to be very palatable. The room was as dark as the others I had visited, and in almost every respect like those already described. Opposite was the apartment of the unmarried sisters to which we next went, and which the brother would not enter. Here, too, the obscurity was such that had the young women been beautiful we

should have hardly discovered it; but we recognised more than usual richness in costume, neat round forms erect and graceful, and deference which forbade their being seated in our presence. I looked for luxuries and even comforts, but it was in vain, and I ceased to wonder at their early and late aspirations to be transplanted to some mansion, however humble, in the great Stamboul — be a purchased wife of any merchant in Constantinople who had money enough to buy them.

On retiring from the town the inhabitants lined each side of the way saluting most respectfully the general; and of their number, I think at least one hundred were as finely proportioned men as the world can anywhere exhibit.

Ladies' Slippers.

In my second day's rambles I bought a pair of lady's slippers such as are worn by the natives, and one of their caps. The former are of green leather, have pointed toes slightly turned up, and small high heels; and being made only to thrust a part of the foot in, they are very easily removed. This is of consequence, since they are left on the floor as often as the wearer wishes to gather her feet under her on the divan. In this custom the Hindoo women have a pleasing advantage over those I have seen in this country; — they ornament with rings their ankles and toes which they display as they do their hands, keeping them as delicately neat.

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Another Mountain Trip.

On returning to Larze, we were detained on account of the expected arrival of a distinguished general and want of a wagon. To improve our time we engaged an Ocetian to take us to some more native villages. We coursed along the base of the mountains for several miles, then entered a narrow gorge, and by a bridle path overhung by rocks and trees, began a rather difficult ascent. Within half an hour we reached a large plateau that had evidently been well cultivated. On one side, near the edge of a ravine, were several small buildings, of the style I have heretofore described. A horse with an odd-looking saddle with short stirrups was tied to a tree in the neighborhood of one of the *chaumine* at which we dismounted. A tall young man issued from the low doorway, and by his gun swung to his back, his sword, *cama* and pistols at his belt, it was evident he had just dismounted or was about to start on some expedition. He looked on us coldly at first, and with suspicion, but as soon as the simple object of our visit was made known to him, and who we were, he grasped us warmly

by the hand, hurried us into his guest-house, and began with apologies, and preparations to give us something to eat. We declined accepting of anything, but offered to be his companions if he was going into the interior. This seemed quite agreeable to him, and our horses were soon winding away with us among the wilds I have heretofore attempted to describe.

After about an hour's slow progress, we were joined by a third mountaineer, who descended on our path from the heights on the left; and soon after, reaching a clear spot on the ridge that commanded a view of a hundred snow-capped peaks and their valleys, we began to descend. We were but a few moments in reaching another cluster of dwellings, more strongly built and larger than the last mentioned, but varying little in their interior arrangements. To our grateful surprise, we saw by the number of horses tied to the trees in the neighborhood, that there was a gathering of the people for some important purpose, and before we could dismount, many were the armed men that had gathered around us, taxing to the utmost our admiration by their high, martial bearing. Had we arrived a little sooner, we might have been intrusive; but the council had already broken up, and in a little while hardly a horse or native was to be seen. It is possible they might have withdrawn to

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another spot, under some other tree, as is their custom when suspected visitors are near; but our host and his family remained, to extend to us that species of hospitality for which they are remarkable.

Seated on a low, mat-covered, cushioned divan of the ever open guest-house, we were made to eat of dozens of dishes, brought to us by the proprietor and his retainers, and which consisted principally of boiled meats, curds, honey, and millet-cakes.

The information we obtained with regard to the gathering was not satisfactory, though we were told it was on account of some misdemeanor among them by one of a neighboring tribe, for which it was responsible; but as there had for some time been a talk among the Russians about seeking out and assaulting the famed Shamyl in his fortified retreat, we were of opinion it had some reference to that. Our host was sufficiently shrewd not to give us any clue to their proceedings, but won, in an artful manner, all the information he could concerning the real object of our mission, of the present designs of the Russians, &c.

Hours rolled speedily away in talking, eating, and drinking, and by evening we found the guest-house full of people, who had now come to look on us and learn the import of our visit, to convey it to their homes, and spread it abroad over the country. Our host seemed now proud of his guests,

and as I had shown to him my letter from the viceroy, bearing his great seal, he informed his listeners that we were important commissioners from foreign powers. He took much pleasure in showing to us his weapons, and particularly his sword, which seemed a real Damascus, it was so flexible. It was thin, yet it could sever a stout limb. The handles of the famed Caucasian blades have no guards to them, so they sink nearly out of sight into the scabbards, which are made very long; and though there appears no particular advantage in this, and looks inelegant, the officers of the invading army have nearly all adopted them. Here too was shown to us a chain coat of mail, the only one I had seen in the country, except at the mansion of the governor, who has on the walls of one of his apartments, a collection of arms used by the various tribes of these mountains.

In love again.

The next day, in the neighborhood of Larze, we made the acquaintance of a young woman we met driving home a cow. The elegant manners and address of my companion seemed almost instantly to have won her admiration, and before leaving her we obtained permission to spend the evening in her apartments, her liege lord being absent on some expedition. Abroad she had not a very attractive appearance, being much muffled up; but when at her home we found that she possessed one of those

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elegant, queenly forms, in which Nature sometimes seems to take especial pains to develop her resources of infatuation. She had donned her best garb, and it was pretty. She was as timidly retiring as gracefully confiding, and was evidently endowed with a mind infinitely superior to her station. In that humble dwelling, almost the only neat and comfortable one I had seen in the country, I separated from my companion, and I did not see him again till after midnight.

A Meeting.

Between Kobee and Kiataoor, we passed a carriage in which were two Russian ladies and an officer from St. Petersburg on their way to Tiflis. They appeared overjoyed to meet us, and desired our company over the mountains; for, though they had had weeks of dreary arduous travelling, they very rightly considered that they had now the most difficult and dangerous portion of their journey to surmount. They were much encouraged by our assuring them that we had passed there a few days previous; for they looked on what they were now commencing, as a fearful and desperate affair. We promised to accompany them, intended and desired to do so; but finding their progress so slow, that it was increasing our own peril by delaying us in the mountains, we with much regret took our leave of them. They did not reach here until two days after ourselves.

We intended to have left Larze early, but it was eight o'clock before we obtained a sledge, and then it had hardly began to be day; for the depths of these gorges are so immense and narrow, that the sun does not reach them, and in many places at midday the inhabitants are blessed with only twilight. When once started, our speed was very rapid till we reached Kobee, and began to ascend its precipitous barriers. At four P. M., we had climbed to Kaitaoor, and dismounted to await the morrow; but having a little time to spare before dark, we waded through deep snow to a stone dwelling on the brow of the *aouaz* to the eastward, and far above us. We were welcomed by a middle aged man, who had just been bringing from the heights some hay for his cattle, now resting in a neighboring shed. The grass had been cut and stacked up in conical form, waiting the coming of the snow, when it would be easily transported. The method of getting it, however, was rather primitive, now when wanted for use. A long limb of a tree was cut, and one end and one side of it were trimmed. On the branches of the other end was piled the stack of hay, to which it served as a sledge, and was thus drawn down the mountain.

Customs.

Talking of the life and manners of the people, we passed the evening, and on an unblanketed divan, a cold and chilly night. The master left us

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early, doubtless to pay a visit to his wife, which custom does not permit of their doing when they could be seen; and it reminded me of what Capt. Matoosky told me concerning this delicate habit. A Circassian is aware that if he has done a person a wrong, that person, a relative, or one of the clan, are bound to revenge it. The night time is often sought for this purpose, and usually when the offender crosses to his wife's apartment. Knowing this, he takes the precaution before making his egress, to thrust out of his or her door, his cap stuck on the end of a cane, so that if any one is to fire, it will most probably be at the supposed head in the *paougho* which thus escapes.

Another Descent.

The descent to Pasanoor, where we were to spend another night, was so precipitous that huge log-chains were passed under the runners of the sledge to make their sliding less rapid. The horses, too, which were of immense size, and kept especially for this mountain labor, would so bring their feet together and brace them, that they would slide down for great distances. Coming to places a little less steep, they would walk perhaps a few paces, then again fix their feet, and all slide together till again at some spot where they could step. Thus for miles, it was to them but a labor of holding back, and so balancing themselves that they should not stumble.

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Return to Tiflis.

Snow was falling when we left Pasanoor, but the roads thence were extremely good, and our horses upon the full run swept over it, and mountains, hills, valleys, rocks, ruins, villages and plains passed us like shadow of clouds, and in the evening we were landed safely at this our starting point, Tiflis.

I must, however, turn back to a scene which now comes up vividly before me. It was near the pretty village Dushet. As we were descending a mountain, far up along the edge of a ravine, five well armed Circassian horsemen were seen wending their way to their cloud-girt homes. In a gorge below, a large company of Cossacks had halted around a train of wagons that were being escorted to a neighboring fortress; while on the opposite hill-side — a vast surface of unspotted snow — a hundred camels, with their drivers mounted almost at a giddy height on the merchandise, were descending into the valley, to cross its dreary waste, climb again the misty and chilly elevations for which nature had not fitted them, and again descend into the *atté* of Cabardá — to the Tartar steppes, to make glad by their treasures of silks, shawls, and carpets of the sunny south, the fair daughters of the frozen north.

Georgians.

31st. Much snow having fallen during our absence, the Georgian belles were out to-day sleigh-

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riding. Their eyes were like stars shining through beds of roses; their skin was as white as the surface they glided over, and they were as merry as the merry bells that jingle before them.

Designs frustrated.

Over head and ears in trouble about starting to-morrow with a caravan for Persia. My saddlebags and I are ready in an instant for any part of creation, but I cannot yet persuade my new but loved companion to go with me. We cannot delay the others, it is too quick for him; *la Senôra R.* is using her influence to make us stay. I fear at least *he* will not go, and to travel yet hundreds of miles into the interior without an interpreter, would be profitless. But the idea of not going to the Persian capital determines me almost to hazard the dangers alone; while report says the passes are blocked with snow, and the prince, with whom I again dined this evening, and of whom and his amiable lady I took final leave, tells me the road is barren, tedious, and uninteresting; yet I would like, even at great risks, to go to Trebizonde by that route.

Missionaries.

An officer whom I met at the palace, and talked with concerning my visit to Teheran, has recently returned from Oroomiah. It was most gratifying to listen to the flattering terms in which he mentioned our worthy missionaries stationed there. He spoke of Messrs. Perkins, Wright, Stocking, and

Stoddard — that in the great work they had undertaken, they had about a dozen native assistants, had two seminaries in which there were some sixty or eighty scholars. SECTION IV.

Æther Discovery

The prince informed me of a new and singular discovery just made in America, by Drs. Morton and Jackson, which, next to Mr. Morse's magnetic telegraph, he deemed the most wonderful of the age. It is, the peculiar power of Æther, and he will at once, he says, order it to be used and experimented with in his hospitals. America seems indeed to be lifting herself up before the world, a splendid luminary.

January 15th. Ivanhoe would not accompany me into Persia. I could not blame him. I would have remained in Tiflis if I had been he, for there were gentle influences about him which no gentleman of honor could reject. He however accompanied me a few miles out of town, and when he took leave, he threw his arms around my neck and wept like a child. I believe two brothers could have parted with less deep feelings of regret.

A New Guide.

I abandoned, with the most profound sorrow, the route I had laid out, and finally determined to visit Pontus, either through or along the coast of Colchis. I was fortunate in immediately obtaining a guide, a Circassian trader, who with his sister, was bound ostensibly to Cutais, but in re-

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ality to Stamboul, to dispose of his companion in that profitable market. He spoke fifteen languages, according to his own account, and at least understood enough of Italian and French to answer my purpose. A little man with short legs, a big head and *kalpak* on it, he was altogether a funny looking personage; but, as I had agreed to pay all the expenses of the journey for his services, he made himself very useful, changed the baggage, got the *semivar* for tea, hurried up the postilions, &c. &c.

On the morning of my departure, Baron Nicolaif with that kindness which so distinguishes him, came to the hotel to take leave of me, and presenting the compliments of Prince Woronsoff, stated that his highness desired a copy of my journal if I should publish it. Would that I could make it worthy of being perused by so noble a man!

In the suburbs of the town we took in our muffled-up companion, and proceeded rapidly one post and then stopped to pass the night. The next day we reached Gori, which now, with its fortress, its indented walls, rising one above the other, had a most picturesque and decidedly pleasing appearance. Immediately after leaving there, we had to pass through a broad swift stream, and on attempting to ascend its steep bank, the horses slipped and fell — one so far into the water that before he

could be freed from his harness, was drowned. Section IV.
Gagarepsky was our next stopping place, then Suram, where we had a real Jehu for a driver, who took us into the mountains at a furious pace. There finding the road too narrow for our three horses abreast, he put one of them on as a leader, and mounted on it an old Imeretian whom he met. In that style he dashed on, the old man hardly able to keep his seat, and at evening arrived at a neat little place called Molit.

In my companion I missed all that enthusiasm and sympathy which so attached me to Ivanhoe. Through grand scenes and by quiet nooks and glades, where a poet might live for ever on nothing, he passed silently; but when he saw a pheasant or any other nice bird, he would smack his lips, and say: — "If we had that for supper, we should sleep soundly;" and when we came to the pretty Quarilla, he said: "the fish in that stream are very sweet." With his fair *jeune ange* I could hold no conversation, though she often expressed a curiosity in the motives of my journey, while I tendered to her all those civilities circumstances permitted.

The people here carry on their backs from half a Domestic
kitten up to a whole cat, and a family going to market look as though they transported all their domestic animals. In hogskins men carry their

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wine, and in smaller ones, cheese, fruit, &c., while the women, in cat skins swung over their shoulders, carry their knitting, bobbins, thread, and such articles as the economy of a journey suggests to them.

At Molit I was saved a very serious difficulty with a brute of a man, by the kind and courteous interference of a Georgian gentleman, General Meesandarow, who happened there on his way to Tiflis. The former attempted to exclude us from a room in which there was a fire, claiming it by pre-ocupation; and as loud words and threatening gestures caused the seizing of arms, the result would doubtless have been fatal to one of us, had the Georgian not arrived and invited us to his own room, where the disagreeable affair was almost forgotten in his many attentions.

A strange Bird.

The next day we proceeded as far as Simonette. Between Molit and Bellegore, the scenery is surpassing lovely, being by the banks of a stream before mentioned, but which my companions now called Kluporda. Sitting on the stones of it were many very little black birds, with a white spot on the breast. They often plunged into the water, as swiftly and noiselessly as an arrow cleaves the air. They were probably after fish which must have been diminitive indeed to serve them for food.

Just before reaching Simonette, we passed a man

New Beauties.

on foot and a lady on horseback, and had I not often mentioned the beauty of this people I should attempt to describe these; for, in native elegance of form and features they rivalled all I had yet seen. The man was in poor garb, (though this does not here always bespeak poverty,) and came to arrange our harness which was out of order; the lady was well dressed and well mounted.

Russian Christmas.

The following day, Russian Christmas — the Russian 25th December, corresponding to our 7th of of January — we reached Cutais; the last part of our journey being over a road so deep with mud that our horses could hardly wade through it. But here new difficulties beset me. The authorities would not let my companion proceed further without a different passport, as something wrong was discovered in the one he had. I remained a day, using innumerable means to induce the Governor to permit them to accompany me. All was unavailing. I was in reality to be separated from my two friends, and was to abandon the route through Ahalzic, which we had intended to take. But how I was to proceed without speaking a word of the languages of the countries I was to pass through, arose formidably before me. If I could reach Maráne, the governor, whom I knew, would get a boat to take me Redout-kale. The roads were too bad for horses, so my guide, while his gentle sister wept at

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her sad fate, busied himself in getting me a couple of camels and a driver to take me to M., and told him to inform the governor of my desire to reach Redout-kale as soon as possible.

A Camel Ride.

Mounted on one of the ships of the desert whose long rolling step was not only fatiguing, but made me dizzy, I started next morning on a dreary journey. A few words of Russian which I had picked up I used as often as I found opportunity. Sometimes I called *pastoy*, when I wanted him to stop; but generally found myself exclaiming *currashò currashò* when we proceeded rapidly. Extremely weary I reached Maráne, and hastened at once to the governor. My driver telling him my wishes, he accompanied me to the river side to obtain a boat, but none could be had. Then followed explanations by signs; but, lest I might not understand him, he sent for the *fac totum* of the village, who was supposed to know every thing; but there was no one who spoke any language I knew any thing about.

Another Lady.

I spent the following day in the family of the governor, he going occasionally to see if it were possible to hire a *kayuka*. The lady of the house was a native of the country, tall and handsome; her children, too, were very pretty. I took a sketch of her. The way she tried to inform me of her being an Imeritian was, by pointing out a

town on a large Russian map I had, and then placing her hand on herself. She had nothing to do with preparing an excellent dinner that was served, but she sat at table with us and helped us to eat it. SECTION IV.

A Captive perhaps.

On the succeeding morning I took leave of the pleasant family of the governor — he having obtained a *kayuka* for ten silver rubles to take me to the Euxine, — and with two rude natives I was again afloat on the Phasis. Soon after leaving Maráne, we stopped under a high bank of mud, which one of my men ascended to reach a hut that stood there in the edge of the primeval forest. In a few moments he returned, accompanied by a young gentlewoman, whose appearance was in touching contrast with the wilderness around her. On her head was a red wrought cap; about her white shoulders hung the long neat braids of hair; her crimson jacket hugged her round form as if in love with it; her skirts were of dark silk; her pantaloons of red silk, bordered with gold braid. Rude, rough men, contending with wild wolves and savage monsters, would have harmonized well with this desert scene; but when I saw this brilliant creature descending to the dirty shore, with white unsandled feet, my heart beat with strange emotions, and I could but half divest myself of a conviction that she was some captive, stolen from the

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altar in the bridal hour, and now called on me to rescue her from barbarous hands.

Late in the evening we stopped at a hut in an enclosure, where there were several other buildings. Ours was the guest-house, but one corner was occupied by a cow, another by a hog and litter of pigs. On the opposite side of the yard was a wicker-work house — one room — in which the family resided. We went there to get some fire and found an old and young woman indifferently clad, and two pretty children well dressed, all sitting on mats on the earth floor. We returned and made tea, then laid down on some straw between the cow and the pigs.

A Festa.

At 2 P. M. on the following day, my men again stopped, and refused to proceed further, pretending by signs and a negative *currashò*, that the weather would not permit of it. I had no objections to going among the natives, but I did not like the liberty they took with my time. The real object, however, of their coming here I soon ascertained. There was a gathering of the people a few miles distant, at the house of a nobleman, and they were determined to enjoy it. They beckoned me to accompany them, and I did so unhesitatingly, never for an instant allowing them to think that I entertained the slightest fear of them; in fact I seldom felt any, though I did not at any time leave

myself without means of defence, having always buckeled around me, during night and day, a revolving pistol and a two edged *cama*.

After travelling an hour through fields and woods we came to a large wooden house, about which were gathered at least an hundred persons. Some were riding furiously about, others were throwing large pieces of wood; some were drinking wine, of which there was abundance, and the rest were eating; for, several whole sheep and innumerable fowls had been roasted, and as much millet-cake cooked as sufficed to accompany the meats. If I had been a prince I could not have been better received than I was by the noble owner of the district. He was most affable in manners, and was handsomely dressed in a velvet frock trimmed with fur. I, however, needed an interpreter, for though a thousand questions arose in my mind, they remained unspoken and unanswered. At night some skins were spread on the divan, and good cushions, and over my head where I slept was nailed an enormous elk-horn, having six splendid branches.

After another feast early next morning, we returned to the shore, but my men refused to proceed, saying that the weather was not *currashò*, and the boat was not *currashò*. They then began to talk about my going horseback; and using the Russian word for horse, and then the Circassian

Section IV. (*Chi,*) and connecting it with Redout-kalé, they made me understand their wishes. I immediately exclaimed that that was *currashò*, which quite disconcerted them; for I now saw that their design was to extort more money from me, as they occasionally hinted that the *roublè* was *currashò*. They then went away, I supposed for horses, but after awhile returned, and said the boat was ready. We went nicely down the stream for some miles, when they again suddenly drew to the shore, got out and went away. I remained for a long time alone, and when my patience was exhausted, I too, ascended the bank, and, seeing a few huts in the distance, proceeded at once to the nearest, where I found my men comfortably smoking their pipes. A young and rather feeble woman, poorly and scantily clad, and a little girl of about ten years of age, seated on low stools by a fire on the floor were the other occupants.

A lovely Child.

I noticed that the child's clothes had once been pretty, though now in rags — that her complexion, features, eyes, the roundness of her limbs would, in a few years, make her almost priceless at the great Eastern market, which I am sure is her destination. But in this change, as I have before said, there will be no cruelty; she will go voluntarily, and will thus become a blessing to her poor parents. This is common. Mr. Mar told me of two of his own

acquaintances, living near to him in this very neighborhood, who recently went of their own accord to Stamboul to sell themselves. They were poor, he said, but beautiful, and would do well.

I sat down awhile with the rest, but I was too angry to remain long quiet, and after feeling sure that they intended to proceed no further, I called them to the outside of the house, and with all the energy I could command, ordered them to the *kayuka*. They saw that I was now prepared to act, and they moved sullenly on board.

New Difficulties.

At 4 P. M., we reached the mouth of a canal, which connects the Phasis with a small stream that enters the Khope. Through this they intended to pass, but found it quite full of mud. Most opportunely, a Circassian dashing along the edge of the forest drew up his rein to see who we were, and my men began bargaining for his horse. I proffered a silver ruble, and he soon dismounted and assisted me to his saddle, then led the way on foot, my two knaves following him, myself bringing up the rear. I had no idea of the distance I had to travel, nor what was to be endured, but proceeded, most cheerfully expecting to reach Redout-kalé that evening. The country we passed through was low and damp, and covered with thick woods and jungle. Rabbits often started from neighboring thickets, and wild birds from the rivulet, along which

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our path lay. A few miles brought us to a deep narrow stream, which we were enabled to cross on logs, though my horse, after saddle and saddle-bags were removed, was made to swim it. It was now beginning to be dark, and yet another, broader, deeper stream was to be passed. This I was either to swim with my companions or on horseback. I preferred the latter, and though it was a swift, dismal looking rolling mass, I plunged my noble animal in, and in a few moments he was on the opposite bank. I had hoped my saddle-bags would have floated, but they filled with water, my boots too, and I was thoroughly wet; but my discomforts had but just commenced. We were now in a dense pathless swamp, entirely covered with water, and for miles so muddy that the horse sank at each step almost to his saddle girt. My companions picked their way as best they could, and left me to do likewise; and as it was now too dark to distinguish objects at any considerable distance, I only kept trace of the course they were pursuing by hallooing to them, and getting a frequent response. Sometimes my horse seemed almost discouraged at the difficulties and horrors of the way: while avoiding trunks of trees, and thorn-vines, and ragged branches, he went into deep holes, and sometimes got more and more involved the further he proceeded. Overtaken by night in that boggy,

gloomy forest, with dangers on every hand, I passed a few hours, that for real discomfort, mental and physical, I had hardly met the like. It was near midnight when we emerged from the "dismal swamp," and reached a poor farm-house, where I hoped, yet unavailingly, that all my sufferings had ended. Our knock at the door was answered, but no admittance gained. We were, however, allowed the little guest-house, or more properly stable, for ourselves and horse. To that we repaired, built a fire, and I began drying my clothes. In the mean time I ate *supper*, and then laid down on the ground by my horse to sleep.

On the following morning, after about three hours' ride, I arrived here at Redout-kalé, and was received with the utmost kindness by the Greek gentleman, Mazáne. For three days I have had a good divan to rest on; and a friend of M.'s, who acts as my interpreter, has spent much of his time with me. Don Carlos Grusini, a German by birth, has most generously offered to me a passage to Trebizonde, in a Turkish boat he is loading. Have had several pleasant excursions on the river, and been to a *soirée* at the house of the native governor, (who expressed himself very grateful that I had come so far to see his country,) where were enjoyed all that is fascinating in the Georgian, Circassian, and Mingrelian dances, and afterwards all that is

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pleasant in a good supper, prepared by fair hands for a gay occasion.

To-day I have made a new acquaintance, Mr. H. Mayor, an Italian, of the house of *Mayor fèeres de Trieste*, a most agreeable young man, and who, with great kindness, invites me to accompany him in a Turkish boat (a *sandale*) he has chartered for Trebizonde. I have accepted his offer, as he starts to-morrow, and have bought provisions for a two week's voyage.

Here, before leaving the country, I desire to gather together numerous scattered notes I have made at various stages of my journey, and such as I have availed myself of in the works of others to which, in a proper place, I will acknowledge my indebtedness; but the limit I had set to my task must be more than passed, and warns me to be brief, even though on that which is most interesting.

The region of the Caucasus is occupied by seventeen different tribes, which are divided into upwards of one hundred and twenty communities, or clans. The Tcherkess,* from which the country derives its name, occupy the north-western portion of the Caucasian range, and are divided into fifteen different clans. The Abadza, of eleven tribes, lies south-east of the former, and between the Adeuge on the

* Tcherkess is a Tartar word, and means a highwayman.

north and Abhazia on the south. The latter, like Cherkess, is on the Euxine, and is divided into five clans. On its south-east are Mingrelia and Guria, which finish the tribes on the Black Sea. The Cbanetey, of four clans, lies east of Abhazia, and between Mingrelia and Kabardá. The latter, of four clans, also inhabit the northern slopes, bordering the steppes, which give streams to both the Kouban and to the Terek, one of which enters the Euxine, the other the Caspian.

Ocetia, composed of seventeen clans, lies between Kabardá, on the north, and Kartadenia, (of which Gori is the capital,) and Imeretia, (of which Kutais is the capital,) on its south and south-west. North-east of Ocetia, is Chechentsy, of thirteen clans. On its south-east are the fierce and formidable Letzghiny, composed of thirty-six clans, reaching the Caspian. Kahetia, on its south-west, has two clans. Of Kubinckarnro, running a great distance along the Caspian, little is known. Durbent and Kuba, the principal military posts of the Russians, in that region, have much to do in keeping them in subjection.

The religion of most of the tribes is now Mahometanism, though not in its full extent, and in many places so engrafted with Paganism that hardly the one or the other are recognized. "The religious groves, or Kodosh, as they call them are,"

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says Longworth, "still objects of a veneration far more real and sincere than the mosques, and the festivals still solemnised in them draw much greater multitudes than the Namaz. Islamism, countenanced and practiced by the chiefs and the effendis, is respected; but Paganism, from its associations with their customs, habits and feelings, is much more popular. At least this is the case as regards these two provinces, (Shapsook and Natukvitch,) and the sea coast, where, not forty years ago, the whole population were idolators, and have only recently been converted by Turkish missionaries." The priests are not paid, but exercise their calling in virtue of superior learning. Near the Caspian, there are some tribes who worship the sun, others the woods and rocks.

There being among them no written laws, the style of government depends much on their religion. Sometimes the priests have sway — sometimes the *Pshees* (princes,) and *effendis* (judges;) but usually all their affairs are regulated in council; the most venerable and most distinguished in arms taking the lead. If his opinions are sound, and are approved of by the assembly, (for all the tribes being independent, none can be compelled to act contrary to their will,) composed either of the tribes or their representatives, they are the law. When an expedition is to be undertaken for instance, some known

convenient valley or hill top is named as a place of meeting. Word is then sent abroad from tribe to tribe, and on the appointed day they gather by thousands, from all quarters, all well armed — the old for advice, the young for action. Under some huge tree the nobles and chiefs are seated, and the subject is discussed and debated at length as in our own assemblies. If the majority deem the expedition inexpedient, the assembly breaks up, and all return home; if to the contrary, there is usually some distinguished warrior among them who is deemed worthy of leading them, and they may, on the moment, start to surprise an enemy in his camp, intercept him where he least expects it — descending upon him like an eagle on his prey.

The authority of the *Pshees* was once paramount, and is now so in some districts, north and south of the Caucasus, where the character of the people partakes of the mildness of the country. The bearing of these princes is as chivalric, their bravery as unquestioned, and their generosity as prominent as those that have characterised any age without, perhaps, its refinement and effeminacy. But in the very construction of minds, nurtured in any portion of these hundreds of leagues of wilds, no one's authority could have permanency over them, unless Nature had stamped him with nobility. A partial consequent of the designs of ambitious *Pshees* and

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ouzdens (nobles,) was the construction of an institution peculiar to this people, though partaking in one feature of Hindoo castes.

Of Marriage.

Families of a neighborhood associated together for mutual protection, and bound themselves by oath to certain agreements. They thus became as of one household; "and, to strengthen the illusion of their being such," says Longworth, "their families are not allowed to intermarry; a regulation so rigidly observed, that where the society is composed of many thousands as at Natquo, it still holds good, and a marriage between two individuals of it is looked upon as incestuous. In conformity with this idea, the married women, who, since the introduction of Islamism, have assumed the veil, do not hesitate to uncover themselves before any man of their own tribe, though frequently from residing in a different portion of the country he may be a total stranger to them."

Punishment of Crimes.

A great evil, however, one that has for so long a time nursed the dissensions of the different clans, still exists in their maintainance of the spirit of retaliation. If a person be slain, his brother members must obtain redress; every individual of the offender's tribe being responsible for the act, and hostility ensues until satisfaction is rendered. For the murder of a man two hundred oxen are to be paid, and for a woman one hundred; though in this latter

fine they do not manifest the gallantry for which they are proverbial, and show too low an estimate of invaluable mothers and the fair indispensable garnerers of our affections. Less able too, to defend themselves, the protection thrown around them should be greater; for this very weakness, gentleness, dependance, (if acknowledged) of the female sex, constitutes its invincible strength. To try a criminal, six of each of the litigant parties sit, and when their verdict, which must be unanimous, is rendered, the compromised society has the right of punishing its own delinquent, who is not after all, bound to pay the penalty himself. Each member of the community contributes to the sum, and it is then distributed among their societies.

Armourers.

There are among the Caucasians many valuable armourers, who manufacture a great portion of the weapons worn here, some of which are very beautifully inlaid with silver. It is stated that their swords are not inferior to those of Damascus. I saw two in one shop, inlaid, and richly ornamented with gold, that were valued at three hundred rubles. They were heavy yet bent like a reed.

The bow, worn by some, is a more formidable weapon by far than it appears. The *balteus*, which supports it, is like the described one of Diana, enriched with jewels; while the *Corytos* (γωρυτός) bow case, is the style of those worn by the armed

Section IV. Persians, and represented on the Persepolitan bas-reliefs. The bows used by the Tartars are essentially different from those of the Circassians, being much more curved, but are like those taken from Hamilton's fictile vases, used by the Scythians from whom the Tartars descended.

Captain Matoosky admitted that there were many fine arms made in the Caucasus, but he said the workmen were Gipsies, whom I believe to be of the outcast Hindoo race, and quite ingenious.

Amazons. Some suppose the Circassian women to be descendants of the Amazons, who dwelt in this region, and like the Tyrian, Thracian, and Spartan virgins, bore the *pharetra* (quiver,) and followed hunting and other rude sports. Their present habits, however, do not induce one to believe this; for, though they lack education and its powers, and may seem to pay too great respect to the physical strength of the ruder sex, they perhaps occupy more completely the sphere they were designed for, than many in more enlightened communities. Industrious, obedient daughters — fond, devoted wives — watchful, careful mothers — domestic to a virtue, they receive in secret, affectionate homage from their lords and masters; and at all times a species of defference grateful to the admirable and tender sensibilities of woman's nature.

Captain Matoosky said that the Circassian wo-

men liked Cossack husbands, because they were allowed more liberty. This, I think, can hardly be true, as here they are really not deprived, except in some conditions, of any kind of consistent freedom, though they are considered as *property*. They can generally marry whom they love; and while they are single join in the dance with the male sex, towards which, the defference taught, generally makes them, says Longworth, "tolerant of freedoms not altogether consistent with our notions of propriety;" and are sometimes so fashionable as to elope when the lover is not able or willing to pay the price demanded for her by her father or guardian: for, besides her intrinsic worth, which may be above computation, they, from custom, place a specific value on the object they are about to resign. Should the fair one be freed by the death of her lawful protectors, she becomes the property of her tribe who sell her as they please. I knew of one procured for an Englishman, for which three hundred and twenty-five pieces of cotton cloth were paid, valued at six thousand five hundred piastres.

SECTION IV. Freedom of Women.

By their ancient institutions, they were more enslaved; but now, marrying under the koran, its statutes set them free, as a slave by it, also becomes free when she becomes a mother. I knew a Circassian prince who had two lovely wives, though towards one he was considered merely as her protec-

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tor, she devolving upon him at the death of his brother. In the mountains we are told there are thousands of Russian and Polish slaves, deserters from the "army of the Caucasus." They are allowed to marry, in order to increase the property of their owners, and are said to be rather licentious, so much so, that turned up noses are becoming quite common. The nobles can only marry among, or dispose of their children to, those of equal rank. There is one pang the mother must endure, which calls for our sympathy; she must part with her sons even when they are of tender age; for the father sends them abroad to be brought up by others, lest the natural solicitude of the gentle one who bore them, should, in their offspring, produce effeminancy — a weakness as much despised as it was in the most heroic ages of Greece. This induces me to say, there is much here to remind one of the times of Lycurgus. When a Spartan woman was pregnant, pictures of the handsomest young men were hung up in her chamber, in order to effect favorably the fruit of her womb. The child was delivered on a shield, and then bathed with wine to prove if he was worthy of being adopted by the State. They were inured to every species of hardship, and at seven withdrawn from paternal care. Here, however, the numerous domestic duties of the women suffice, they believe,

to produce the effect which the Spartan females sought, by exercising, half naked, in public. Nor do the Caucasians, as did those Greeks, employ nurses, in order to preserve the beauty of their breasts. The Circassian women are known to wear the cestus, which is said by some to be used like the *zone* — the love-inspiring "girdle of Venus" — while others believe to the contrary. "The scholiast, on Statius, says, that the *cestus* was the name of the marriage-girdle, which was given by the newly-married wife to her husband; whence unlawful marriages were called *incestæ*." The young Grecian women wore the *zona* about their loins, even when their *tunic* was not girt up, and removed it on the day of marriage.* McPherson says: — "Sanctified girdles, till very lately, were kept in many families in the north of Scotland; they were bound about women in labor, and were supposed to alleviate their pains, and to accelerate the birth. They were impressed," and in this resemble some to be seen among the Circassians, "with several mystical figures, and the ceremony of binding them about the woman's *waist* was accompanied with words and gestures which showed the custom to have come originally from the Druids." Bosmina (soft tender hand,) youngest of Fingal's children, offers, in be-

Girdle of Venus.

* "The Flora in the Museum at Naples, shows the appearance of the girdle as worn by young women."

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half of her father, a hundred of these, with a hundred maids, hawks, &c., to the king of Sora, to "bind high-bosomed women." Hugh Murray says of Circassian women: "The value set upon their virtue is marked by the barbarous precaution of a broad leathern girdle, fastened at an early age with silver clasps, and which the husband cuts through at marriage." As however the protection of their virtue is of less importance to them than a beautiful and voluptuous form, we should not be surprised if we learn that they pay vastly more attention to the latter than to the former. A Turk has been known to pay 20,000 piasters for one's elegant proportions, though four or five thousand is the common price of a wife.

Gallantry.

In evidence of the gallantry of the Circassians, M. Homaire states, that when at the north of the Caucasus, he saw a Russian woman who had recently been rescued by General Grabe's detachment, who fled shortly after his arrival, and returned to the mountains. M. de H. had not been in the interior of the country, yet he had seen many of the people, and did not think them very beautiful, but exquisitely formed; and says, "A Circassian woman is never awkward. Dressed in brocades or in rags, she never fails to assume spontaneously the most noble and picturesque attitudes." The most beautiful one that I saw, was in a costume more

Armenian than native. I took a sketch of her, and shall have it engraved on my return home. SECTION IV.

Mental Culture.

Of mental culture, there appears to be none among the females, most of their time being devoted to embroidering, weaving and making garments. I did not meet even one, perhaps with an exception at Tiflis, who could read or write. The boys are sometimes taught to read the Koran in Arabic, — the priests instructing them in the temples.

Population.

The population of the Caucasus, including territory occupied by the subject tribes, is 2,000,000, says M. Homaire. And it is not to be wondered at that it does not decrease, since many of the "lords of creation" have two wives, and some four — enjoying, however, separate apartments.

Territory.

The extent of their country is small, yet I believe much more vast than the casual reader is apt to imagine; and is of a wildness and ruggedness that cannot be conceived of till seen, and when visited, cannot fail to arouse a wonder that even after a forty years' war, the Russians have been able to obtain a foot of the soil. The heights are inaccessible to their cavalry, the deep gorges are impassable to their artillery. Thus, with the exception of two narrow ways, this range of dark and tangled ravines, and black and frightful cliffs, inhospitable in every aspect, but to those whose homes

SECTION IV. they are — having a mean breadth of two hundred miles, a length of eight hundred miles, a surface of five thousand leagues — remains from its very nature, almost literally free to its rude, uncultivated tribes.

Languages. Of languages, there are said to be thirty different ones, and I regret exceedingly that the limits I have put to my work prevents my enlarging on this as I desire.

The Circassians proper, (Tcherkess,) of which there are 236,000, do not speak the Turkish, but a *patois*, derived principally from the Adeegeh, their original language, which no longer exists. The priests write for them in Arabic. Their correspondence is carried on in that language; and in the streets of Constantinople, you will see sometimes a fair creature listening to a scribe, who is translating, *verbatim*, in some door way or nook, the epistle she has received from these regions. M. Khanikoff wrote for me the names of eleven of the clans of Tcherkess, viz.: Oobykh, Châpsoogh, Natskooadje, Scheguck, Abadsekh, Bjedookh, Kamurggoi, Eyverookay, Gatukay, Mekhoch, Tesliney.

The Carbardians (population 45,000,) descended from the same stock, speak the same *patois*, but many of them the Turkish.

The Aphazians, (population 136,000,) speak an Aphazian language, derived from one of the most

ancient — the Georgian; as is also the Gurian, Mingrelian and Heffsuvian.

The great Chief.

Though the tribes have their hereditary chiefs and princes, who keep a free table, and are served by nobles and their serfs, in times of war acknowledge usually one superior leader. At present, that person is Shamihl, the greatest hero of modern times.

Mansoor.

In 1785, Cheik Mansoor, came from Bagdad preaching a crusade. In 1791 he was taken prisoner, and sent to a monastery on the White Sea, where he died. In 1823, a Bucharian scholar, called Hasmahomet, came and obtained many followers, among whom was Kaseemoolah, who agitated a war with Russia, and gained to his standard 7000 men. He then attacked the fortress of Wnezapnaia and slaughtered many of the inhabitants; afterwards went to the town of Káslar and plundered it; but was finally defeated by General Kahanoff, in the vicinity of the fort Boornaya. In 1832, Baron Rosen led an expedition against him, and stormed the village Gymroc, where he abode. It was a most brilliant but sanguinary affair. General Albrant lost here his arm, and Kaseemoolah was killed; he was found dead in a house, his left hand grasping his beard, andhis right, a two-edged *cama*.

Gumzalbek.

Gumzalbek took his place; but having fled, after being defeated by the Russians at

SECTION IV. Gulsatel, was killed by some of his own sect at Hoonzah.

Gumzalbek is said to have been a very able leader, but with more ambition than religion. The immediate cause of his death was this: At Hoonzah, he met with a very lovely woman, the widow of the chief just deceased, and he sought to marry her. She however assured him that her grief and her being with child must prevent it. He did not desist in his suit, and was about to take her by force; which, reaching the ears of the beautiful sufferer, caused her to collect the servants about her and demand of them the death of her persecutor; saying to them, — "Ye are worse than women if ye have not the strength and courage to defend the wife of your lamented master." One of them, named Hadgemuzad, inspired by her charms, took at once the oath, (so sacred with all this people,) to kill Gumzalbek at the very next mosque-service; G. having suspicions, gave orders, but unavailingly, that all who came to the mosque should come unarmed. Hadgemuzad concealed a pistol in his bosom, and when all were kneeling, he shot dead the chief. The widow lives with one she loves better.

Shamihl. Shamihl, the Abdel Kader of the eastern tribes, now rises up, and more than fills the place of Gumzalbek or Hasmahomet. He is a native of the

same village in which Kaseemoolah was killed — in the commune of Koesooboo. He was a peasant, his parents very poor, and he gained a livelihood by dancing in the streets, and selling fruits. He also studied Arabic, and was such a proficient that he became the most eminent disciple of Gumzalbek; and when the latter was killed was looked to as his best successor. He has now for years been a successful leader of the Circassians, and among them he bears a charmed name. Some of the Russians, however, say that he never appears personally in combat, but only gives general directions; and yet tell the following story about his method of gaining power over the minds of his followers.

A great attack was to be made on a Russian encampment. When the morning came, Shamihl caused it to be reported that he was dead, but that in dying he had left word that they should not fail to carry out his plans, and his spirit would be with them accordingly. They went, disheartened, to the scene of battle. Shamihl watched them at a distance, and on the instant when he saw that they wavered, he descended from the mountains, and as his white charger came sweeping over the plains, all thought it bore his ghost, and the cry of Shamihl! Shamihl! ran galong the battling lines, hung above the sounds of strife, and electrified every heart; but when his bright sabre like lightning was seen

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cleaving the enemy, his hosts became invincible; they fought like madmen, and were victorious.

Expedition of Salta.

The expedition of Salta, in which Shamihl and Prince Woronsoff were so conspicuous, is considered the most memorable that has distinguished the army of the Caucasus. I will give an outline of it, as well as I can make it up from various accounts I had from persons who were connected with it; hoping that the prince will excuse the ignorance I display of military tactics, and my arrangement of some of the plans of this battle.

Salta was one of those strongholds of the Circassians, the taking of which was deemed one of the most important events in the history of the Caucasian war. Its subjugation was of such moment, that Prince Woronsoff himself passed that mighty chain of mountains which has so long been the seat of those fierce struggles that have moved the world with wonder, pity and astonishment, and led or directed in person the expedition sent against it. The Prince was even suffering from ill health, and much was done and said to deter him from the long and dangerous journey and hazardous enterprise; but he knew too well the character of the person who commanded the enemy, to trust it to others less experienced in the art of war than himself. Besides, he was aware that many of his brave officers and good soldiers were to perish in the at-

tack — many personally known to him, and some to whom he was attached in friendship; and with that nobleness of soul which has ever characterized him, he could not but partake of their toils, and share in their dangers. He knew, too, that his presence would overawe the soldier who would hear nothing, obey nothing, fear nothing but the command of his superior, while it would inspire confidence and courage in the officers, assured that each noble deed of daring would neither escape his notice nor go unrewarded.

With such feelings as these, he bade an affectionate adieu to his accomplished princess, (who, from the high balcony of the palace, watched him till, descending to the banks of the Kur he was lost to sight,) and for the hundreth time passing that rapid stream which hurries on through the valley of Tiflis, and rolls its roaring waters between the rugged hills and rocky ravines of this capital of New Russia, he commenced his journey. Wearisome though it might be, it lay along one of the most picturesque routes which could possibly be formed by the combining of all that is sublime and majestic in natural scenery, with the ingenuity of man. He reached the northern side of the Caucasus, and descended into the plains of Kabardá, where he joined the forces prepared for the expedition. When the news arrived of his near approach, the utmost

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joy and enthusiasm pervaded every bosom. Each battalion, drawn up in order under its respective commanders, showed to double advantage, as the light of a clear and serene sky fell on the burnished arms of the waiting mass, already animated by the tidings that he who had foiled Napoleon was to be their leader; and when he came to enter between those long, firm lines of devoted soldiers, when, as with one accord, the whole presented arms, it was a sad but thrilling sight, though it was observed that he sat more erect in his saddle, and that a gleam of satisfaction and content passed over his noble face. On the following day, at early light, the drums beat to arms. The rapid moment of the officials, the gathering of luggage carts, the numerous couples that were seen at the cottage doors leave-taking, showed that a march of the army was about to commence; and when the sun went down, bright weapons and white tents were seen glistening far away, on the brow of an elevated range of land that looked towards the hills of the Lesghini.

For some days, their course was along the fertile savannas of Chechentsy, with the Terek on the left, hurrying its well-stocked waters to the Caspian; while those bold peaks and jagged passes which had been so long contested and yielded up one by one, as the heart's life blood, to the superior force and genius of the Russians, lay on their right.

At length they turned from the plains, and entered those long mountain defiles, whose sterile and sombre sides, and sunless twin ravines — where the bat flies by day, and where night adds little to their gloom — show them so unworthy of the wealth that has been expended on them; and, continuing their route, now more difficult, though free from those fierce enemies which had long since, by similar expeditions, been driven out from it, finally entered the territory of Lesghini, and in two days more were near the scene of a now memorable event.

The Lesghini — the most savage and fearless tribes of all that dwell on this great wall, which seems intended by the Creator to mark the boundary of a nation, and to be inhabited by a people, (till, at least, a new civilization should dawn upon the earth,) wild as the fastnesses they were to defend — knowing of the invader's step, whose noise to their ears was like that of the rushing wind through a well clothed forest, came gathering from hill and vale, and mountain crag, and ærial table-land, as the alarm fires from the watch-towers which crowned each giddy height, blazed up with fitful and portentous aspect, sent their light along from peak to peak, and spread over the heavens a tint blood-red and significant, which, reflected back from the shifting clouds, spread a lurid and fearful glow

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over the gloom of the deepest glens, and into the very mists of those hidden caverns, fit only for the wild beasts, but inhabited by a hunted people, and now echoing to the sound of human feet hurrying to battle. They came as the locusts, borne on the *sirocco;* they sprang up from places where none but a mountaineer would have dreamed that mortal dwelt; and as stars come out as the shades of evening advance, so appeared these sons of the hills, covered with glistening arms, when a foe, who sought to bring the night of oppression upon them, drew his dark folds about their homes.

Salta was the place of rendezvous, and here the brave Shamihl, the Napoleon of the Circassians, gathered his faithful followers and awaited the enemy.

Salta is situated in the heart of that vast congregation of mountains which fill up the greater portion of the region between *longitude* 63 and 65 E. and *latitude* 41 and 43 N. In the gradual retreat of the inhabitants as the Russians from year to year advanced their posts, Shamihl had pitched upon this position, not only for its great beauty, but because it could easily be made defensible, there being but one approach to it, where a force of any magnitude could manœuvre — that on the east; for, to the north and south, nature had reared her adamantine walls to such a height that the eagle only

knew their summits ; while to the westward, the little sparkling rivulet of the Kou-cy — which came down from the valley above, cheering with its ceaseless music the children of the plain, as well as the villagers of Salta, as it passed through the centre of the town, and around the temple of the prophet — descended over precipitous rocks, which shut up that pass, and was lost to sight long before the sound of its successive falls ceased to come back upon the ear, or the mist which ascended from it, to be seen rising up the sides of the gorge that seemed cleft solely for its passage. Thus hemmed in, it was to them for a time as the vale of Rasselas.

The Kou-cy, which fertilized the soil, and gave to the faithful the daily means of purifying themselves according to the injnnctions of the Prophet, hurried away from this green spot, and soon joined a river of the same name; then, continuing northward till free from its mountain boundaries, wound away eastward through some broad plains, and entered the Caspian Sea.

A short distance from Salta, up the valley of this stream, a little path, known only to the natives, turned suddenly to the left, skirted along in its abrupt ascent the edge of a projecting ledge of rocks, called the *coup de main*, that overhung the open space — the scene of the Russian encampment, then retreating, led the way to more distant heights

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and far off valleys. Through this the women and children had disappeared on the approach of the enemy, and by this the great captain and his few surviving warriors eventually saved their lives, and breathed again that pure air which seems to brace them for fresh combat.

When, after those years of long and fruitless contests on the frontier, of which I have spoken, Shamihl raised here his standard, hundreds of the Lesghini, who love war, neither for glory, pay nor honors, but for its mere excitement, flocked around it as the palladium of liberty; or, more truthfully, of rapine and plunder, built here their little castellated houses, and surrounded the whole by a strong wall.

The town and fortifications arose as by magic; they were not of slight structure, but firm like the rocks around them, from which the laborers had derived instruction; and the subsequent batterings they afterwards endured, showed how well the work had been done, and with how much skill planned. This, however, was not all that was relied on. At different distances, outside the walls, large pitfalls were dug, and slightly covered with brushwood, over which neither cavalry nor artillery could pass. From within the walls, underneath them, and under the ground, were dug also long galleries and chambers, which extended far out into

the plain, having over head numerous apertures, just large enough for the passage of the barrel of a musket.

In such a position, girded by such strength and covert ways — with numerous cannon that had been from time to time clandestinely supplied to them by the Turks — with gunners, and engineers, and officers, the high spirited Poles had sent among them — with the temple and standard of the Prophet in their midst — their hatred of the northmen and natural aversion to the strides of civilization; and, above all, with Shamihl for their leader, his charmed name and presence — we can well imagine that in the fullest confidence of success they awaited patiently the approach of the enemy.

On the evening preceding the battle, Shamihl called together his officers and addressed them as follows: —

"Our brethern westward have ceased hostilities. They have submitted, at least seemingly, to wear patiently the chain which never ceases to gall them. Their full-blood steeds which were wont to bear them nobly over these wild passes, and fiercely in battle, you will now see on the plain roads drudging for their enemies. *Our* nation, thus far, has made due oblations to the standard of our Prophet, and has never bestowed upon it churlish honor; for which reason his strong arm has drawn for us

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the string of our bows, made tough the steel of our knives, and turned from our bodies the pointed weepons* and iron messengers of our foe. Our beacon-fires burned brightly last night, and the faithful have gathered as to a feast, and we are numberless; for the Prophet is with us, and He is host.

"That we shall all survive this new defence of our sacred temples, is not asked for; and he who departs first shall be happiest in paradise. If we are not victorious, let the slaughter we make of those Christian dogs atone fully for our defeat." "Inshallah!" *(please God,)* responded the listeners, — "We sleep to-night as beneath the veil, which, lifting, reveals to us the glories of our holy Prophet's abode," continued the speaker, "and to-morrow we fight in his name; and where you see floating the banner of your chief, be sure that your defence be there swift and strong." "Mashallah!" *(in the name of God,)* again answered the officials; and the soldiery, who had also gathered in the great square in front of the mosque, from the steps of which

* He referred here to the bayonets of the Russian guns, for the Circassians have been taught to believe, I know not by whom, that to be run through, with one of those weapons, is being stuck like a pig; and any thing that has any relation to such a sacrifice is of course abhorred. They consequently have never stood a charge of bayonets, but always fled in utter consternation when such has been made.

Shamihl was haranguing his staff, caught up the acclaim, and with one universal shout, *Mashallah* was sent ringing through a thousand valleys, while the hill sides sent back the echo like mingled music.

When the speaker had finished, he turned and entered the sacred edifice for prayers.

Under cover of the night, the Russians had drawn up their forces, as many as could conveniently manœuvre, on the small plain to the east of the city, placing their cannon in the most commanding position possible, but which, at best, was far from what was desirable. It was at first intended to carry the place at once by storm, and commence the assault under cover of the artillery; but this was soon seen to be impracticable, and a new order of battle had to be arranged; but at early dawn the firing commenced, distinguished by all that accurateness and energy which has ever accompanied the Russian arms.

But the astonishment of the assailants can better be imagined than described, when there opened upon the mfrom every embrazure of the till now walls, the most terrific and well directed heavy ordnance they had ever encountered.

The prince at once remarked that another than Shamihl commanded there — that some European had the direction of affairs. This was too true;

SECTION IV. for an exiled Polish officer had sought out the home of the chief and volunteered his services in the war against the common enemy.

Eager for renown, and well skilled in military tactics, he had enlisted, he thought, in the great cause of Liberty, willing to stake limb and life in her defence. But he had, like many others, mistaken his people. Believing them to be a band of patriots, he joined with them heart and hand, but found them (say the Russians,) to be an unprincipled horde of robbers, without the honor or honesty of thieves; and trusting to their perfidious characters, which he thought elevated and noble, like the Highlanders of Scotland, and generous as his own compatriots, met with a fate too great a number of his countrymen had courted in the same field of doubtful glory.

He had, it seemed, promised to save this place from the enemy if he was allowed the management of the defence; but having failed in it, though from no fault or want of ability of his own, and having escaped with the rest when his skill was found unavailing and defeat sure, he was stabbed by a hundred different hands, as one by one of those whom he had tried to serve, passed him in their retreat. He was found soon after and honorably interred, and mourned over by many a brave soldier, as a brave officer, deserving a better destiny. But to return to our fight.

The position hled by the Russians, though the only one that could have been occupied with any advantage, was found to be untenable unless the enemy's batteries could be immediately silenced; for they were sweeping down the ranks that stretched along the plain, and were shattering their solid flanks as lightning the resisting iron. The prince accordingly ordered the town to be carried by storm, and officer and soldier, alike forward to do their great champion's behest, moved earnestly, firmly, and steadily to the assault. But as they advanced, the former, one by one, fell dead before their columns; for there issued from the ground invisible destruction — the Circassians being secreted in those caverns they had made, watching through the small apertures the opportunity to pick off with their bows and muskets the most distinguished of the enemy. Consternation seized upon the troops, for they knew not on what they were treading. Balls issued from beneath their feet, which seemed to stand on solid ground; and from every quarter where least expected, there flew thickly, literally, the arrows of death — these mountaineers being as expert with the bow as with the rifle.

Without leaders the troops stood still, wavered, and were about to fly, when the prince himself, with all his military ardor, appeared before them,

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and led on to the very ramparts. Two of his distinguished generals fell dead at his side, but there was no more halting — no more delay. Breaches were made, the walls were scaled, and officer and man strove, with fatal energy, to gain there a footing. But the Damascus blade and the slender knife, resistless in their course, glistened in their thousand angles, as they cleaved alike the air and the enemy; and where the fight was thickest, there waved the sacred banner. Shamihl himself bore it, seeking out those places most pressed by the enemy, and at those points, as he had ordered on the previous night from the steps of the temple, aid and defence was swift and sure.

Night descended early and gloomily down the mountain sides, and settled darkly over the valley. The scene of strife had ceased, but not the work of sadness; for within the town all were busy gathering and burying the dead, repairing the walls, and preparing for new defence.

Day came again, bright and beautiful, but its light fell upon a wearied and exhausted people, who, to invigorate and purify themselves with water, pray, and be ready again for battle, turned first their steps to the abundant fountains, which here, as in every Moslem city, were numerous and of rich and costly device. But what was their astonishment when they found them all dry — that not

a drop of the cool and never failing Kou-cy passed into the marble basins, nor even flowed longer round the holy mosque. A murmur of despair went up from every habitation; and curses, long and loud, swelled upon the breeze till they came to the wondering Shamihl's ears. Listening to what had happened, he hastened to the watch-tower, which stood at the eastern end of the town, and overlooked the field of the encampment and far along the valley of the vagrant stream, and discovering at once the origin of the evil, returned to the great square, and from the steps of the temple, where hardly a day before he had so stirred the fiery spirits of his belligerent horde with the certitude of victory, that they were as ready for the contest as willing to embrace their own offspring, thus addressed the alarmed multitude that now followed him:

"Faithful and loved of the Prophet! our enemy who could not conquer us, has with that cunning which surpasses his strength, turned the stream which flowed hard by these sacred walls, into another channel dug in the darkness of the night, while we were performing the accustomed rites and solemn ceremonies for our dead. This has been well ordained, for those waters, polluted by the beastly blood of our hated foes, could no longer cleanse us, and it would have only added to

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our necessity of ablution if we had continued to wash therein. 'Tis well, I said; and to-night we will bathe our swords in those currents which flow through their unhallowed souls, and will wash them hereafter in purer streams afar off. When the deepest sleep has fallen on them, you will cut your way to the pass that leads to your children and your wives — Shamihl will be with you. *Inshallah!* responded the people; for their fears ceased, and their hearts were quieted, while, with their thirsting lips they prayed for the close of day.

The comprehensive and ever active mind of Woronsoff could not fail to discover the most speedy and effective means for the subjugation of an enemy, and he instantly hit on the expedient of changing the course of the stream on which he was encamped, and which he judged was the only source of supply of wholesome water the inhabitants of Salta enjoyed. His men accordingly, when day and battle had ceased, were set to the work, and by the time of another dawn, the river ran in a new channel, southward of the city.

The calm of that summer morning, which spread out its golden wings over the rude works of nature that hemmed in these armed bands, seemed to pervade every heart, and perfect tranquility and peace rested on the town, which it was supposed

would soon surrender. The prince, also, wishing to save as many of his brave soldiers as possible from needless battle, remained quiet, without making any further demonstrations of hostility.

The day finished as it had begun. But, at midnight, the tramp of hurrying horse, the sound of new havoc, and the clash of arms, swept through the Russian tents, and in an instant all their occupants were engaged in a fearful struggle with the escaping enemy.

Shamihl and his immediate attendants had passed the pickets before any well organized defence could be made; but those who strove to follow were opposed at the sword's point, and the slaughter at once became dreadful.

The Circassians were fighting for their lives — for, by this route, along the valley of the stream, lay their only way of retreat, and they had the great advantage of their enemy by being fully prepared for the onset; while the latter had little more to gain than was already falling into their hands, and had been aroused from sound sleep — the drum that beat to arms, calling also to battle.

But none could have acquitted themselves more honorably than did the Russian soldiery. With pistols at their breasts — with the withy blades of Damascus wreathing over their heads, or with the two-edged *cama* gleaming before their eyes, they,

SECTION IV. sword in hand, grappled with these wiry Mussulmen, and hundreds were the steeds that passed on without their riders.

The few that escaped from this bloody affray rushed up the narrow path to seek the bewildering and rugged heights above; and as they wound their way high up along the edge of the mountain crag of the *coup de main* before described, the moon burst out from a dark cloud, and Shamihl on his black charger, bearing the banner of the prophet, was seen standing on its boldest cliff. His bright steel coat of mail glittered in the light, and he seemed a spirit resting half way between heaven and earth; for his sacred standard waved amid the clouds, and his noble animal, fearless as its rider, had advanced to the very brink of the rock, waiting, motionless, the faithful few that had so signally escaped death.

And now this discomfitted and disappointed band came filing along the summits of those great barriers which they thought no enemy could ever pass or dare to assail; and looking down on the distant and diminutive mosque and minaret, town and tower, and fatal rivulet still glistening in the moonlight like a silver thread, all were silent as the shadows about them; but when they came to the spot where Shamihl was last seen by the enemy, each one drew up his rein, and paus-

ing for a moment, gave an audible farewell to the graves of too many of his late comrades that now rested from their labors in the glen below; then turning away his horse's head, departed for those caverns and distant haunts from which the beacon fires had so lately called him.

The Cossacks, when they discovered the way by which these Lesghian brigands were escaping, sprang to their saddles from which they had just dismounted, and assayed to follow. But the sturdy horse that could gallop unweariedly over the sterile steppes of the north, stumbled at the first precipitous and rugged pass, and came rolling down upon those behind him; and when danger was added to the difficulty of advance, and even that of returning in the path ascended, all were glad to find themselves safe again, on the plain from which they had started. And now, aware that no further struggle would be required that night, they laid their saddles under their heads and slept soundly till morning.

The day found many of them posted within the walls of Salta with orders for the construction of new fortifications, while the remainder of the victorious force turned back towards the plains of Cabardá.

An account of this expedition was sent to the Emperor Nicholas, the substance of which appeared in several journals, and was as follows:

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"After a hot and obstinate encounter on the morning of the 26th of last month, Salta was taken. It was besieged by our troops from the 19th to the 21st. We had lost three superior officers and one hundred and seventeen soldiers; the wounded were, one staff officer, twenty-six superior officers, and 361 common soldiers. Salta is itself an important village, but circumstances, and especially the strong fortifications, and the incredible exertions of Shamihl to defend it, rendered the taking of it the most important, and in fact the indispensable condition of a happy termination of this difficult and tedious campaign, and for securing the tranquility of South Daghestan. The hindrances and the difficulties were astounding, and exceeded all expectations. The most desperate and the most valiant Muride, had been called from every part of the Daghestan for the defence of this point. There is scarcely a village, nay, scarcely a tribe throughout the whole of the insurrectionary mountain, which had not friends or relatives in the garrison of Salta; and they fought with a valor and endurance as if the failure of this encounter involved their very existence. Never before had they fought with such pertinacity, the battle of Acheilgo, perhaps, excepted. Every step was the price of blood, and therefore the commander-in-chief hesitated at first, in order to avoid, if it were possible, the storming

of the whole of Salta unless he was forced to extremes. At last, on the morning of the 26th ult., after our artillery had taken very great effect, and after tremendous bombardment from 80 lbs. mortars, which had been brought into these mountains, we stormed in two attacks, with our weapons in our hands, only that which was indispensably necessary to effect the garrisoning and fortifying of the right or northern side of the Oral, from whence we could almost entirely cut off the garrison from obtaining a supply of provisions. The waters flowing towards the enemy were spoiled by us; and all that remained to him was a little spring at which the exhausted soldiers endeavored to quench their thirst, under the fire of the troops stationed in the garden, on the side of Koisen. The miserable creatures, spent with hunger, and quite disheartened by the fatal encounter of the morning, separated and fled in all directions, and fell under the bayonets of our troops. Major Count Orhelm, with a company of the regiments of Prince Paskewich, and a detachment of the Achtinski foot militia, met the main body division of the fugitives, which carried with them a cannon and the banner of Omar Molth, who had latterly had the supreme command in Salta. The greater part of this multitude were put to death in an instant. The cannon and the banner remained in our hands, and not

SECTION IV.

half of the enemy that fled from the Orel escaped our bayonets, and the loss which the followers of Shamihl have sustained in the recent encounters cannot possibly be estimated at less than three thousand men."

On the receipt of this, the emperor wrote to his viceroy of New Russia the following elegant and affectionate letter:—

Nicholas' Letter.

Petersburgh, Oct. 24.

"PRINCE MICHAEL SEMENOWITSCH, — I desire heartily to congratulate you on the rapid and brilliant taking of Salta — a deed of arms which you undertook upon mature deliberation, for the purpose of securing peace and tranquility in the districts of Daghestan, subject to us. In the victory which you have just obtained, as well as in all others, all the dispositions of which fully accord with my wishes, I recognise with the most lively acknowledgment, a pledge of the future happy results of your administration in the country committed to you.

"Accept my sincere thanks for the signal services which you have rendered with so much self-denial and entire disregard of your health. Bearing in mind that you commenced your public career in the civil service, and that, following the bent of your inclination, you entered the military service in that part of the country, whither your son,

Count Sèmen, has invariably accompanied you, sharing with you all the dangers and fatigues of war, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of endeavoring to lead his services in the path hitherto pursued by you. I have assigned to him the Preobraschenski Regiment of Life Guards as staff captain, and have attached him to you in the sure hope that, treading in the footsteps of his valiant father, he will, like him, be a bold and distinguished warrior. SECTION IV.

"I remain always, your unchangeable well wisher, "NICHOLAS."

Trebizonde, 25th. Seated down with seven Turks around a pot of coals, under a low, dark awning, I passed the day and evening of the 16th in the quarantine at Redout-Kalé; and I should have been content, had I not discovered that the boat we were in was overrun by body-lice. I have thought heretofore I would not mention this disgusting vermin, but I have seen too much of them to be silent. I met with the *bête* on entering the Crimea, and have been annoyed by them, more or less, in almost every hut and house that afterwards sheltered me; for they infest palaces as well as hovels, and princesses and peasants are subject to the incomparable nuisance. Leave Redout-Kale

On the 17th, I again entered the Euxine, passed Churuku, when a storm coming up, drove our On the Euxine.

SECTION IV.

egg-shell into the surf. I was carried on shore on the back of a Turk, assisted in getting the vessel up on dry land, and there passed the night and the following morning, till mid-day; then put out to sea, and on the 19th, reached Batum, a small Turkish village, pleasantly situated, but not healthy. The *bey*, who rules here, lives about four miles from town, on a rock, in a palace, within a wall that mounts five guns. He is said to be daring and humane; and of him a story was told, which shows something of his character. He, with his twelve wives, were on board a foreign vessel at Trebizonde, and the captain presented the *favorite* lady with a handsome dress. Some months afterwards, this seaman was cast upon the rocks at Batum, and when the signal gun of distress was fired, the *bey*, with his eighty retainers, went out, perilling their lives, and saved him and his crew.

Batum.

The Bey's Favorite.

Beautiful Scenery.

In the evening, we once more set sail, yet by midnight had again to draw our boat on the shore, where frowning cliffs and dark ravines and caverns invested the place with all that is fearful as a haunt of pirates; but, when morning came, the scenery was changed to beauty. While exploring one of these valleys, I found the tower of what was said to have been a Genoese church; near it some Turkish graves, and a little further along, in a most romantic and lovely glen, a beautiful old stone bridge, with one high arch, all overhung with vines.

SECTION IV.

A rough sea kept us here all day, but, on the following morning, we resumed our voyage; and our men at the oars, for the two following days and nights, sweeping along a coast of varied and beautiful landscapes, such as our distinguished artists, Cole, Huntington, Doughty, Fisher, love to paint, landed us in this ancient *Trapezus*.

American Painters.

Learning that Messrs. Bliss and Powers, our excellent missionaries resided here, I hunted up their dwellings, and the hearty welcome they gave me, as the only American traveller they had ever met at this place, unconnected with their mission, was very gratifying; while the hospitable wishes of the former that I should spend a few days with him, made me feel as among kindred and friends.

Messrs. Bliss and Powers at Trebizonde.

But here I am compelled to afflict my heart sorely, in not having space for a discription of this place — its present and future prospects, and the labors of these devoted missionaries, who have had, until now, innumerable obstacles to surmount, owing to the *bey's* hatred of them, on account of their having, at Beyrout, frustrated his designs on two Armenian sisters whom he wanted for his harem.

Constantinople, February 7th. On arriving here, I felt that I had got nearly home. After leaving Trebizonde, we went to Samsoun, where are yet some portions of the walls of ancient Amisus. Here we took in much grain, fruit, tobacco, and

Samsoun.

SECTION IV.

wild fowls; then proceeded to Sinope, a place found-

Sinope.

ed before the Persian empire, named after the loved

Apollo's Mistress.

one whom Apollo brought here, and famed as the place where she gave birth to a son; but more fam-

Diogenes.

ed as the birth-place of the cynic Diogenes. Its citadel is composed of rare fragments of ancient temples, and is the principal object of interest. It is becoming a place of considerable commercial importance.

Bosphorus.

After being on board the Turkish steamer four days, we entered the Thracian Bosphorus; and surrounded by one continued scene of enchantment, — more enchanting still when the city of the Sultan burst upon my sight, I reached the Golden Horn, and went at once to the mansion of our excellent and

J. P. Brown.

accomplished *dragoman*, Mr. Brown. Presented to his excellent lady and her amiable mother, I found myself in one of the most delightful of domestic circles — one that will be the first to greet my memory whenever my thoughts turn to the Orient.

Mr. B. has spared no pains to make my stay agreeable and instructive — has introduced me to our distinguished minister, Mr. Carr; to our consul, Mr. Porter; and to the Armenian Oscanyan, known in America by his marriage with the worthy Dr. Skinner's daughter, now the mother of three of the loveliest children human eyes ever rested on.

The mother of Mrs. B. is sister to the late Com-

modore Porter, and from her I learned much concerning the last days of that lamented, high-souled officer, which, at some future time, I hope to be permitted to relate. SECTION IV.

Constantinople. I shall not attempt to describe this place; but when the mellow morning or evening light rests on her marble domes, her gilded spires, her costly fountains and verdant groves, and on the glowing and gently undulating bosom of the Marmora and Golden Horn, it so blends and harmonizes the whole, that when once beheld, it becomes as a lasting inspiration of the soul.

People and Customs. Of sights and scenes, customs, habits and nations represented here, a hundred volumes might yet be written. The men most distinguished in public life are slaves from Circassia; in private, the women of that country. In form and feature, the fair ones of Trebizonde, Constantinople, and Smyrna, differ as do those in all other nations; but here, perhaps, the extremes are more noticeable, from the fact that many of the dames boast of the wild, clear blood of the Caucasians; some, of the olive hue of the Greek; some, of the bright flush of the Guriels, and others of the calm spirit of the people with which they dwell. The manners and habits of the Turks, however, soon to some extent, assimilate them all. The large but elegant form of the Caucasian woman loses its compact, fresh, mountain-bred

SECTION IV.

elasticity, and expands into the fat, majestic and voluptuous, which has ever won the high admiration of the Ottoman, and given to these Circassian ladies their world-wide fame. The brunette laughing-ones of the Ægean are tamed by their destiny, and become like all the others, pallid from excessive use of the warm, enervating baths, and seclusion from the air. The humble, gentle maidens from the Phasis, have less change to undergo,—soon bid adieu to that winning blush, with which nature blessed them, and can hardly be known except by more regular features, and milder expression, from those of the land they have adopted.

I have seen one in Smyrna from the borders of the Caspian, who was an embodiment of the pale light of a cold morning, but in rotundity would have answered for a female Falstaff. Here, too, in Constantinople, I have met them from other distant regions, with chalk-like complexions, walking and riding with an air of supreme contentment, evidently revelling in a luxury and ease to which they were not born, while a peculiar light, flashing from the blackest of eyes, which seemed to have concentrated in them all the fires of ardent, brilliant, consumed souls, told of the wayward feelings of some, and of longings unsatisfied.

The natives generally, not knowing anything of the pleasures of knowledge, are contented in their

ignorance, and negative felicity. Naturally passive, submissive by education, indolently domestic, suffering nothing from change, and enjoying nothing of its novelty; they teach these foreigners the luxuries of the baths, and the endurance of the lassitude they produce—interest them in the endless gossip of the harem—have children, nurse them, and prepare for repose under the ever mourning cypress.

The Women Slaves.

When these fair creatures referred to are brought into what is called the *slave market*, the sensualist casts his eyes on the rounded limbs, the fairly developed form of the mountain maid, and purchases her at any price. The fiery youth is captivated by the long dark eye-lashes and olive-tinted cheek of the Ægean girl. The quiet, domestic man choses one of his own clime; while the poet, the lover of those things in which Nature has shown a more refined and delicate handling, finds himself enchanted with the mild expression, gentle mien, and purely classic features of those who have bathed their youthful feet in the famed waters of the Phasis, and been bred in the mild atmosphere of the valley between the Caucasus and the Ahalzic hills.

Down the Mediterrenean.

May 14. On board the Margaret Evans, Capt. Tinker. I took a French steamer and proceeded to Smyrna, then to Athens, then to Malta, where I was quarantined for twelve days; but had the gratification of seeing the famed, venerable *Mehemet*

SECTION IV. *Ali* who came from Egypt for his health. From here I went to Sicily, and attempted to enter Messina, but it being in a state of revolution, our boat was fired upon from the castle. I then continued on to Naples, Civita Vechia, and Genoa, where I was again welcomed by my distinguished countryman, Mr. C. E. Lester, who, though now — by that strange and detrimental policy which characterises our government of often changing its foreign representatives, however capable they may be — no longer consul, was the only one there conversant with the duties of the office.

C. Edwards Lester.

Mr. Lester stood among the Italians as a man of letters. He was made a member of the highest Italian institutions of literature, more particularly for his many able Italian translations, and Life of Vespucius — the first elaborate book on the subject in any language. His contributions to the Italian journals gave an impetus to the popular cause, and the Pope honored him with a medal. His house was open to all, and to his table, most generously supplied, his countrymen were ever welcome; while his saloons were nightly the resort of men of learning and taste, from all parts of Europe.

Returning Home.

After a stay of two months more in Italy, I joined Mr. Lester and his family on their way homeward. We again crossed the Apennines and the Alps, and arrived in Paris on the day when two

hundred thousand men were under arms to declare their support of the Provisional Government. Before we left, we saw the great Lamartine, — he who would have been the Washington of his country, had his country been deserving of him — on his way to the hall of the National Assembly to resign the office he was so worthy of — one he had so honorably, signally filled, in the nation's most perilous hour. SECTION IV. Lamartine.

When we quitted France, it was in a sad and gloomy state. We passed over into Old England, to see the priests and nobles ride over the necks of her starving millions, and took the first good ship bound to our own, *free and happy* — OUR NATIVE LAND. England and America.

I am grateful to you, my courteous reader, for your companionship, and hope that our "Tour" has been as diverting to you as it was agreeable to me.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

A. There are many persons — some in Genoa who have interested themselves in the subject — who believe Columbus to have been born in Coquileto, a little village on the sea shore, about seventeen miles from the former City ; and a dwelling, now the *Caffe de Colombo*, is there shown to visitors as the veritable one in which his mother bore him and nursed him. It is a small, two-story brick and stone, plastered building, quaint enough. like that of Shakspeare's, to have enshrined the germ of a great genius. I visited the place in company with our distinguished Consul and two other Americans, Messrs. Bostwick and Sherwood ; and the excursion — the drive along the beautiful *riviera* — will be one of our fairest *bouees* in the quicksands of memory.

On page 216, Appendix A. refers to Appendix C.

B. Agamemnon having killed Diana's favorite stag, which, perhaps, was one of her metamorphosed lovers, was obliged by the goddess to give for a sacrifice his daughter Iphigenia. She was obtained from her mother on the plea that Achilles wanted her for a wife, and when arrived at the spot where the immolation was to have taken place, Diana, unlike the goddesses of the present day, had compassion on her beautiful rival, and bore her away to this Chersonesuz Taurica, and made her a priestess in the temple. Sometime after, Ipigenia's brother arrived here with Pylades, and as it was the custom of the Tauri to sacrifiee all strangers to Diana, he was about falling a victim of his obedience to the oracle at Delphi ; but the priestess discovering who he was, contrived to escape with him, and carry off at the same time the famed statue of Diana, so celebrated and so desired in Greece. This is extremely interesting, so far as it goes to show the early state of the country, and its ancient relationship with the Ægean.

Cherson was sometimes called Chersonesa Scythica from its inhabitants, and Chersonesa Magna.

C. The Turkish language is a Tartar dialect, and from the many years of intimate intercourse between the Circassiansand Turks and Tartars, the former are generally more or less acquainted with the idiom of their neighbors, and call many places by Turkomanish names. The mountains referred to bear the Tartar name of *Daghaeldize*, the starry hills.

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